NEW HARMONIA SACRA

A COMPILATION OF

GENUINE CHURCH MUSIC

—BY—

JOSEPH FUNK & SONS

SINGERS GLEN, VA.

FIRST EDITION 1832

TWENTIETH EDITION

—BY—

NOAH D. SHOWALTER

1942

RUEBUSH-KIEFFER COMPANY

DAYTON, VIRGINIA

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The Story of the Man and His Book

The old building shown here is the mute symbol of a long story of events, beginning with the first settlers that came into the Shenandoah Valley between the Blue Ridge and the Massanutten mountains in 1726 and on down through the eventful history that marked the development of a great country on to the present time.

It is important to remember that the significant results that flowed from the small beginning represented by this old log building were closely tied up with these early comers of 1726. Among them were several families of the Mennonite faith. As a people of friendliness and good will, they cultivated peacable relations with the red men and settled down to the task of building themselves homes in the American widerness. They were thrifty, industrious and economical and they prospered.

But the times were unsettled and difficult, while these early Mennonite settlers had little difficulty with the Indians, the overlapping of land patents from the English Crown were sometimes confusing to say the least. Along in the 1740's when the Fairfax Grant was surveyed, some of the settlers were probably surprised and certainly provoked to find themselves cultivating land that had been granted to another.

Log Loom House used by Jos. Funk for printing, binding and school. A stone marker now stands here.

As the English Nobleman's title could not be disputed, they withdrew to what seemed to them a safer place. After several removals they finally found themselves on the western side of the Massanutten mountains, along the waters of the Northern Shenandoah. When the Revolutionary War came on, because of the militaristic spirit of the Pennsylvania Colony, many of the Mennonite families moved across the border into Maryland. Soon after this some of them found their way into the Shenandoah Valley west of the Massanutten. Here they came in contact with those of the imigration of 50 years before. In time a considerable number of families followed until a sizeable community was formed largely in what is now Rockingham County.

Now we are at the place of the real beginning of the story of the Old Log School House that made history as few other buildings have done. Among the new arrivals was one Henry Funk and his wife, Barbara Showalter, with their ten or eleven children. Coming from Pennsylvania they settled in the new community in Rockingham County about 1786. Henry Funk was a Mennonite Minister. The youngest child a son named Joseph, was destined to become the father of vocal music in more than one respect. This boy grew to manhood and had an unusual career, which deserves a fuller treatment than we can give here. His early years were devoted to establishing a home for himself, which he did by carving it out of the native forest on part of or near his father's farm. He felled the trees and erected a log cabin, to which he brought his young bride and in which he raised a large family, and by the time he had provided himself with a farm home, he found another field to which he seemed better suited than farming. About 1816 he began to teach music and print song books, although there seems to be no record of interests in these lines before in his life. Where he learned music or how is unknown. The probability is that he did not learn it in the usual way. It was native in him and when the opportunity came, it blossomed forth of its own accord. This is evident from the facts of his life—his easy development from one musical notation to another, his instinct for genuine church music, and his selective ability in selecting such melodies as have nourished men's souls for more than a century and are still doing so. In early times the Pioneers had to spin and weave their own clothing as well as make most of their articles of use on the farm. So Joseph Funk erected a log house near a spring about 1804 for a loom house and spring house together. The basement was used for a cellar and springhouse, as they were called, which nowadays are replaced by the modern refrigerators. The upper story was used for a loom house. It was this house that was later enlarged to become the first music school and publishing house of the Valley of Virginia operated by Mennonites. The additions above mentioned have since been torn away and the picture shows only the original loom house and basement.

By 1832, Mr. Funk collected a number of songs and hymns from the current song books of the times, revised some of them, the revision consisting mainly of leaving out some of the refrains or choruses. Seemingly, Mr. Funk was not favorable to repeating over and over certain words or phrases. This publication was called "Genuine Church Music". All the songs had names, and the Meter was designated by giving numbers ,or meter names, such as 8—6, or 8—8, etc., the meaning of course that the song consisted of first a sentence or phrase of 8 syllables followed by one of six syllables, then repeating the order once, making four lines to the stanza; this was called Common Meter. If the stanza consisted of eight lines at was called double common meter, etc. If the lines or verses consisted of eight syllables each, they were marked 8—8, mean-

the Long Meter, likewise every other grouping of syllables had its proper meter designated. It seems that shaped notes were in their formative period at that time and that several forms were being developed for the purpose of making the reading of music simpler for the people who were engaged in home pursuits and could not devote the necessary time to learn and read the round notes.

Funk seems to have decided that the four note system was the best system to represent the eight tones of the scale and published his first book in that system, as were also three succeeding editions, after which he discarded the four note method and devised a system in which there was a different note to each tone of the scale, the only repetition being the first or Do. The scale always did have eight tones and in the four note method, the first tone was named Fa, the second tone Sol, the third La, the fourth tone Fa again, the fifth Sol, the sixth La, the seventh Mi, and the eighth Fa. The songs were written in three part harmony and each part was shown on a separate staff, a score consisted of three staffs. The lower staff was used for the Bass, the middle staff for the women of low pitched voices and the men with high voices and was called Soprano, and the top staff was for the women with high voices and was called Treble. As noted above the first publication went through four editions. In 1847 Mr. Funk had acquired his own printing press, and he made radical changes in his fifth edition. Prior to this he had his books printed by other printers.

He designed a new system of notes and scale names for the tones of the scale, being the same as have since become the universal method by both the shaped and round note methods in use at this present time. Some of the songs of the first book were discarded and replaced by others. The new book was named "The Harmonia Sacra". This book has also gone through many editions and other changes made from time to time. One of the changes here referred to is that the fourth staff was added to the score and the parts rearranged and grouped as we have them today.

It is unique that this book has endured for over 100 years, has gone through nineteen editions, now going through the twentieth, and is still owned and promoted by descendants of the original publisher. It has always been a singing school book and was used by all denominations, and was never adopted by any church as a Hymnal, although it was made up of the very songs that were used in the various Church Hymnals. It seems it was destined to be a living and perpetual monument in several ways. First of Joseph Funk as a genius. He started a printing establishment which still exists in his successors the Ruebush-Kieffer Company. He operated the first boarding school and taught musical and literary subjects, which is still carried on through the Dayton College. The first teachers in the music department were grand children of Joseph Funk. He worked out a system of teaching the rudiments of music which has never been successfully displaced as a method of teaching. He promoted the shaped notes as the best and easiest way to learn and read music.

When Joseph Funk began his work, most of the denominations in Rockingham County used the German language in their church worship. Funk's first publications were in German, but by 1832 they were printed in English which was coming into general use. Hence, the English song book was not so popular at first in church circles, and the Funk books took their place in the singing schools and homes and eventually played an important part in the transition of language in worship.

Joseph Funk operated his print shop and published numerous books and pamphlets besides his famous Harmonia Sacra, and with his Boarding School he established a sound basis for vocal and musical attainment. the use of a practical system of reading and diffusing musical knowledge, as well as a demand for his song books. Two of his sons also took up the teaching of music and printing books with their father, so that the log school house ceased to be large enough to hold them all, so local singing schools or classes were organized in dozens of communities and the Funk schools and books made long strides in the music world. Consequently, it may be truthfully claimed that few men have ever wielded a greater influence over an entire field of social and spiritual attainment than Joseph Funk.

The printing business through his successors, the Ruebush-Kieffer Company, of Dayton, Va., made up of the descendants of Joseph Funk, promoted the wide use of shaped notes in rural communities, numerous schools are still going that had some element of Joseph Funk's influence attached to their history. The first music teacher at Eastern Mennonite School was a descendant of the Funks, and is a teacher of singing schools on the Funk plan. Numerous teachers who may be classed as successors of Funk, all contribute to make the name of Joseph Funk the symbol of much that is finest and best in the lives of many people living to this day.

Timothy Funk, the last of the Funk sons who taught singing classes discontinued along the early nineties, and about 1900 some of the students gathered at his home to have an old-time sing with their former teacher. This gave rise to a movement in which annual old-time singings were held at many places, each place having some special day throughout the year on which an annual sing was held. They were called "Old Folks Sings." This movement made a demand for more books, so there was a set of plates made by Noah Blosser, and the Harmonia Sacra was republished under the caption of the Eighteenth Edition. These plates have fallen into the hands of and are the property of your publisher of this Twentieth Edition, who is a descendant of the Funks and is a Mennonite.

Noah D. Showalter, Publisher.

THE NEW HARMONIA SACRA.

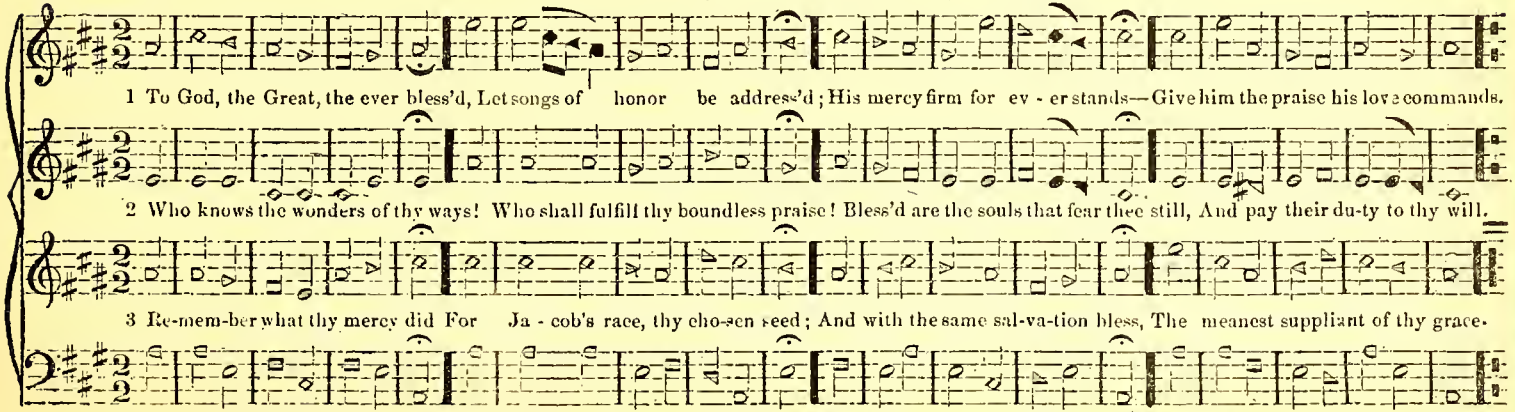
"A Poet he, and touched with heav'n's own fire,
Who with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad:
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the Bard, whose heavenly strains of old,
Appeased the fiend of melancholy Saul.—Armstrong.

PART II.

CONTAINING THE MOST APPROPRIATE TUNES OF THE DIFFERENT METRES, FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Metre 1.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



METRE 1.

NEWRY. L. M.

1 Now let our souls on wings sublime, Rise from the van-i-ties of time, Draw back the part-ing vail and see, The glories of e-ter-ni-ty.

2 Born by a new ce-les-tial birth, Why should we grovel here on earth? Why grasp at tran-si-to-ry toys, So near to heav'n's e-ter-nal joys.

3 Shall aught beguile us on the road, When we are walking back to God? For strangers in-to life we come, And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full dis-charge, That sets our longing souls at large, Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell, And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love, Is the full heav'n en-joyed a-bove; And the sweet ex-pec-ta-tion now, Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

METRE 1.

WINDHAM. L. M.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk together there; But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a trav-el-er.

2 De-ny thyself and take thy cross, Is the Redeemer's great command; Nature must count her gold but dross, If she would gain that heav'nly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more, Is but esteemed almost a saint, And makes his own de-struc-tion sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Create my heart en-tire-ly new, Which hypocrites could ne'er attain, Which false a-pos-tles nev-er knew.

Metre 1.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

1 Af-flict-ed saint, to Christ draw near--Thy Sa-vior's gracious promise hear, His faith-ful word de-clares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say, How shall I stand the try-ing day? He has en-gaged by firm de - cree, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong, And if the con-flict should be long, The Lord will make the tempter flee, For as thy days thy strength shall be.

4 Should per-se - cu - tion rage and flame, Still trust in thy Re - deem-er's name; In fic - ry tri-als thou shalt see, That as thy days thy strength shall be.

5 When called to bear thy weighty cross, Or sore af-flic-tion, pain, or loss, Or deep dis-tress or pov - er - ty, Still as thy days thy strength shall be.

Metre 1

LUTON. L. M.

1 Bright as the sun's me-rid-ian blaze, Vast as the bless-ings he con-veys, Wide as his reign from pole to pole, And per-ma - nent as his con - trol.

2 So, Je-sus, let thy kingdom come; Then sin and hell's ter - rif - ic gloom, Shall at his brightness flee away, The dawn of an e - ter - nal day.

3 Then shall the heathen, filled with awe, Learn the blest knowledge of thy law, And anti-Christ on every shore, Fall from his throne to rise no more.

Metre 1.

SALEM. L. M.

1 He dies, the Friend of sinners, dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep a - round; A sol-emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He shed a thousand drops for you, A thousand drops of rich-er blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree, The Lord of glo - ry dies for man! But lo! what sud - den joys we see, Jesus, the dead, re - vives a - gain.

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb, (In vain the tomb for - bids him rise:) Che-ru-bic le-gions guard him home, And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell How high your great De-liv'-rer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell, And led the monster death in chains.

Metre 1.

BERLIN. L. M.

1 I send the joys of earth a - way; A - way, ye tempters of the mind, False as the smooth, deceitful sea, And emp - ty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along Down to the gulf of black despair; And while I listened to your song, Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Lord, I a-dore thy matchless grace That warned me of the dark abyss, That drew me from those treach'rous seas, And bid me seek su - pe - rior bliss.

METRE 1. HEAVENLY FLIGHT. L. M.

1. While on the verge of life I stand, And view the scene on ei - ther hand, My spir - it strug-gles with my clay, And longs to wing its flight a - way.

2. Where Jesus dwells my soul would be, And faints my much loved Lord to see; Earth, twine no more about my heart, For 'tis far bet - ter to de - part.

3. Come, ye an-gel - ic en-voys, come, And lead the wil-ling pil - grim home! Ye know the way to Je-sus' throne,—Source of my joys and of your own.

4. That blissful in-ter view, how sweet, To fall trans-port-ed at his feet: Raised in his arms to view his face, Thro' the full beam - ings of his grace.

METRE 1. SOLEMNITY. L. M.

1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When powers of earth and hell arose, A-gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed him to his foes.

2. Be - fore the mourn-ful scene began, He took the bread and bless'd and brake; What love thro' all his actions ran! What wondrous words of grace he spake.

3. "This is my bo - dy broke for sin, Re-ceive and eat the liv-ing food;" Then took the cup and blessed the wine; "'Tis the new cov-'nant in my blood."

4. For us his flesh with nails was torn, He bore the scourge, he felt the thorn; And justice pour'd up - on his head Its hea - vy ven geance in our-stead.

METRE 1.

GRAVITY. L. M.

1 O hap-py day that fixed my choice, On thee, my Savior and my God, Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a - broad.

2 O hap-py bond that seals my vows, To him who merits all my love; Let cheer-ful an-thems fill his house, While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and he is mine; He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to confess the voice di-vine.

4 Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this blissful cen-tre rest; With ash-es who would grudge to part, When called on angels' bread to feast.

METRE 1.

ALFRETON. L. M.

1 O thou to whose all-search-ing sight The darkness shineth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee, O burst these bonds and set me free.

2 Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af - fec-tions to the cross; Hallow each thought—let all within Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray, Be thou my light, Be thou my way; No foes, no vi-o - lence I fear, No fraud while thou, my God, art near.

4 When ri-sing floods my soul o'er-flow, When sinks my heart in waves of woe, Je - sus, thy timely aid im-part, And raise my head and cheer my heart.

Melre 1.

RETIREMENT. L. M.

1 When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glory died, My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast Save in the death of Christ my God; All the vain things that charm me most I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

3 See from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor - row and love flow mingled down! Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

4 His dy - ing crim-son like a robe, Spreads o'er his bod - y on the tree; Then am I dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small; Love so a - ma - zing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

Metre 1.

TAVOY. L. M.

1 Lo! round the throne at God's right hand, The saints in countless myriads stand, Of every tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

2 Through trib-u-la-tion great they came; They bore the cross, despised the shame; From all their labors now they rest, In God's e-ter-nal glo - ry blest.

3 Hun - ger and thirst they feel no more; Nor sin, nor pain, nor death, deplore; The tears are wiped from every eye, And sorrow yields to end-less joy.

4 They see their Sa-vior face to face, And sing the triumphs of his grace; Him, day and night they ceaseless praise, To him their loud ho-san-nas raise.

5 Wor-thy the Lamb for sinners slain, Thro' endless years to live and reign; Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood, And made us kings and priests to God.

Metre 1.

WELLS. L. M.

1 Ye na-tions round the earth, rejoice Before the Lord, your sov'reign King; Serve him with cheerful heart and voice, With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God, 'tis he alone Doth life, and breath, and being give; We are his work and not our own—The sheep that on his pas-tures live.

3 En - ter his gates with songs of joy—With praises to his courts re-pair, And make it your di - vine em-ploy To pay your thanks and hon-ors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind, Great is his grace, his mer - cy sure; And the whole race of man shall find, His truth from age to age en-dure.

Metre 1.

BOURBON. L. M.

1 From deep distress and troubled thoughts, To thee, my God, I raise my cries; If thou se-vere-ly mark our faults, No flesh can stand be-fore thine eyes!

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace, Free to dispense thy pardons there, That sinners may approach thy face, And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the be - night - ed pilgrims wait, And long and wish for breaking day, So waits my soul be - fore thy gate; When will my God his face dis-play.

4 My trust is fixed up - on thy word, Nor shall I trust thy word in vain; Let mourning souls address the Lord, And find re-lief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love and large his grace, Thro' the redemption of his Son; He turns our feet from sin-ful ways, And par-dons what our hands have done.

METRE 1.

HEALING BALM. L. M.

1 Je-sus! dear name, how sweet it sounds! Replete with balm for all our wounds: His word declares his grace is free, Come, needy sin-ner, "Come and see."

2 He left the shi-ning courts on high, Came to our world to bleed and die; Je-sus the Lord hung on a tree; Come, thoughtless sinner, "Come and see."

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart, Till death had done its dread-ful part: His boundless love extends to thee; Come, trembling sinner, "Come and see."

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain, Can make the vil - est sin - ner clean; This fountain open stands for thee; Come, guilty sin - ner, "Come and see."

METRE 1.

MAGDEBURG. L. M.

1 Bless, O my soul, the liv-ing God, Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad, Let all my pow'rs within me join In work and wor - ship so di - vine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace; His fa-vors claim the high-est praise; Why should the wonders he hath wrought Be lost in si-lence, and for - got.

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son To die for crimes which thou hast done; He owns the ransom, and forgives The hour-ly fol - lies of our lives.

4 The vi-ces of the mind he heals; And cures the pain which nature feels; Redeems the soul from hell, and saves Our wasting lives from threat'ning graves.

METRE 1.

KEDRON. L. M.

1 Ye that pass by, be-hold the Man, The Man of grief condemned for you; The Lamb of God for sinners slain, Weep-ing to Cal - va - ry pur-sue.

2 His sacred limbs, they stretch, they tear, With nails they fas-ten to the wood—His sacred limbs exposed and bare, Or on-ly cov - ered with his blood.

3 See there! His temples crowned with thorns, His bleeding hands extended wide; His streaming feet transfixed and torn, The fountain gushing from his side.

4 Thou dear, thou suffering Son of God, How doth thy heart to sin-ners move! Sprinkle on us thy precious blood, And melt us with thy dy-ing love.

METRE 1.

HEBRON. L. M.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on: March to the gate of end - less joys, Where thy great Captain Savior's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course, But hell and sin are vanquished foes; Thy Je - sus nail'd them to the cross, And sung the tri - umph when he rose.

3 What tho' the prince of darkness rage, And waste the fu-ry of his spite, E - ter - nal chains con-fine him down To fie - ry deeps and end-less night.

4 Then let my soul march boldly on, Press for-ward to the heaven-ly gate; There peace and joy e - ter - nal reign, And glit'ring robes for conq'rors wait.

METRE 1.

STERLING. L. M.

1 Give to our God im-mor-tal praise; Mer-cy and truth are all his ways; Won-ders of praise to God be-long, Re-peat his mer-cies in your song.

2 Give to the Lord of lords re-nown; The King of kings with glory crown; His mercies ev-er shall en-dure, When lords and kings are known no more.

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky, And fixed the starry lights on high; Wonders of grace to God be-long, Re-peat his mer-cies in your song.

4 He fills the sun with morn-ing light, He bids the moon direct the night; His mercies ev-er shall en-dure, When suns and moons shall shine no more.

METRE 1.

TENDER THOUGHT. L. M.

1 A - rise, my tend'rest thoughts, a-rise, To torrents melt my streaming eyes; And thou, my heart, with anguish feel, Those evils which thou canst not heal.

2 See hu-man na - ture sunk in shame! See scan-dals pour'd on Je-sus' name! The Father wounded thro' the Son: The world abus'd, the soul undone!

3 See the short course of vain de-light, Clo - sing in ev - er last - ing night;—In flames that no abatement know, Tho' briny tears for-ev-er flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful scene! My bow - els yearn o'er dy-ing men! And fain my pity would reclaim, And snatch the firebrands from the flame.

Metre 1.

PROVIDENCE. L. M.

1 High in the heav'ns, e-ter - nal God, Thy goodness in full glo - ry shines; Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud That vails and darkens thy de-signs.

2 For ev - er firm thy jus-tice stands, As mountains their foundations keep; Wise are the won-ders' of thy hands—Thy judgments are a might - y deep.

3 Thy prov-i-dence is kind and large, Both man and beast thy boun-ty share; The whole cre-a-tion is thy charge, But saints are thy pe - cu - liar care.

4 My God, how ex-cel-lent thy grace, Whence all our hope and comfort springs! The sons of Adam in dis-tress, Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

Metre 1.

BREWER. L. M.

1 What happy men or an-gels these, That all their robes are spotless white? Whence did this glorious troop arrive At the pure realms of heavenly light?

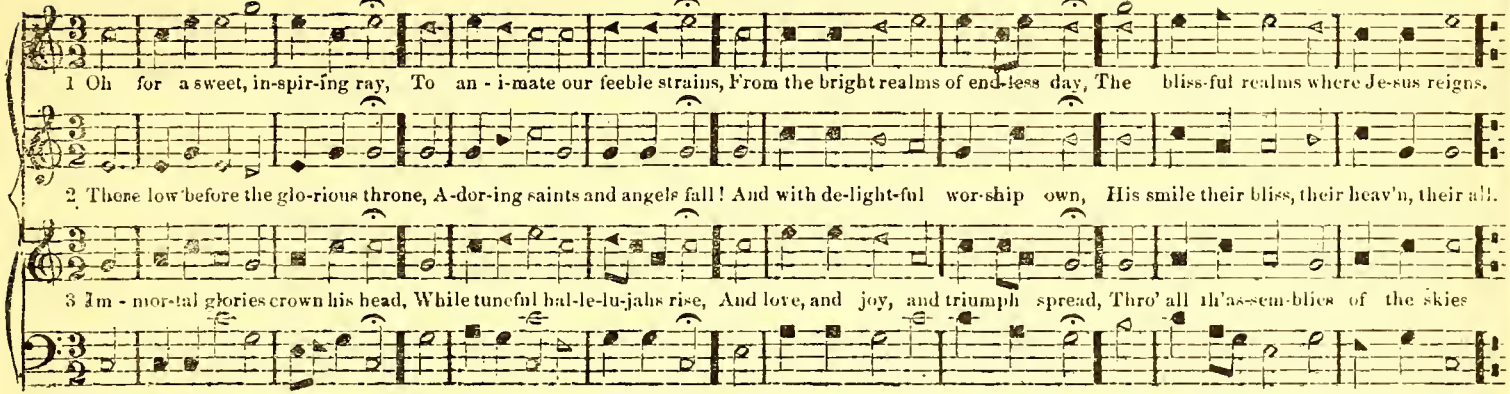
2 From tort'ring racks and burning fires, And seas of their own blood they came; But nobler blood has washed their robes, Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

3 Now they approach th'Almighty throne, With loud ho-san-nas night and day; Sweet anthems to the great Three-One, Measure their blest e - ter-ni - ty.

4 No more shall hunger pain their souls; He bids their parching thirst be gone, and spreads the shadow of his wings To screen them from the parching sun.

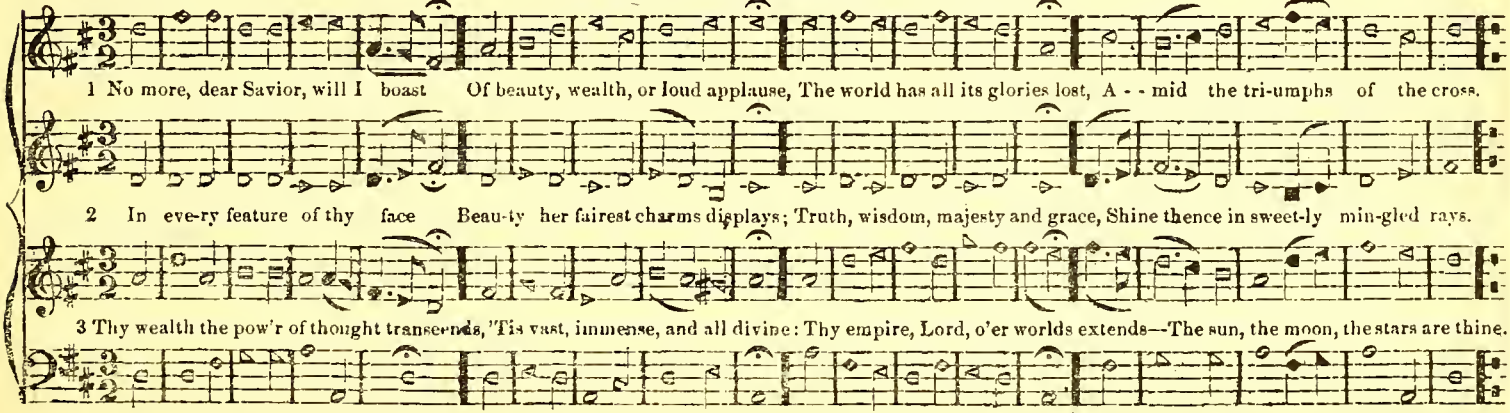
METRE 1.

DEVOTION. L. M.



METRE 1.

WINCHESTER. L. M.



Metre 1.

AMANDA. L. M.

1 Thro' every age, e - - - ter - nal God, Thou art our rest, our safe abode; High was thy throne ere heav'n was made, Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reigned ere time be - gan, Or dust was fashion'd in-to man; And long thy kingdom shall endure, When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man is born to die, Made up of guilt and van-i - ty; Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just, "Return, ye sin-ners, to your dust."

A thousand of our years a - mount Scarce to a day in thine account; Like yesterday's departed light, Or the last watch of end - ing night.

Metre 1.

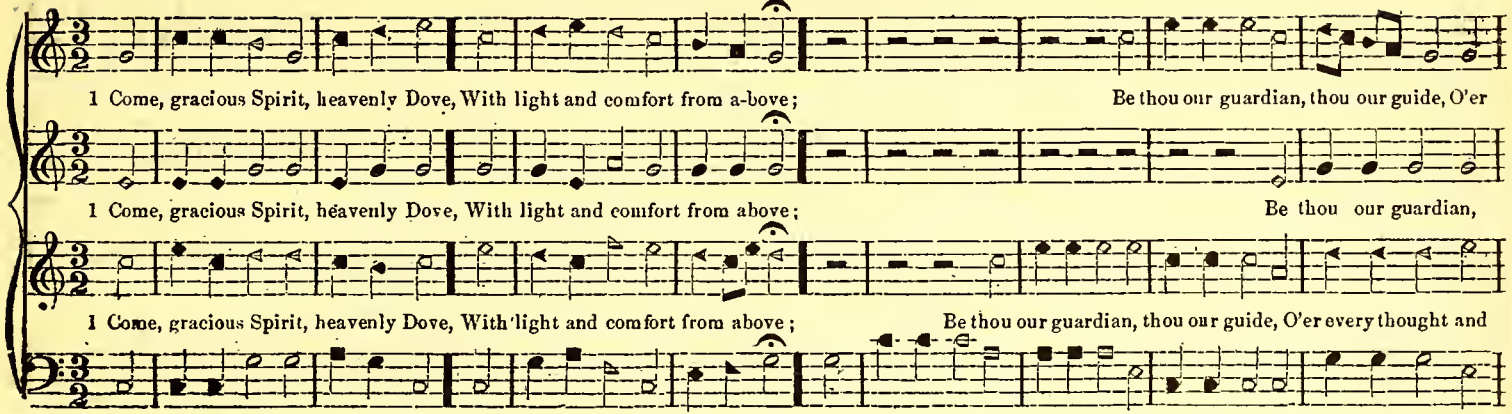
ADISHAM. L. M.

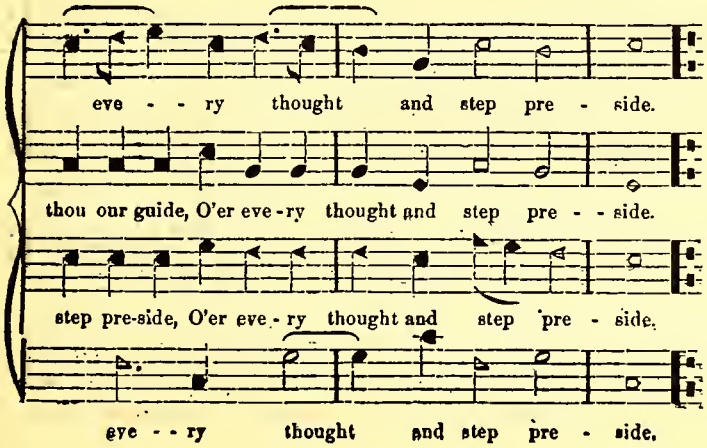
1 How pleasant and divine - ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are! With long desire my spir - it faints, To meet th'assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine a-bode; My pant-ing heart cries out for God; My God! my King! why should I be So far from all my joys and thee.

3 The spar-row chooses where to rest, And for her youngs pro-vides her nest, But will my God to spar-rows grant, That pleasure which his children want?

4 Bless'd are the saints who sit on high A-round thy throne, a - bove the sky; Thy brightest glories shine a-bove, And all their work is praise and love.





2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far,
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

4 Lead us to God our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be bless'd;
Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

METRE I.

LOUELLA. L. M.

1 There is a pure and peaceful wave, That issues from the throne of grace; Whose waters gladden as they lave The bright and heavenly dwelling place.

2 In liv-ing streams behold that tide, Thro' Christ, the Rock, profusely burst, And in his word behold supplied, The fount for which our spirits thirst.

3 The pilgrim, faint, who seems to sink Beneath the sul-try sky of Time, May here re - pose and free-ly drink The waters of that bet - ter clime.

METRE I.

DAWN. L. M.

1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun, Thy daily stage of du - ty run, Shake off dull sloth, and early rise, To pay thy morn-ing sac-ri - fice.

2 By influence of the light di-vine, Let thy own light to oth - ers shine, Reflect all heav'n's propitious rays, In ar-dent love and cheerful praise.

3 Lord! I my vows to thee re-new; Disperse my sins as morn-ing dew; Guard my first springs of thought and will, And with thyself my spirit fill.

4 Direct, control, suggest this day, All I de - sign to do or say; That all my pow'rs with all my might, In thy sole glo - ry, may u - nite.

METRE 1.

ZELEK. L. M.

1 When thickly beat the storms of life, And heav-y is the chast'ning rod, The soul be-yond the waves of strife, Views the e - ter - nal Rock, her God.

2 When hope dispels the spirit's gloom, When sinking 'neath affliction's shock; Faith, thro' the vista of the tomb, Points to the ev - er - last - ing Rock.

3 Hope, Grace, and Truth with gentle hand, Shall lead a bleeding Savior's flock, And show them in the promised land, The shel-ter of th'E-ter - nal Rock.

METRE 1.

HIDING PLACE. L. M.

1 Hail, sov'reign love, that first began, The scheme to rescue fallen man; Hail, matchless, free, e ter - nal grace That gave my soul a hi - - ding place.

2 Against the God that built the sky, I fought with hands uplifted high—Despised the mansions of his grace, Too proud to seek a hi - - ding place.

3 Enwrapt in dark Egyptian night, And fond of darkness more than light, Mad-ly I ran the sin - ful race, Se-cure without a hi - - ding place.

METRE 1.

PARK STREET. L. M.

1 Arise! a-rise, with joy sur-vey The glory of the lat - ter day; Already is the dawn begun, Which marks at hand a rising sun, Which marks at hand a rising sun.

2 "Behold the way!" ye heralds, cry: Spare not, but lift your voices high: Convey the sound from pole to pole, "Glad tidings" to the captive soul. "Glad tidings" to, &c.

3 "Behold the way to Zion's hill: Where Israel's God delights to dwell! He fixes there his lofty throne, And calls the sacred place his own, And calls the sacred place his own.

4 The north gives up—The south no more Keeps back her consecrated store; From east to west the message runs, And either India yields her sons, And either India yields her sons.

METRE 1.

EFFINGHAM. L. M.

1 When shall thy love-ly face be seen? When shall our eyes behold our God! What lengths of distance lie between, And hills of guilt, a heav - y load.

2 Our months are a-ges of de - lay, And slow-ly eve - ry moment wears; Fly, winged time, and roll a-way These te - dious rounds of slug - gish years.

3 Ye heav'n-ly gates, loose all your chains, Let the e-ter-nal pil-lars bow; Blest Savior, cleave the starry plains, And make the crye-tal moun-tains flow.

4 Hark! how thy saints u-nite their cries; And pray and wait the gen'ral doom; Come thou, the soul of all our joys, Thou, the DESIRE OF NATIONS, come.

METRE 1.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

1 My God, how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are eve-ry evening new; And morning mercies from a-bove Gent - ly dis - til like ear-ly dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtain of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours; Thy sovereign word restores the light, And quickens all my drowsy pow'rs.

3 I yield my pow'rs to thy command, To thee I con - se-crate my days; Per-pet - ual blessings from thy hand De-mand per-pet - ual songs of praise.

METRE 1.

VESTAL. L. M.

1 Blest Je - sus, source of grace di-vine, What soul - refresh-ing streams are thine, O bring these healing waters nigh, Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No trav - el - er thro' des - ert lands, 'Midst scorching suns and burning sands, More needs the current to ob-tain, Or to en-joy re-fresh-ing rain.

3 Our long-ing souls a-loud would sing, Spring up, ce - les - tial foun-tain, spring; To an a - bun-dant riv - er flow, And cheer this thirsty land below.

4 May this blest riv - er near my side Through all the des - ert gent - ly glide; Then in Im-man-uel's land a-bove, Spread to a sea of joy and love.

METRE 1.

DANVERS. L. M.

1 Blest are the humble souls that see, Their emp-ti-ness and pov - er - ty; Treasures of grace to them are given; And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart, Who mourn for sins with inward smart; The blood of Christ divinely flows, A - heal - ing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek who stand a-far From rage and passion, noise and war; God will secure their happy state, And plead their cause a-gainst the great.

4 Blest are the souls that thirst for grace, Hunger and long for righteousness; They shall be well supplied and fed With liv-ing streams and liv-ing bread.

METRE 1.

HAMILTON. L. M.

1 When at this dis - tance, Lord, we trace The va - rious glo - ries of thy face, What trans - port pours o'er

2 With thee in the ob - scur - est cell, On some bleak moun - tain would I dwell Rath - er than pomp - ous

3 A - way, ye dreams of mor - tal joy— Rap - tures di - vine my thoughts em-ploy: I see the King of

4 On Ta - bor thus his ser - vants view'd His lus - ter when trans-formed he stood; And bid - ding earth - - ly

all our breast, And charms our cares and woes to rest, And charms our cares and woes to rest.

courts be - hold, And share their grand - - - - - eur and their gold, And share their grand - eur and their gold.

glo - - - ry shine, And feel his love, and call him mine, And feel his love, and call him mine.

scenes fare - well, Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleas - - - - - - ant here to dwell," Cried, "Lord, 'tis pleas - ant here to dwell."

METRE 1.

CONFORMITY. L. M.

1 Je - sus, my Sav-ior, let me be More perfectly conformed to thee; Implant each grace, each sin dethrone, And form my temper like thy own.

2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed, Share in his grief, supply his need, The haughty frown may I not fear, But with a lowly meekness bear.

3 Let the en - venom'd heart and tongue, The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong, Excite no feel-ing in my breast But such as Jesus once express'd.

4 To oth - ers let me al - ways give What I from oth-ers would receive; Good deeds for evil ones re - turn, Nor when provoked, with anger burn.

Metre 1.

GILGAL. L. M.

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word; But in thy life the law ap - pears Drawn out in liv - ing charac-ters.

2 Such was thy truth and such thy zeal, Such deff'rence to thy Father's will, Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air Witness'd the fer-vor of thy pray'r; The desert thy tempta - tions knew, Thy conflict and thy vict'ry too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im-age here; Then God the Judge shall own my name Among the follow'rs of the Lamb.

Metre 1.

REPOSE. L. M.

1 Thou only Sov'reign of my heart, My ref-uge, my Almight-y Friend—And can my soul from thee depart, On whom a-lone my hopes de-pend.

2 Whither, ah whither shall I go, A wretched wand'rer from my Lord! Can this dark world of sin and woe One glimpse of happiness af - ford!

3 E - ternal life thy words im-part; On these my fainting spirit lives; Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart Than all the round of na-ture gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine, While thou art near, in vain they call; One smile, one blissful smile of thine, My dearest Lord, outweighs them all.

METRE 2.

MEAR. C. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye dis - tant lands, Ye tribes of eve - ry tongue; His new dis - cov-ered grace de-mands, A new and no - bler song.

2 Say to the na - tions, Je - sus reigns, God's own Al-might-y Son; His pow'r the sink - ing world sustains, And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heav'n proclaim the joy-ful day, Joy through the earth be seen: Let cit - ies shine in bright ar - ray, And fields in cheer-ful green.

4 The joy-ous earth, the bend-ing skies, His glo-rious train dis - play; Ye mountains sink, ye val-leys rise, Pre-pare the Lord his way.

METRE 2.

BARBY. C. M.

1 The Savior! O what end - less charms, Dwell in the bliss - ful sound! Its influence eve-ry fear disarms, And spreads sweet comforts round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys di - vine, In rich ef - - - fu - sion flow, For guilt - y reb - els, lost in sin, And doomed to end-less woe.

3 Th' Almighty former of the skies Stooped to our vile a-bode; While angels viewed with wond'ring eyes, And hail'd th' incarnate God.

4 O the rich depths of love di - vine, Of bliss, a bound - less store! Dear Sav-ior, let me call thee mine—I can - not wish for more.

METRE 2.

DUBLIN. C. M.

1 Out of the deeps of long dis-tress, The bor - ders of de - spair, I send my cries to seek thy grace, My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God! should thy severer eye, And thine im-par - tial hand, Mark and re-venge in - i - qui - ty, No mor - tal flesh could stand.

3 But there are par-dons with our God, For crimes of high de - gree; Thy Son has bought them with his blood, To draw us near to thee.

4 I wait for thy sal - va-tion, Lord, With strong desires I wait; My soul in - vi - ted by thy word Stands watching at thy gate.

METRE 2.

BALERMA. C. M.

1 Shepherd di-vine, our wants re-lieve, In this our e - vil day; To all thy tempt-ed fol-low'rs give The pow'r to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fie - ry tri - als last, Long as the cross we bear: O let our souls on thee be cast In nev - er ceas - ing prayer!

3 The Spir - it of re - deeming grace, Give us in faith to claim; To wres - tle till we see thy face, And know thy hid-den name.

4 Till thou thy per - fect love im-part, Till Thou thy-self be - stow; Be this the cry of eve - ry heart—"I will not let thee go."

Metre 2.

DUNDEE. C. M.

1 Ye lit - tle flock whom Je-sus feeds, Dis - miss your anx - ious cares, Look to the Shep - herd of your souls, And smile a - way your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around, His staff is your de-fense; 'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice, Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a king-dom give, And give it with de-light; His fee - blest child his love shall call, To tri - umph in his sight.

4 Ten thou-sand praises, Lord, we bring, For sure sup - ports like these; And o'er the pi - ous dead we sing, Thy liv - ing prom - is - es.

Metre 2.

CROWLE. C. M.

1 God of my life, look gent-ly down, Be - hold the pains I feel; But I am dumb be - fore thy throne, Nor dare dis - pute thy will.

2 Dis - cas - es are thy ser-vants, Lord, They come at thy com-mand; I'll not at - tempt a murm'r-ing word A - gainst thy chast'ning hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries; Re - move thy sharp re - bukes; My strength consumes, my spir - it dies, Through thy re - peat - ed strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth be-neath thy hand, We moul - der to the dust; Our fee - ble pow'rs can ne'er withstand, And all our beau-ty's lost.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol-low'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow' - ry beds of ease, While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my cour-age, Lord; I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by thy word.

METRE 2.

DIVINITY. C. M.

1 A - wake, a-wake the sa-cred song, To our in - car - nate Lord; Let eve - ry heart and eve - ry tongue A - dore th'E-ter - nal Word.

2 That aw - ful Word, that sov-reign Pow'r By whom the worlds were made, (O hap - py morn, il - lus - trious hour,) Was once in flesh ar - rayed.

3 Then shone al-might-y pow'r and love, In all their glo-rious forms, When Je - sus left his throne a - bove, To dwell with sin - ful worms.

4 To dwell with mis - er - y be - low, The Sa - vior left the skies, and sunk to wretch-ed-ness and woe, That worthless man might rise.

Metre 2.

MARLOW. C. M.

1 Daugh-ter of Zi - on, from the dust Ex - alt thy fall - en head; A-gain in thy Re-deem - er trust, He calls thee from the dead.

2 A - wake—a - wake!—put on thy strength, Thy beau-ti - ful ar - ray; The day of free-dom dawns at length, The Lord's ap-point-ed day.

3 Re - build thy walls, thy bounds enlarge, And send thy heralds fourth; Say to the south, "Give up thy charge, And keep not back, O north!

4 They come! they come! thine exiled bands, Where'er they rest or roam, Have heard thy voice in dis-tant lands, And hast - en to their home.

Metre 2.

WALSAL. C. M.

1 How shall the young se-cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic-est rules im - parts To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it en-ters to the mind, It spreads such light a-broad, The mean-est souls in - struc-tion find, And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light That guides us all the day; And thro' the dan-gers of the night, A lamp to guide our way.

4 The men that keep thy law with care, And med - i - tate thy word, Grow wi - ser than their teachers are, And bet - ter know the Lord.

METRE 2.

WARWICK. C. M.

1 How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be - liev - ers ear! It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fears.

2 It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest

3 Dear name, the Rock on which I build, My shield and hi - ding place; My nev - er fail-ing treas - 'ry filled With bound-less stores of grace.

4 Je - sus! my Shep - herd, Hus-band, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King,—My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac - cept the praise I bring.

METRE 2.

WINTER. C. M.

1 Hap - py the soul that lives on high, While men lie grov'ling here, His hopes are fixed a - bove the sky, And faith for - bids his fear

2 His conscience knows no secret stings, While grace and joy combine To form a life whose ho - ly springs Are hid - den and di - vine.

3 He waits in se-cret on his God, His God in se - cret sees; Let earth be all in arms, a-broad, He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen, Beyond this world and time, Where nei - ther eyes nor ears have been, Nor thoughts of mor-tals climb.

METRE 2.

ST. OLIVES. C. M.

1 Father! I stretch my hands to thee, No oth - er help I know: If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither shall I go? Ah, whither shall I go?

2 What did thy only Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath: What pain, what labor to secure My soul from endless death! My soul from endless death.

3 O Jesus, could I this believe, I now should feel thy pow'r: Now my poor soul thou wouldst reprieve, Nor let me wait one hour, Nor let me wait one hour.

4 Au-thor of faith, to thee I lift My wear - ry, longing eyes; O let me now receive that gift, My soul without it dies, My soul with-out it dies.

METRE 2.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C. M.

1 When languor and dis - ease in - vade This trembling house of clay, 'Tis sweet to look beyond my pains, And long to fly a - way.

2 Sweet to look in-ward, and at - tend The whis - pers of his love; Sweet to look upward to the place Where Je-sus pleads a - bove.

3 Sweet to look back, and see my name In life's fair book set down: Sweet to look forward and be - hold E - ter-nal joys my own.

4 Sweet to re - flect how grace di - vine My sins on Je-sus laid; Sweet to re - member that his blood My debt of suff'-ring paid.

METRE 2.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1 Be - hold the glo - ries of the Lamb, A - midst his Father's throne! Prepare new hon - ors for his name, And songs be-fore unknown.

2 Let el - ders wor - ship at his feet, The church a - dore around, With vi - als full of odors sweet, And harps of sweeter sound.

3 Those are the pray'rs of all the saints, And these the hymns they raise; Jesus is kind to our complaints, He loves to hear our praise.

4 E - ter - nal Fa - ther, who shall look In - to thy se - cret will? Who but the Son shall take that book, And o - pen eve-ry seal!

METRE 2.

WINDSOR. C. M.

1 That aw - ful day will sure-ly come, Th'appointed hour makes haste, When I must stand be - fore my Judge, And pass the sol - emn test.

2 Thou love - ly Chief of all my joys, Thou Sov'reign of my heart, How could I bear to hear thy voice, Pro-nounce the sound "de - part!"

3 The thun - der of that dis-mal word Would so torment my ear, 'Twould tear my soul a - sun - der, Lord, With most tor - ment - ing fear.

4 What, to be ban-ished for my life, And yet for - bid to die! To lin - ger in e - ter - nal pain, Yet death for - ev - er - fly!

1 Je - ru - sa - lem! my hap - - - - - py home, Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my

2 When shall these eyes thy heav'n - built walls, And pear - ly gates be - hold? Thy bul - warks

3 O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend? Where con - gre

4 There hap-pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin, nor sor - row know; Bless'd seats! through

la - bors have an end In joy, and peace, and thee?

with sal - - - - va - tion strong, And streets of shi - ning gold?

ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - baths nev - er end.

rude and stor - my scenes, I on - - - - ward press to you.

5 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

6 Apostles, prophets, martyrs there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

7 Jerusalem, my happy home—
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

SOLEMN PRAISE. C. M.

1 Come, ye that love the Sav-ior's name, And join to make it known, The Sov'reign of your heart pro-claim, And bow be-fore his throne,

2 Behold your King, your Savior, crowned With glories all di - vine, And tell the wond'ring na - tions round, How bright these glories shine,

3 In-fin-ite pow'r and boundless grace, In him u-nite their rays: You that have e're be - held his face, Can you for-bear his praise?

The Sov'reign of your heart pro - claim, And bow be - - - fore his throne.

And tell the wond'ring na - tions round, How bright these glo - - - ries shine.

You that have e'er be - held his face, Can you for - - bear his praise?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

METRE 2.

SWANWICH. C. M.

1 Fa-ther of mercies, in thy word What endless glory shines! For ev - er be thy name adored For these ce-les-tial lines, For these ce-les-tial lines!

2 Here may the wretched sons of want Exhaustless riches find, Riches above what earth can grant, And last-ing as the mind, And last-ing as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, And yields a fresh repast; Sublimer sweets than nature knows, Invite the longing taste, Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice Spreads heav'nly peace around, And life and everlasting joys Attend the blissful sound, Attend the bliss-ful sound.

METRE 2.

EVENING TWILIGHT. C. M.

1 I love to steal a - while a - way From eve - ry cumb'ring care, And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful pray'r.

2 I love in sol - i - tude to shed The pen - i - ten - tial tear, And all his prom - is - es to plead Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu - ture good im-plore, And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a - dore.

4 I love by faith to take a view Of bright-er scenes in heav'n: The prospect doth my strength renew While here by tempests driv'n.

5 Thus when life's toilsome day is o'er, May its de - part - ing ray Be calm as this im-pres-sive hour, And lead to end - less day.

METRE 2.

IRISH. C. M.

1 I'll bless the Lord from day to day; How good are all his ways; Ye hum - ble souls that used to pray, Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the hon-ors of his name, How a poor suff'r - er cried, Nor was his hope ex - posed to shame, Nor was his suit de-nied.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood, And endless fears a - rose, like the loud billows of a flood, Re - doub - ling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore dis-tress, With heav - y groans and tears— He gave my sharpest tor - ments ease, And si - lenced all my fears.

METRE 2.

ISLE OF WIGHT. C. M.

1 My God, con - sid - er my dis-tress, Let mer - cy plead my cause; Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace, I can't for-get thy laws.

2 For - bid, for - bid the sharp re-proach Which I so just-ly fear; Up - hold my life,—up-hold my hope, Nor let my shame ap-pear.

3 Be thou a sure - ty, Lord, for me, Nor let the proud op-press; But make thy wait-ing ser-vant see The shinings of thy face.

4 My eyes with ex - pec - ta - tion fail; My heart with - in me cries, When will the Lord his truth ful - fill, And bid my com - forts rise?

METRE 2.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M.

1 What wis-dom, maj - es - ty, and grace, Thro' all the gos - pel shine! 'Tis God that speaks, and we confess The doc - trine most di - vine.

2 Down from his star - ry throne on high, Th'Almighty Sa-vior comes; Lays his bright robes of glo - ry by, And fee - ble flesh as - sumes.

3 The might-y debt that sin-ners owed, Up - on the cross he pays; Then thro' the clouds ascends to God, 'Midst shouts of loft-iest praise.

4 There He, our great High Priest, appears, Before his Father's throne; Mingles his mer-its with our tears; And pours sal - va - tion down.

METRE 2.

MEDFIELD. C. M.

1 My Shepherd will supply my need, Je - ho - vah is his name; In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the living stream.

2 He brings my wand'ring spirit back When I for-sake his ways, And leads me for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death, Thy pres-ence is my stay; One word of thy sup - port - ing breath Drives all my fears a - way.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes Doth still my ta-ble spread; My cup with blessings o - ver - flows, Thine oil a-noints my head.

GENEVA. C. M.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans -

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul - sur - veys, Trans - port - - - - ed

1 When all thy mercies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans - port - - - - ed

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ri - sing soul sur - veys, Trans-

port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.

with the view, I'm lost In won - - der, love, and praise.

with the view, I'm lost In won - - der, love, and praise.

port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - - der, love, and praise.

2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flow'd.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thy arm unseen conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come, Let earth re - ceive her King; Let eve - ry heart pre - pare him

2 Joy to the earth, the Sav - ior reigns, Let men their songs em - ploy: While fields and floods and rocks and

3 No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in - fest the ground; He comes to make his bless - - ings

4 Blest be the Lord who sent his Son To take our flesh and blood; He for our lives gave up his

room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing.

plains, Re - peat the sound-ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat, re - - - peat the sound-ing joy.

flow, Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.

own, To make our peace with God, To make our peace with God, To make, to make our peace with God,

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned, Upon the Savior's brow; His head with radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare, A-mong the sons of men; Fairer is he than all the fair Who fill the heavenly train, Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me triumph over death, And saves me from the grave, And saves me from the grave.

METRE 2.

BRUNSWICK. C. M.

1 Why doth the man of rich - es grow, To insolence and pride, To see his wealth and hon - or flow, With eve - ry ri - sing tide?

2 Why doth he treat the poor with scorn, Made of the self-same clay, And boast as though his flesh was born, Of bet - ter dust than they?

3 Not all his treas - ures can pro - cure His soul a short reprieve—Re - deem from death one guilt - y hour, Or make his broth-er live.

4 E - ter-nal life can ne'er be sold, The ransom is too high; Jus - tice will ne'er be bribed with gold, That man may nev-er die.

Metre 2.

UNION. C. M.

1 God moves in a mys - te - rious way, His wonders to per-form; He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up-on the storm.

2 Deep in un - fath - om - - - a - - - ble mines Of nev-er fail - ing skill, He treasures up his bright designs, And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fear-ful souls, fresh cour - age take,—The clouds you so much dread Are big with mer - cy, and shall break In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust him for his grace; Be - hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smiling face.

Metre 2.

YOUTHFUL PIETY. C. M.

1 Come, let us now for - get our mirth, And think that we must die: What are our best delights on earth, Compared with those on high!

2 Our pleas-ures here will soon be past, Our brightest joys de - cay: But pleas-ures there for-ev-er last, And can-not fade a - way.

3 Here sins and sor-rows we de-plore, With many cares dis-tressed; But there the mourners weep no more, And there the wea - ry rest.

4 Our dear-est friends, when death shall call, At once must hence de-part; But there we hope to meet them all, And nev - er, nev - er part.

METRE 2.

AWFUL MAJESTY. C. M.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye heavenly hosts, And thou, O earth, a - dore; Let death and hell throughout their coasts, Stand trembling at his pow'r.

2 His sounding cha-riot shakes the sky, He makes the clouds his throne; There all his stores of light-ning lie, Till vengeance darts them down.

3 His nostrils breathe out fiery streams, And from his aw - ful tongue, A sovr'eign voice di - vides the flames, And thunders roar a - long.

4 Think, O my soul, that dreadful day, When this in-cens-ed God, Shall rend the skies and burn the seas, And fling his wrath a - broad!

METRE 2.

DEVIZES. C. M.

1 Thrice happy souls, who, born from heaven, While yet they sojourn here, Humbly begin their days with God, And spend them in his fear, And spend them in his fear.

2 So may our eyes with holy zeal, Prevent the dawning day, And turn the sacred pages o'er, And praise thy name and pray, And praise thy name and pray.

3 Midst hourly cares my love presents Its incense to thy throne; And while the world our hands employs, Our hearts be thine a - lone, Our hearts be thine a - lone.

4 As sanctified to no-blest ends, By each refreshment sought, And by each various prov-i-dence, Some wise instruction brought, Some wise instruction brought.

1 My God, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights, The glo - ry of my bright-est days,

2 In darkest shades, if he ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun! He is my soul's bright Morn-ing Star,

3 The ope-ning heavens a - round me shine, With beams of sa - cred bliss; While Je - sus shows his heart is mine,

And com - fort of my nights, And com - fort of my nights.

And He my Ri - sing Sun, And He my Ri - sing Sun.

And whis - pers, I am His, And whis - pers, I am His.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word!
Run up with joy the shining way,
T'embrace my dearest Lord,
T'embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Should bear me conq'ror through,
Should bear me conq'ror through.

METRE 2.

AUGUSTA. C. M.

1 While thee I seek, protect-ing Pow'r, Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this con-se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestowed—To thee my thoughts would soar; Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd, That mer - cy I a - dore.

3 In each e - vent of life how clear Thy ru-ling hand I see! Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Be - cause con-ferred by thee.

4 In eve - ry joy that crowns my days, In eve-ry pain I bear, My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re - lief in pray'r.

METRE 2.

ASBURY. C. M.

1 Behold the Savior of man-kind, Nail'd to the shameful tree! How vast the love that him in-clin'd To bleed and die for me! To bleed and die for me!

2 "My God!" he cries, all nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend! The temple's vail in sunder breaks—The solid marbles rend, The solid marbles rend!

3 "'Tis finish'd—now the ransom's paid—Receive my soul," he cries, Behold he bows his sacred head—He bows his head—and dies! He bows his head—and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain, And in full glory shine: O Lamb of God, was ever pain, Was ev-er love like thine, Was ev-er love like thine!

1 Blest Je - sus, when my soar - ing thoughts O'er all thy gra - ces rove, O'er all thy gra - ces rove,

2 Not soft - est strains can charm mine ears Like thy be - lov - ed name, Like thy be - lov - ed name!

3 Wher-e'er I look, my wond'r - ing eyes Un - num-bered bless - ings see! Un - num - bered bless - ings see!

4 Hast thou a ri - val in my breast?—Search, Lord, for thou canst tell, Search, Lord, for thou canst tell,

How is my soul in trans - port lost—How is my soul in trans - port lost— In won - der, joy, and love.

Nor aught be-neath the skies in - spire, Nor aught be - neath the skies in spire, My heart with e - qual flame.

But what is life with all its bliss! But what is life with all its bliss! If once com-pared with thee!

If aught can raise my pas - sions thus, If aught can raise my pas - sions thus, Or please my soul so well.

METRE 2.

BETHEL. C. M.

1 Let Zi-on and her sons re-joice, Be - hold the prom-ised hour; Her God hath heard her monrn-ing voice, And comes t'ex-alt his pow'r.

2 Her dust and ruins that re-main Are pre - cious in our eyes; Those ru - ins shall be built a - gain, And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Je- ru - sa-lem, And stand in glo - ry there, Na-tions shall bow be-fore his name, And kings at-tend with fear

4 He sits a Sov'-reign on his throne, With pit - y in his eyes; He hears the dy - ing pris'n-ers groan, And sees their sighs a-rise.

METRE 2.

FAIRFIELD. C. M.

1 With rev'-rence let the saints appear, And bow before the Lord · His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word, His high command with rev'rence hear, And tremble at his word.

2 How ter-ri-bly thy glo-ries rise, How bright thine ar-mies shine! Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth compared with thine? Where is the pow'r with thee that vies, Or truth compared with thine?

3 The north-ern pole and south-ern rest On thy sup-port-ing hand; Dark-ness and day from east to west, Move round at thy command; Dark-ness and day from east to west, Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the rag-ing winds control, And rule the boist'rous deep; Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep; Thou mak'st the sleep-ing billows roll, The roll-ing bil-lows sleep.

Metre 2.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear My friends devoutly say, "In Zi-on let us all ap-pear, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day, And keep the solemn day.

2 I love the gates, I love the road; The church adorn'd with grace Stands like a palace built for God, To show his milder face, To show his milder face, To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joy unknown The holy tribes repair, The Son of David holds his throne, And sits in judgment there, And sits in judgment there, And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints; And while his awful voice Divides the sinners from the saints, We tremble and rejoice, We tremble and rejoice, We tremble and rejoice.

Metre 2.

CONDESCENSION. C. M.

1 There is a house not made with hands, E-ter-nal and on high! And here my waiting spir-it stands Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this pris-on of my clay Must be dis-solved and fall; Then, O my soul! with joy o-bey Thy heav'n-ly Fa-ther's call

3 'Tis he by his Al-might-y grace, That forms thee fit for heav'n, And as an earnest of the place, Has his own Spir-it giv'n.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come, Faith lives up-on his word: But while the bod-y is our home, We're ab-sent from the Lord.

Metre 2.

HENRY. C. M.

1 I'll speak the honors of my King, His form di-vine - ly fair; None of the sons of mor - tal race, May with their Lord com - pare.

2 Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace Upon thy lips is shed; Thy God with bless-ings in - fi - nite, Hath crowned thy sa - cred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince, Ride with majestic sway, Thy ter - ror shall strike through thy foes, And make the world o - bey.

4 Thy throne, O God! forever stands; Thy word of grace shall prove A peaceful scep - ter in thy hand, To rule thy saints by love.

Metre 2.

CONSOLATION. C. M.

1 Once more, my soul, the ri - sing day, Sa - lutes thy wa - king eyes; Once more, my voice, thy trib - ute pay To him that rules the skies.

2 Night un - to night his name re - peats; The day re-news the sound; Wide as the heav'n on which he sits To turn the sea-sons round.

3 'Tis he sup-ports my mor - tal frame; My tongue shall speak his praise; My sins would rouse his wrath to flame, And yet his wrath de - lays.

4 On a poor worm thy pow'r might tread, And I could ne'er withstand; Thy jus - tice might have crushed me dead, But mercy held thy hand.

1 With joy we med - i - tate the grace Of our High Priest a - bove, Of our High Priest a - bove; His heart is made

2 Touched with a sym-pa thy with in, He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows our fee - ble frame; He knows what sore

3 He, in the days of fee - ble flesh, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, Pour'd out strong cries and tears, And in his meas -

4 He'll nev-er quench the smo king flax, But raise it to a flame; But raise it to a flame; The bruis-ed reed

of ten-der - - - ness, His heart is made of ten-der - ness, His bow - ..... - els melt with love.

temp-ta - tions mean, He knows what sore temp - ta-tions mean, For he - ..... - hath felt the same.

- ure feels a - fresh, And in his meas-ure feels a - fresh What eve - ..... - ry mem - ber bears.

he nev - er breaks, The bruis-ed reed he nev - er breaks, Nor scorns - ..... the mean - est name.

METRE 2.

PRIMROSE. C. M.

1 Ho-san-na to the Prince of light, That clothed himself in clay, En-tered the i - ron gates of Death, And tore the bars a - way.

2 Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Im-man - uel rose; He took the ty-rant's sting a - way, And spoiled our hellish foes.

3 See how the Conq'ror mounts a-loft, And to his fa - ther flies, With scars of hon - or in his flesh, And tri-umph in his eyes.

4 There our ex-alt - ed Sav-ior reigns, And scat-ters bless-ings down; Our Je - sus fills the mid-dle seat Of the ce - les-tial throne.

METRE 2.

MILES' LANE. C. M.

PIA CRES FOR

1 All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di a dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God, Who from his al-tar call, Ex tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Chosen seed of Is-rael's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

4 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

METRE 2

BANGOR. C. M.

1 Je - sus, thou art the sin-ner's Friend, As such I look to thee; Now in the bow-els of thy love, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.

2 Re-mem-ber thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal-va - ry; Re-mem-ber all thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem-ber me.

3 Thou wond'rous Ad-vo-cate with God, I yield - my - self to thee; While thou art sit-ting on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

4 I own I'm guil-ty, own I'm vile, But thy sal - va - tion's free; Then in thy all a - bound-ing grace, O Lord, re - mem-ber me.

METRE 2.

SOLON. C. M.

1 There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guil-ty stains.

2 The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That Fountain in his day; And there may I as vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3 Dear dy-ing Lamb, thy pre-cious blood, Shall nev-er lose its pow'r Till all the ransom'd church of God Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds supply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

Metre 2.

FUNERAL THOUGHT. C. M.

Slow and Solemn.

1 Hark! from the tombs a dole - ful sound? My ears, at - tend the cry; "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie," "Ye liv - ing men, come view the ground Where you must short - ly lie."

2 "Princ-es, this clay must be your bed, In spite of all your tow'rs: The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head Must lie as low as ours, The tall the wise, the rev'-rend head Must lie as low as ours.

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Metre 2.

YOUTHFUL GLORY. C. M.

1 O, in the morn of life, when youth With vital ardor glows, And shines in all the fairest charms That beauty can disclose; And shines, in all the fairest charms, That beauty. &c.

2 Deep in thy soul before its pow'rs Are yet by vice enslav'd, Be thy Creator's glorious name And character engrav'd; Be thy Creator's glorious name And character engrav'd.

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud The sunshine of thy days; And cares and toils in endless round Encompass all thy ways; And cares and toils in endless round, Encompass, &c.

4 Ere yet the heart the woes of age, With vain regret deplore, And sadly muse on former joys That now return no more; And sadly muse on former joys That now return no more.

Metre 2.

DIVINE PROTECTION. C. M.

1 How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord, How sure is their defense! Eternal wisdom is their guide, Eternal wisdom is their guide, Their help Om - nip-o - tence.

2 In foreign realms and lands remote, Supported by thy care, Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt, Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt, And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne High on the broken wave, They know thou art not slow to hear, They know thou art not slow to hear, Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid; the winds retire, Obedient to thy will; The sea that roars at thy command, The sea that roars at thy command, At thy command is still.

METRE 2.

EVAN. C. M.

1 In mer - cy, Lord, re-mem-ber me, Through all the hours of night, And grant to me most gra-ci-ous-ly The safe guard of thy might.

2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes, Since thou wilt not re - move, Oh, in the morn-ing let me rise, Re - joic-ing in thy love.

3 Or, If this night should prove the last, And end my transient days; Oh! take me to thy prom-ised rest, Where I may sing thy praise.

METRE 2.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

1 O! for a clo - ser walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to shine up - on the road, That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the bles - sed - ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul re - fresh-ing view Of Je - sus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once en-joyed! How sweet their mem'ry still! But they have left an ach-ing void The world can nev - er fill.

4 Re-turn, O ho - ly Dove! re - turn, Sweet mes-sen - ger of rest! I hate the sins that made thee mourn, And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dear-est i - dol I have known,—What-e'er that i - dol be,—Help me to tear it from thy throne, And wor-ship on - ly thee.

1 Let eve - ry mor - tal ear at - tend, And eve - ry heart re - joice: The trum - pet of the gos - pel sounds,

2 Ho! all ye hun - gry, starv - ing souls, That feed up - on the wind, And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys,

3 E - ter - nal wis - dom has pre - pared A soul re - vi - ving feast, And bids your long - ing ap - pe - tites,

4 Ho! ye that pant for liv - ing streams, And pine a - way and die; Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst,

The trump - et of the gos - pel sounds, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice, With an in - vi - ting voice.

And vain - ly strive with earth - ly toys, To fill an emp - ty mind, To fill an emp - ty mind, To fill an emp - ty mind.

And bids your long-ing ap - pe - tites, The rich pro - vis - ion taste, The rich pro - vis - ion taste, The rich pro - vis - ion taste.

Here you may quench your ra - ging thirst, with springs that nev - er dry, With springs that nev-er dry, With springs that nev - er dry.

METRE 2.

LIBERTY HALL. C. M.

1 A - las! and did my Sa - vior bleed, And did my Sov - reign die? Would he de - vote that sac - red head For such a worm as I?

2 Thy bod - y slain, sweet Je - sus, thine, And bathed in its own blood, While all ex - posed to wrath di - vine, The glo - rious Suff'r-er stood.

3 Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up - on the tree: A - maz-ing pit - y! Grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!

4 Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When God, the might - y Ma - ker, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.

METRE 2.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made, He calls the hours his own; Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead, And Sa - tan's empire fell: To-day the saints his triumph spread, To-day the saints his triumph spread, And all his won-ders tell.

3 Ho - san-na to th' a-nointed King, To Da-vid's Ho-ly Son; Help us, O Lord, descend and bring. Help us, O Lord, descend and bring Sal - va - tion from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men With mes-sag-es of grace, Who comes in God his Father's name, Who comes in God his Father's name, To save our sin-ful race.

1 A - ma-zing grace, how sweet the sound, That sav'd a wretch like me; I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see;

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears relieved; How precious did that grace ap-pear The hour I first be-lieved.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares, I have al - read-y come: 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home;

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail, And mor-tal life shall cease, I shall pos-sess with-in the vail, A life of joy and peace;

Was blind, but now I see, Was blind, but now I see, I once was lost, but now am found— Was blind, but now I see.

The hour I first be - lieved! The hour I first be - lieved! How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be - lieved!

And grace will lead me home, And grace will lead me home, 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

A life of joy and peace, A life of joy and peace; I shall pos - sess with - in the vail A life of joy and peace.

PLEYEL'S SECOND. C. M.

1 O joy - ful sound of gospel grace, Christ shall in mo ap - pear: I, e - ven I shall see his face, I shall be ho - ly here.

2 The promised land from Pisgah's top, I now ex - ult to see; My hope is full' (O glo-rious hope!) Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

3 With me I know, I feel thou art, But this can - not suf - fice, Un - less thou plantest in my heart A con - stant par - a - dise.

4 Come, oh my God! thyself re - veal, Fill all this might - y void; Thou on-ly canst my spir-it fill— Come oh my God! my God!

The glorious crown of righteousness, To me reach'd out I view; Conq'-ror thro' him, I soon shall seize, And wear it as my due.

He vis - its now this house of clay, He shakes his fu - ture home; O wouldst thou, Lord, in this glad day, In - to thy tem - ple come.

My earth thou wat'rest from on high, But make it all a pool; Spring up, oh well, I ev - er cry, Spring up with - in my soul.

Fulfill, ful-fill my large desires, Large as in - fin - i - - - ty; Give, give me all my soul re-quires, All, all that is in thee.

METRE 2.

WILTSHIRE. C. M.

1 From thee, my God, my joys shall, rise, And run eternal rounds, Beyond the limits of the skies, beyond the limits of the skies, And all created bounds, And all created bounds.

2 The holy triumphs of my soul Shall death itself outbrave, Leave dull mortality behind, Leave dull mortality behind. And fly beyond the grave, And fly beyond the grave.

3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns In heaven's unmeasured space, I'll spend a long eternity, I'll spend a long eternity, In pleas - - ure and in praise, In pleasure and in praise.

4 Millions of years my wand'ring eyes shall o'er thy beauties rove, And endless ages I'll adore, And endless ages I'll adore, The glo - ries of thy love, The glories of thy love.

METRE 2.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

1 Come chil-dren, learn to fear the Lord; And that your days be long, Let not a false or spite-ful word, Be found up - on your tongue.

2 De - part from mischief, practicè love, Pur - sue the works of peace; So shall the Lord your ways ap-prove, And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes a-wake to guard the just, His ears at-tend their cry:—When broken spir-its dwell in dust, The God of grace is nigh.

4 What though the sor-rows here they taste, Are sharp and te-dious too, The Lord who saves them all at last. Is their sup-port - er now.

MISSIONARY'S ADIEU. C. M.

1 My dear - est, love - ly, na-tive land, Where peace and pleas-ure grow, Where joy with fair-est, soft - est hand, Wipes off the tears of woe—

2 O sa - cred home, how sweet thou art, And all thy scenes how dear! Thou dost with chords en-twine my heart, And seem'st to say "stay here!"

3 My pa - rents, brothers, sis - ters, friends, My warm af - fec-tion know, And love from each my path at - tends, And can I from them go?

4 No sighs of grief my bo-som heave, No tears of anguish roll; My friends, my *all* I *glad-ly* leave, For Je - sus cheers my soul.

Thy Sab-baths, laws, and hap - py shores, And names, I love them well, And look - ing o'er those rich - est stores, How can I say, Fare - well!

Thou al-ways didst an an-gel prove, My youth-ful fears to quell, Thou still art clad with smiles of love, And can I say, Fare-well.

The thoughts of days that now are past, No pen nor tongue can tell; Though to my heart they cling so fast, Yet I *must* say, Fare - well.

Ye winds, then waft me far a - way, The tale of love to tell; To coun - try, home, and friends I say, Fare - well, O! yes, Fare - well!

METRE 2.

MOUNT PLEASANT. C. M.

1 These glorious minds, how bright they shine! Whence all their white array? How came they to these happy seats Of everlasting day, Of ev-er - last - ing day.

2 From tortur-ing pains to endless joys, On fie-ry wheels they rode, And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dy-ing blood, In Je-sus' dy - ing blood.

3 Now they ap-proach a spotless God, And bow be - fore his throne; Their war-bling harps and sacred songs Adore the Holy One, Adore the Ho - ly One.

4 The unveiled glories of his face A-mong his saints re-side, While the rich treasures of his grace Sees all their wants supplied, Sees all their wants supplied.

METRE 2.

MARTYRS. C. M.

1 Oh thou whose ten-der mer - cy hears Con - tri - tion's hum-ble sigh, Whose hand in-dulg-ent, wipes the tears From sor - rows weeping eye.

2 See, Lord, be-fore thy throne of grace, A wretch-ed wand'r-er mourn: Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? Hast thou not said, "return?"

3 And shall my guilt - y fears pre-vail To drive me from thy feet? Oh, let not this dear ref - uge fail, This on - ly safe re - treat.

4 Ab - sent from thee, my guide, my light! With-out one cheer-ing ray, Through dangers, fears, and gloom - y nights, How des - o - late my way!

FARNHAM. C. M.

1 Ye glitt'ring toys of earth, a - dieu, A no - bler choice be mine; A re - al prize at - tracts my view, A treas-ure all di - vine;

2 Je - sus, to mul - ti-tudes un-known,— O name di - vine - ly sweet! Je - sus, in thee, in thee a - lone, Wealth, hon-or, pleas-ure meet!

3 Should earth's vain treasures all depart, Of this dear gift pos - sess'd, I'd clasp it to my joy - ful heart, And be for - ev - er bless'd;

Be - gone un - wor - thy of my cares, Ye spe - cious baits of sense; In - es - ti - ma - ble worth ap-pears The pearl of price im - mense.

Should both the In-dies at my call Their boast - ed stores re - sign; With joy I would re-nounce them all, For leave to call thee mine.

Dear Sov'reign of my soul's de - sire, Thy love is bliss di - vine! Ac - cept the wish that love in-spires, And bid me call thee mine.

1 E - ter - nal source of joys di - vine, To thee my soul as - pires; Oh, could I say "the Lord is mine!" "Tis all my soul de - sires.

2 My Hope, my Trust, my Life, my Lord, As - sure me of thy love; Oh, speak the kind trans-port-ing word, And bid my fears re - move.

3 Then shall my thankful powers re-joice, And tri - umph in my God, Till heavenly rap-ture tune my voice, To spread thy praise a-broad.

METRE 2.

SUFFIELD. C. M.

1 Teach me the measure of my days, Thou maker of my frame; I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast, An inch or two of time; Man is but van - i - ty and dust In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mor-tals move, Like shad-ows o'er the plain; They rage and strive, de-sire and love, But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honor's gau - dy show, Some dig for gold - en ore; They toil for heirs they know not who, And straight are seen no more.

Metre 2.

FIDUCIA. C. M.

1 Fa - ther, I long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode,
I'd leave these earth-ly courts and flee up to thy seat my God;
Here I be - hold thy dis-tant face, And 'tis a pleasing sight,

2 I'd part with all the joys of sense, To gaze 'up - on thy throne;
Pleas-ure springs fresh for - ev - er thence, Un-speak - a - ble, un-known.
There all the heav'n-ly hosts are seen—In shi-ning ranks they move,

But to a-bide in thy embrace, Is in - fi-nite de - light.

And drink Immortal vig-or in, With won-der and with love.

Metre 2.

CARR'S LANE. C. M.

1 Ye humble souls that seek the Lord, Chase all your fears a - way,

2 Thus low the Lord of life was brought; Such won-ders love can do;

3 A moment give a - loose to grief, let grate - ful sor - rows rise;

4 Then dry your tears and tune your songs, The Sa-vior lives a - gain;

And bow with pleas - ure down to see The place where Je - - - sus lay, The place where Je - sus lay.

Thus cold in death that bo - som lay, Which throbbed and bled for you, Which throbbed and bled for you.

And wash the blood - y stains a - way, With tor - rents from your eyes, With tor - rents from your eyes.

Not all the holts and bars of death The Conq'r - or could de - tain, The Conq'r - or could de - tain.

METRE 2.

ST. ANN'S. C. M.

1 My God, my por-tion and my love, my ev - er - last - ing all; I've none but thee in heav'n a-bove, Or on this earth - ly ball.

2 What empty things are all the skies, And this in - fe - rior clod! There's nothing here deserves my joys—There's noth - ing like my God.

3 In vain the bright, the burn-ing sun, Scat-ters his fee - ble light; 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon— If thou with-draw 'tis night.

4 And whilst up - on my rest-less bed, A-mong the shades I roll, If my Re-deem - er shows his head. 'Tis morn - ing with my soul.

METRE 2.

BURFORD. C. M.

1 Lord, I ap-proach thy mer-cy seat, Where thou dost an-swer prayer; There hum-bly fall be-fore thy feet, for none can per-ish there.

2 Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea; With this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call-est bur-dened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly press'd, By war with-out and fear with-in, I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield, my hi-ding place; That, shel-tered near thy side, I may my fierce ac-cu-ser face, And tell him thou hast died.

METRE 2.

BEDFORD. C. M.

1 Ear-ly, my God, with-out de-lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirs-ty spir-it faints a-way, With-out thy cheer-ing grace.

2 So pil-grims on the scorching sand, Be-neath a burn-ing sky, Long for a cool-ing stream at hand, And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glo-ry and thy power Through all thy tem-ple shine; My God, re-peat that heavenly hour, That vis-ion so di-vine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast Can please my soul so well, As when thy rich-er grace I taste, And in thy pres-ence dwell.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

1 My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I call; I can - not live if thou re - move, For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining grace can cheer This dun-geon where I dwell; Tis par - a - dise when thou art here— If thou de - part 'tis hell.

3 The smilings of thy face, How a - mia - ble they are! 'Tis heav'n to rest in thine em - brace, And no where else but there.

4 To thee and thee a - lone, The an - gels owe their bliss; They sit a - round thy gra - cious throne, And dwell where Je - sus is.

METRE 3.

* BURBER. S. M.

J. H. TENNEY.

1 Go to thy rest, my child! Go to thy dream-less bed, While yet so gen - tle, un - de - filed, With blessings on thy head.

2 Shall love with weak em-brace, Thy up-ward wing de - tain? No! gen - tle an - gel, seek thy place, A - mid the cher - ub train.

3 Thy heav'n - ly Fa-ther's voice Shall bid thee wel-come home; Shall soothe, and bid thee still re-joice! With kin - dred spir - its roam.

METRE 3.

WATCHMAN. S. M.

1 My God, per-mit my tongue, This joy to call thee mine, And let my ear-ly cries pre-vail, To taste thy love di-vine.

2 My thirst-y, faint-ing soul Thy mer-cy does im-plore; Not trav-el-ers in des-ert lands, Can pant for wa-ter more.

3 With-in thy churches, Lord, I long to find my place. Thy pow'r and glo-ry to be-hold, And feel thy quick-'ning grace.

4 For life with-out thy love No rel-ish can af-ford: Nor joy can be com-pared with this, To serve and praise the Lord.

METRE 3.

BOYLESTON. S. M.

1 O bless the Lord, my soul! Let all with-in me join, And aid my tongue to bless his name, Whose favors are di-vine, Whose favors are di-vine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul! Nor let his mer-cies lie For-got-ten in un-thank-ful-ness, And with-out prais-es die, And with-out prais-es die.

3 'Tis he for-gives thy sins, 'Tis he re-lieves thy pain, 'Tis he that heals thy sick-ness-es, And makes thee young again, And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love, When ransom'd from the grave; He that redeem'd my soul from hell, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save, Hath sov'reign pow'r to save

Metre 3.

GERAR. S. M.

1 Bless'd are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one; Whose kind de-signs to serve and please, Through all their ac - tions run.

2 Bless'd is the pi - ous house, Where zeal and friendship meet, Their songs of praise, their min - gled vows, Make their com-mun - ion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aa-ron's head They pour'd the rich per-fume, The oil through all his rai - ment spread, And pleas - ure filled the room.

4 Thus on the heav'n-ly hills The saints are bless'd a-bove, Where joy like morn - ing dew dis - tills, And all the air is love.

Metre 3.

LITTLE MARLBOROUGH. S. M.

1 Lord, what a fee - ble piece Is this our mor - tal frame; Our life, how poor a tri - fle 'tis, That scarce de - serves the name.

2 A - las! this brit - tle clay That built our bod - y first! And eve - ry month and eve - ry day, 'Tis mould'r-ing back to dust.

3 Our mo-ments fly a - pace, Our fe - ble pow'rs de - cay, Swift as a flood our has - ty days Are sweep - ing us a - way.

4 Yet, if our days must fly, We'll keep their end in sight— We'll spend them all in wis-dom's ways, And let them speed their flight.

Metre 3.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1 Shall wis - dom cry a - loud, And not her speech be heard! The voice of God's e - ter - nal Son, De-serves it no re - gard?

2 "I was his chief de - light; His ev - er - last - ing Son, Be - fore the first of all his works, Cre - a - tion was be - gun.

3 "Be - fore the fly - ing clouds, Be - fore the sol - id land, Be - fore the fields, be - fore the floods, I dwelt at thy right hand.

4 "When He a - dorned the skies, And built them, I was there, To or - der when the sun should rise, And mar-shall eve - ry star."

Metre 3.

AYLESBURY. S. M.

1 I lift my soul to God, My trust is in his name; Let not my foes that seek my blood, Still tri - umph in my shame.

2 Sin and the pow'r of hell, Per - suade me to de - spair; Lord, make me know thy cov-'nant well, That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From beams of dawn-ing light, Till eve - ning shades a - rise, For thy sal - va - tion, Lord, I wait, With ev - er - long - ing eyes.

4 Re - mem - ber all thy grace, And lead me in thy truth; For - give the sins of ri - per days, And fol - lies of my youth.

1 My sor - rows like a flood, Im - pa - tient of re - straint, In - to thy bo-som, O my God, Pour out a long complaint.

2 This im - pious heart of mine Could once de - fy the Lord—Could rush with vi-olence in - to sin, In pres-ence of thy sword.

3 How oft - en have I stood A reb - el to the skies! And yet, and yet, O matchless grace! Thy thunder silent lies.

4 Oh, shall I nev - er feel The melt - ings of thy love? Am I of such hell-hard-en'd steel, That mer-cy can-not move!

Metre 3. CHESTER. S. M.

1 Let eve-ry crea-ture join, To praise th'E - ter - nal God: Ye heav'n - ly hosts, be - gin the song, And sound his name a-broad.

2 Thou sun, with gold - en beams, And moon with pa - ler rays, Ye star - ry lights, ye twink-ling flames, Shine to your ma-ker's praise.

3 He built the worlds a - bove, And fixed their wond'-rous frame; By his com-mand they stand or move, And ev - er speak his name.

4 Ye va-pors, when ye rise, Or fall in show'rs of snow—Ye thun-ders mur-m'ring round the skies, His pow'r and glo-ry show.

METRE 3.

* GORTON. S. M.

BEETHOVEN.

1 While my Re - deem-er's near, My Shepherd and my Guide, I bid fare-well to eve - ry fear; My wants are all sup - plied.

2 To ev - er - fragrant meads, Where rich a - bun-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-g nt leads, And guard my sweet re - pose.

3 Dear Shep-herd, if I stray, My wandering feet re-store; And guard me with thy watch-ful eye, And let me rove no more.

METRE 3.

LISBON. S. M.

1 Wel-come sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel-come to this re - vi - ving breast, And these re-joic - ing eyes.

2 The King him-self comes near, And feasts his saints to - day; Here may we sit and see Him here, And love and praise and pray.

3 One day a - mid the place Where my dear God hath been, Is sweet-er than ten thou-sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.

4 My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this, And sit and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - las - ting bliss.

Metre 3.

NEW HOPE. S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, And thus sur-round the throne.

2 The sor-rows of the mind, Be ban-ished from the place! Re-lig-ion nev-er was de-signed To make our pleas-ures less.

3 Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God; But fa-vorites of the heav'nly King May speak their joys a-broad.

4 This aw iul God is ours, Our Fa-ther and our love; He will send down his heav'nly pow'rs To car-ry us a-bove.

Metre 3.

IDUMEA S. M.

1 Is this e kind re-turn, And these the thanks we owe, Thus to a-buse e-ter-nal love, Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To wh t a stub- n frame, Hath sin re-duced our minds! What strange re-bel-lious wretch-es we, And God as strangely kind.

3 On us he bids the sun Shed his re-vi-ving rays; for us the skies the cir-cles run, To length-en out our days.

The brutes o-bey their God, And bow their necks to men; But we more base, more bru-tish things, Re-ject his ea-sy reign.

METRE 3.

REVIVING LIGHT. S. M.

1 How heavy is the night That hangs up - on our eyes, Till Christ with his re-vi-ving light, O - ver our souls a - rise, O - ver our souls a-rise.

2 Our guilty spirits dread To meet the wrath of heav'n; But in his Righteousness array'd, We see our sins forgiv'n, We see our sins forgiv'n.

3 Un-ho-ly and im-pure Are all our thoughts and ways; His hands infected nature cures, With sanc-ti-fy-ing grace, With sanc-ti - fy-ing grace.

4 The pow'rs of hell agree To hold our souls in vain: He sets the sons of bon-dage free, And breaks th'accursed chain, And break th'accursed chain.

METRE 3.

STRAIT GATE. S. M.

1 De - struc-tion's dangerous road, What mul - ti - tudes pur - sue! While that which leads the soul to God, Is known and sought by few!

2 Be - liev - ers find the way, Thro' Christ the liv - ing gate; But those who hate this ho - - ly way, Com-plain it is too strait.

3 If self must be de-nied, And sin no more ca - ress'd, They rath - er choose the way that's wide, And strive to think it best.

4 En - com-pass'd by a throng, On num-bers they de - pend; They say so ma - ny can't be wrong, And miss a hap - py end.

Metre 3.

ALBION. S. M.

1 My soul, with joy at - tend, While Jesus silence breaks; No an-gel's harp such mu-sic yields As what my Shepherd speaks, As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries, "My soul approves them well; Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise, And vain the rage of hell, And vain the rage of hell.

3 "I free-ly feed them now With to-kens of my love, But rich-er pas-tures I pre-pare, And sweeter streams a-bove, And sweet-er streams a-bove.

4 "Un-num-bered years of bliss I to my sheep will give; And while my throne un-sha-ken stands, Shall all my cho-sen live, Shall all my cho-sen live."

Metre 3.

HUMBLE PRAISES. S. M.

1 To God, the on - ly wise, Our Sa - vior and our King, Let all the saints be-low the skies Their hum - ble prais - es bring.

2 'Tis his al-might - y love, His coun - sel and his care, Pre - serves us safe from sin and death, And eve - ry hurt - ful snare.

3 He will pre-sent our souls, Un - blem-ished and com - plete, Be - fore the glo - ry of his face, With joys di - vine - ly great.

4 Then all the cho - sen seed Shall meet a - round his throne, Shall bless the con - duct of his grace, And make his won-ders known.

METRE 3.

SUBLIMITY. S. M.

1 Be - hold the loft-y sky De-clares its Maker, God, And all the starry works on high Proclaim his pow'r abroad, And all the star - - ry works on high,

2 The darkness and the light Still keep their course the same; While night to day and day to night Divinely teach his name; While night to day and day to night,

3 In every diff'rent land Their gen'ral voice is known; They show the wonders of his hand, And orders of his throne, They show the won - ders of his hand,

4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice! Here he reveals his word; We are not left to nature's voice To bid us know the Lord, We are not left to na - ture's voice,

Pro - claim his pow'r a - broad.

Di - vine - ly teach his name.

And or - ders of his throne.

To bid us know the Lord.

METRE 3.

NEWTON. S. M.

1 Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise; Thy saints, O Lord, be - fore thy throne,

2 With joy thy peo-ple stand On Zi - on's cho - sen hill; Proclaim the won-ders of thy hand,

3 Let strangers walk a-round The cit - y where we dwell; Com-pass and view the ho - ly ground,

4 The or-ders of thy house, The wor - ship of thy court, The cheer-ful songs, the sol - emn vows,

NEWTON—Continued.

CHORUS—To be sung or omitted at pleasure.

Their songs of hon-or raise. Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

And coun-sels of thy will.

And mark the build-ing well. Praise ye the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!

And make a fair re-port.

Metre 3.

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

1 My Sa-vior and my King, Thy beau-ties are di-vine; Thy lips with bless-ings o-ver-flow, And eve-ry grace is thine.

2 Now make thy glo-ry known; Gird on thy dread-ful sword, And rise in ma-jes-ty to spread The con-quests of thy word.

3 Strike through thy stub-born foes, Or make their hearts o-bey, While jus-tice, meekness, grace and truth, At-tend thy glo-rious way.

4 Thy laws, O God, are right, Thy throne shall ev-er stand, And thy vic-to-rious gos-pel prove A scep-tre in thy hand.

Metre 3.

BALTIMORE. S. M.

1 Well the Re-deem-er's gone, T'ap-pear be-fore our God, To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne,

2 No fie-ry ven-geance now, No burn-ing wrath comes down: If jus-tice calls for sin-ners' blood,

3 Be-fore his Fa-ther's eye, Our hum-ble suit he moves! The Fa-ther lays his thun-der by,

4 Now may our joy-ful tongues Our Ma-ker's hon-or sing; Je-sus, the Priest, re-ceives our songs,

To sprin-kle o'er the fla-ming throne, With his a-ton-ing blood.

If jus-tice calls for sin-ners' blood, The Savior shows his own.

The Fa-ther lays his thun-der by, And looks, and smiles, and loves.

Je-sus, the Priest, receives our songs, And bears them to the King.

Metre 3.

WRENTHAM. S. M.

1 What cheer-ing words are these! Their sweet-ness who can tell?

2 In eve-ry state se-cure, Kept by Je-ho-vah's eye,

3 'Tis well when joys a-rise, 'Tis well when sor-rows bow,

4 'Tis well when on the mount They feast on dy-ing love,

In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well; In time and to e - ter - ni - ty, 'Tis with the right-eous well.

'Tis well with them while life endures, And well when called to die; 'Tis well with them while life en-dures, And well when called to die.

'Tis well when dark-ness vails the skies, And strong temp-ta-tions blow; 'Tis well when darkness vails the skies, And strong temp-ta-tions blow.

And 'tis as well in God's account, When they the fur - nace prove; And 'tis as well in God's ac - count, When they the fur - nace prove.

METRE 3. * BADEA. S. M. GERMAN.

1 When gloom-y doubts and fears The trem - bling heart in-vade, And all the face of na-ture wears A u - ni - ver - sal shade:

2 Re - lig - ion can as-suage The temp - est of the soul; And eve - ry fear gives up its rage At her di - vine con - trol.

3 Through life's be-wil-dered way, Her hand un-err - ing leads, And o'er the path her heav'n-ly ray, A cheer-ing lus - tre sheds.

4 When rea-son, tired and blind, Sinks help-less and a-fraid; Thou blest sup - port - er of the mind! How pow'r-ful is thine aid.

Metre 3.

ASYLUM. S. M.

1 Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes his churches his a-bode, His most de-light-ful seat.

2 In Zi-on God is known, a ref-uge in dis-tress: How bright has his sal-va-tion shone, How fair his heav'n-ly grace.

3 When kings a-gainst her join'd And saw the Lord was there, In wild con-fu-sion of the mind, They fled with hast-y fear.

4 When na-tives tall and proud, At-tempt to spoil our peace, He sends his tem-pest roar-ing loud, And sinks them in the seas.

Metre 3.

GLORIOUS WAR. S. M.

1 Hark, how the watchmen cry! At-tend the trumpet's sound, Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh, The Pow'rs of hell sur-round:

2 See on the moun-tain's top, The stand-ard of your God! In Je-sus' name I lift it up, All stained with hallow'd blood;

3 Go up with Christ your Head, Your Cap-tain's footsteps see; Fol-low your Cap-tain and be led To cer-tain vic-to-ry;

4 Our Cap-tain leads us on; He beck-ons from the skies, And reach-es out a star-ry crown, And bids us take the prize:

Who bow at Christ's command, Your arms and hearts prepare; The day of bat - tle is at hand, Go forth to glo - rious war, Go forth to glo-rious war.

His standard bearer I To all the na-tions call; Let all to Je-sus' cross draw nigh, He bore the cross for all, He bore the cross for all.

All power to him is giv'n, He ev - er lives the same; Sal-va-tion, hap-pi-ness and heav'n Are all in Je-sus' name, Are all in Je-sus' name.

Be faithful un - to death, Par - take my vic-to - ry, And thou shalt wear this glo-rious wreath, And thou shalt reign with me, And thou shalt reign with me.

METRE. 3

HANTS. S. M.

1 Give to the winds thy fears, Hope and be un - - - - - - dis - may'd; God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears, God shall lift up thy head, God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds and storms, He gently clear- - - - - - thy way; Wait thou his time, so shall this night Soon end in joyous day - - - - - - Soon end in joy - ous day.

3 What tho' thou ru-lest not, Yet heav'n and earth - - - - - - and hell Pro-claim, God sitteth on the throne, And rul-eth all things well - - - - - - And rul-eth all things well.

4 Thine ev-er-last-ing truth, Fa - ther, thy cease- - - - - - - - less love, Sees all thy childrens wants, and knows What best for each will prove, What best for each will prove.

METRE 3.

OLMUTZ. S. M.

1 Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel-low-ship of kind-red minds, Is like to that a-bove, Is like to that a-bove.

2 Be-fore our Father's throne, We pour our ardent prayers? Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—Our comforts and our cares, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sympa-thiz-ing tear, The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.

4 When we are called to part, It gives us mu-tual pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again, And hope to meet a-gain.

METRE 3.

WORDS OF PEACE. S. M. (Double)

1 How beau-teous are their feet, Who stand on Zi-on's hill! Who bring salvation on their tongues, and words of peace reveal! How charming is their voice!

2 How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy-ful sound, Which kings and prophets waited for, And sought but never found! How blessed are our eyes,

3 The watch-men join their voice, And tune-ful notes em - ploy; Je - ru-sa-lem breaks forth in songs, And deserts learn the joy; The Lord makes bare his arm.

How sweet their ti-dings are! Zi-on, be-hold thy Sa-vior King, He reigns and tri-umphs here, He reigns and tri-umphs here."

That see this heav'n-ly light! Proph-ets and kings de-sired it long, But died with-out the sight! But died with-out the sight.

Through all the earth a-broad! Let eve-ry na-tion now be-hold Their Sa-vior and their God, Their Sa-vior and their God.

METRE 3.

TENDER MERCY. S. M.

1 My soul, repeat his praise Whose mercies are so great, Whose an-ger is so slow to rise, So read-y to a-bate, So read-y to a-bate.

2 God will not always chide; And when his strokes are felt, His strokes are fewer than our crimes, And lighter than our guilt, And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heav'ns are raised Above the ground we tread, So far the riches of his grace Our high-est thoughts exceed, Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His pow'r subdues our sins, And his for-giv-ing love, Far as the east is from the west, Doth all our guilt re-move, Doth all our guilt re-move.

METRE 3.

HEAVENLY REST. S. M.

1 Oh where shall rest be found, Rest for..... the wea-ry soul! 'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound, Or pierce to either pole, Or pierce to ei-ther pole!

2 The world can nev - er give The bliss..... for which we sigh; 'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die. Nor all of death to die.

3 Be-yond this vale of tears There is..... a life a - bove; Unmeasured by the flight of years, And all that life is love, And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang Out - lasts..... the fleet-ing breath; Oh what e-ter-nal horrors hang A-round the second death! A - round the second death.

METRE 3.

LABAN. S. M.

1 Dear Sa - vior, we are thine By ev - er - last - ing bonds; Our names, our hearts we would re - sign, Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave, With ev - er grow-ing zeal: If mil-lions tempt us Christ to leave, Oh let them ne'er pre - vail.

4 Thy Spir - it shall u - nite, Our souls to thee, our Head; Shall form us to thy im - age bright, That we thy paths may tread.

4 Death may our souls di - vide From these a - bodes of clay; But love shall keep us near thy side Through all the gloom - y way.

Metre 3.

MISSIONARY HERALD. S. M.

1 Ye mes - sen - gers of Christ, His sov'reign voice o - bey; A - rise and fol-low where he leads, And peace at - tend your way.

2 The Mas - ter whom ye serve, Will need - ful strength be-stow; De-pend-ing on his prom-ised aid, With sa - cred cour-age go.

3 Moun-tains shall sink to plains, And hell in vain op - pose; The cause is God's and must pre-vail, In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Sa - vior's name, And tell his match-less grace, To the most guil-ty and de-praved Of Ad - am's num-'rous race.

Metre 3.

ORANGE. S. M.

1 Blest Com-fort - er di - vine! Let rays of heav'n - ly love A - mid our gloom and dark-ness shine, And guide our souls a - bove.

2 Draw with thy still small voice, Us from each sin - ful way; And bid the mourn-ing saints re - joice, Though earth-ly joys de - cay.

3 By thy in - spi - ring breath, Make eve - ry cloud of care, And e'en the gloom-y vale of death, A smile of glo - ry wear.

4 Oh, fill thou eve - ery heart With love to all our race! Great Com-fort - er, to us im - part These bless - ings of thy grace.

METRE 3.
SLOW—With solemnity.

FLORIDA. S. M.

1 Let sinners take their course, And choose the road to death; But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath; But in the worship of my God I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne When morning brings the light; I seek his blessings every noon, And pay my vows at night; I seek his blessings every noon, And pay &c.

3 Thou wilt re-gard my cries, O, my e - ter - nal God. While sinners perish in surprise Beneath thy angry rod, While sinners perish in surprise, Beneath thy angry rod

4 Because they dwell at ease, And no sad changes feel; They neither fear nor trust thy name, Nor learn to do thy will, They neither fear nor trust thy name, Nor learn to do thy will.

METRE 3.

SUBMISSION. S. M.

1 "My times are in thy hand," My God, I wish them there; My life, my friends, my soul I leave To thy pa - ter - nal care.

2 "My times are in thy hand," What - ev - er they may be, Pleas - ing or pain - ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand," Why should I doubt or fear? My Fa - ther's hand will nev - er cause His child a need - less tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand," Je - sus the cru - ci - fied; The hand my cru - el sins have pierc'd, Is now my guard and guide.

RISING SUN. S. M.

1 See how the ri - sing sun Pur - sues his shi-ning way; And wide pro - claims his Ma - ker's praise, with eve - ry bright'ning ray.

2 Thus would my ri - sing soul Its heav'n-ly Pa-rent sing; And to its great O - rig - i - nal The hum - ble trib - ute bring.

3 Se - rene I laid me down Be-neath his guard-ian care; I slept, and I a - woke and found My kind Pre - serv - er near!

4 O, how shall I re - pay The bounties of my God? This fee - ble spir - it pants be - neath The pleas - ing, pain-ful load.

METRE 3.

LATHROP. S. M.

1 How gen-tle God's command! How kind his pre-cepts are! Come cast your bur-dens on the Lord, And trust his con-stant care.

2 His boun-ty will pro-vide, His saints se - cure-ly dwell; That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard his chil-dren well.

3 Why should this anx-ious load, Press down your wea-ry mind? Oh seek your heav'n-ly Fa-ther's throne, And peace and com-fort find.

4 His good-ness stands up-proved, Un - changed from day to day; I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

METRE 3.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

1 "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!"—Then is his work per-formed; The might-y Cap-tive now is freed, And death our foe, dis-armed.

2 "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!"—He lives to die no more; He lives the sin-ners cause to plead, Whose curse and shame he bore.

3 "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!" Then hell has lost his prey; With him is risen the ran-somed seed, To reign in end-less day.

4 "The Lord is ris'n in-deed!" At-tend-ing an-gels hear; Up to the courts of heav'n with speed, The joy-ful ti-dings bear.

METRE 3.

UNITY. S. M.

1 Lo, what a pleas-ing sight Are breth-ren that a-gree! How blest are all, whose hearts u-nite In bonds of pi-e-ty.

2 From those ce-les-tial springs, Such streams of com-fort flow, As no in-crease of rich-es brings, nor hon-ors can be-stow.

3 All in their sta--tions move, And each performs his part, In all the cares of life and love, With sym-pa-thiz-ing heart.

4 Formed for the pur-est joys, By one de-sire possess'd, One aim the zeal of all em-ploys To make each oth-er bless'd.

Metre 4.

MELODY. 8,7,8,7.

1 Sin-ners take the friendly warning—Soon that awful day will break, And the trum-pet with its dawn-ing, All the slumb'ring millions wake.

2 See as-sem-bled every na-tion! Loft-y cit-ies, tem-ples, tow'rs, Wrapt in dreadful con-fla-gra-tion, Earth and sea the flames de-vour.

3 Ye who to the world dis-sem-ble, While you practice deeds of night; Sin-ners, now be-hold and trem-ble, All your crimes are brought to light.

4 Ye who now con-vic-tion stifling, Waste your time, the loss de-plore; Hear the an-gel—cease your tri-fling,—"Time," he cries, "shall be no more.

Metre 4.

CHARLESTON. 8,7,8,7.

1 Hail, my ev-er bless-ed Je-sus, On-ly thee I wish to sing; To my soul thy name is pre-cious, Thou my Proph-et, Priest and King.

2 Oh, what mer-cy flows from heav-en, Oh, what joy and hap-pi-ness! Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en, I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ru-in Un-con-cerned in sin I lay; Swift de-struc-tion still pur-su-ing, Till my Sa-vior pass'd that way.

4 Wit-ness, all ye hosts of heav-en, My Re-deem-er's ten-der-ness; Love I much?—I've much for-giv-en—I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.

Metre 4.

ADVOCATE. 8's & 7's.

1 Sa-vior, I do feel thy mer-it, Sprinkled with re-deem-ing blood;
And my wea-ry troubled spir-it, Now finds rest with thee my God!

I am safe and I am happy, While in thy dear arms I lie,

2 Now I'll sing a Sa-vior's mer-it Tell the world of his dear name;
That if an-y want his Spir-it, He is still the ver-y same;

He that asketh soon re-ceiv-eth, He that seeks is sure to find;

Metre 4.

DIVINE COMPASSION. 8's & 7's.

Sin and Sa-tan cannot hurt me, While my Savior is so nigh.

Whomsoe'er on him be-liev-eth, He will nev-er cast he-hind.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross I spend;
Life, and health, and peace possessing From the sinner's dy-ing Friend:

2 Tru-ly blessed is his sta-tion, Low be-fore his cross to lie;
While I see divine com-pas-sion, Float-ing in his languid eye;

Here I'll sit for - ev - er view-ing Mer-cy's streams in streams of blood; Prec-ious drops my soul be - dew - ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heav - en, While up - on the Lamb I gaze! Love I much?—I've much for-giv - en, I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:

May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know.

METRE 4.

BETHLEHEM. 8.7,8.7.

1 Hark! what mean those ho-ly voic-es, Sweet-ly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! th' an-gel - ic host re - joic - es, Heav'n - ly hal - le - lu-jahs rise.

2 Lis-ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy; Glo - ry, in the high - est, glo-ry! Glo - ry be to God on high!

3 Peace on earth, good will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found, Souls re-deem'd and sins for - giv - en— Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.

METRE 4.

PENITENCE. 8,7,8,7.

1 Je-sus, full of all com - pas - sion, Hear thy humble sup-pliant cry; Let me know thy great sal - va - tion— See! I lan-guish, faint and die.

2 Guilt-y, but with heart re - lent - ing, O-ver-whelm'd with helpless grief, Pros-trate at thy feet re - pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re - lief.

3 Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to Him who com-fort gives? Whither from the dread of dy - ing, But to Him who ev - er lives.

METRE 4.

DISCIPLE. 8,7,8,7,87,8,7.

1 Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and fol-low thee; Na-ked, poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou from hence my all shalt be;

2 Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sa - vior too: Hu-man hearts and looks de-ceive me—Thou art not like them un-true;

3 Go, then, earth-ly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as - ter, scorn and pain, In thy ser-vice pain is pleas-ure, With thy fa - vor loss is gain:

4 Man may trouble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to thy breast; Life with tri-als hard may press me, Heav'n will give me sweet-er rest;

5 Soul, then know thy full sal - va - tion— Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in eve - ry sta - tion, Something still to do or bear;

Per - ish eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought or hoped or known, Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own.

And whilst thou shalt smile upon me, God of wis - dom, love and might, Foes may hate and friends dis-own me— Show thy face and all is bright.

I have called thee Ab - ba Fa - ther, I have set my heart on thee; Storms may howl and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.

Oh! tis not in grief to harm me, While thy love is left to me: Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with thee.
Think what Spir-it dwells within thee—Think what Fa-ther's smiles are thine; Think that Je-sus died to win thee, Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine.

METRE 4.

NEW MOUNMOUTH. 8,7,8,7.

1 Come, thou Fount of eve - ry bles-sing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mer - cy nev - - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues above; Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

3 Here I raise my Eb - en - e - zer, Hith-er by thy help I'm come; And I hope, by thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar - rive at home.

4 Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai-ly I'm constrain'd to be; Let thy good-ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.

Metre 4.

FEMALE PILGRIM. 8's & 7's.

1 Whith-er goest thou, pil-grim stran-ger, Pass-ing thro' this darksome vale? } "Pilgrim thou dost just-ly call me, Wand'r'ng o'er this waste so wide;
Know'st thou not 'tis full of dan-ger, And will not thy cour-age fail?

2 Such a Guide! no guide at-tends thee, Hence for thee my fears a - rise: } Yes, un-seen,—but still be-lieve me, Such a Guide my steps at - tends:
If some guardian Pow'r befriend thee, 'Tis un-seen by mor-tal eyes!

Yet no harm will e'er be - fall me While I'm blest with such a Guide.

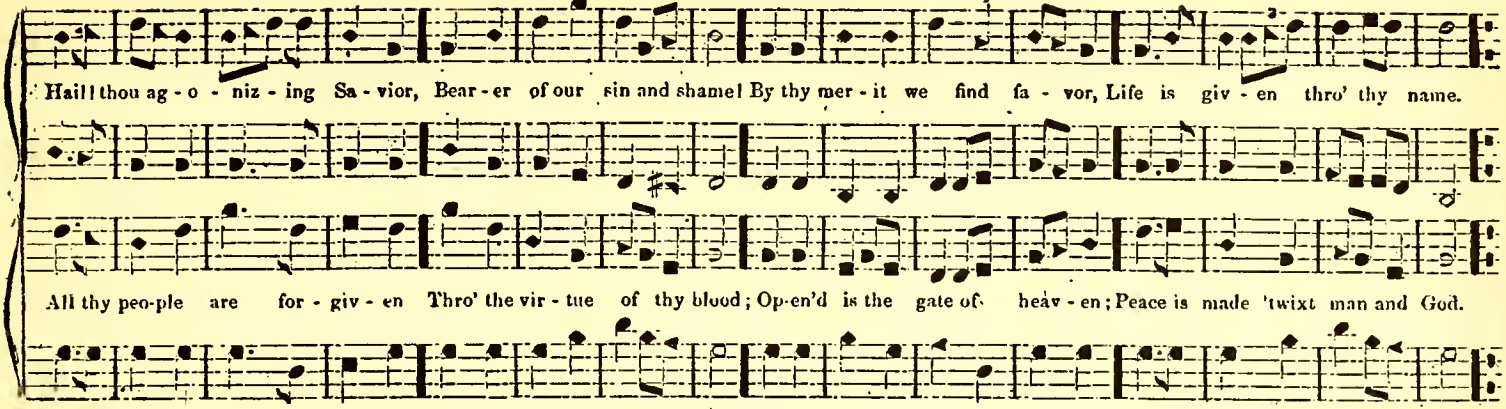
He'll in eve - ry strait re-lieve me, He from eve-ry harm de-fends.

Metre 4.

OLNEY. 8's & 7's.

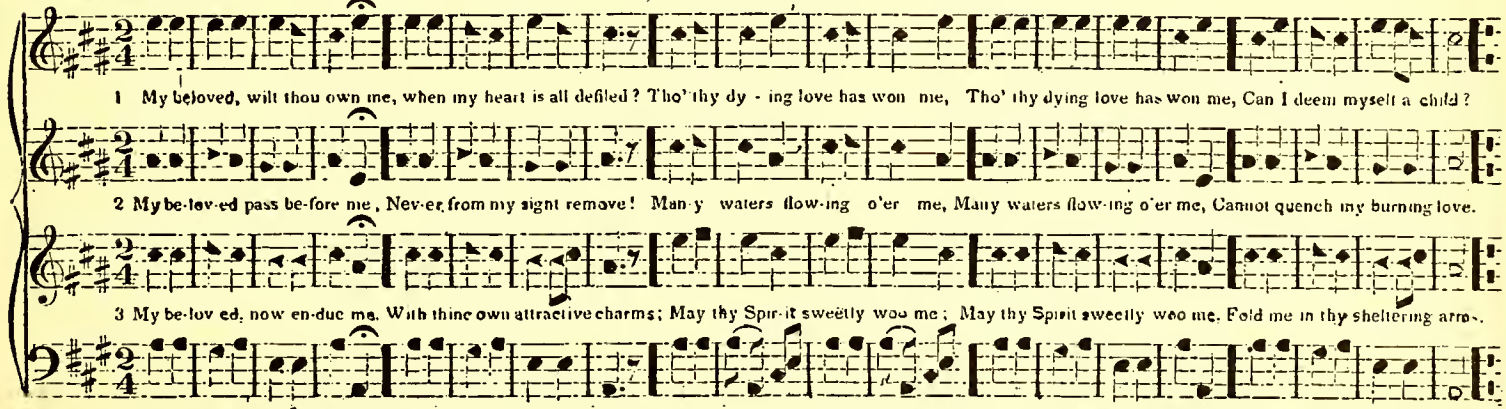
1 Hail! thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail! thou Gal - i - lee - an King! }
Thou didst suffer to re - lease us, Thou did-st free sal - va - tion bring! }

2 Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on thee were laid: }
By Al-migh-ty love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone-ment made; }



METRE 4.

RECONCILEMENT. 8's & 7's.



METRE 4.

SAXONY. 8's & 7s.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Cre - a - tor! Praise to thee from eve - ry tongue: Join my soul with every creature, Join the u - ni - ver-sal song.

2 Fa-ther, source of all com - pas - sion! Pure un-bound - ed grace is thine; Hail the God of our sal-va-tion! Praise him for his love di - vine.

3 For ten thousand bless-ings giv - en, For the hope of fu - ture joy, Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven, Sound Je-hovah's praise on high.

4 Joy-ful - ly on earth a - dore him, Till in heav'n our songs we raise; There enraptured fall be-fore him, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

METRE 4.

ZELL. 8,7,8,7.

1 Light of those whose drear-y dwell-ing, Bor-ders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy-self re - veal - ing, Rise, and chase the clouds beneath.

2 Thou of life and light Cre - a - tor, In our deepest dark-ness rise: Scat-ter all the night of na-ture, Pour the day up - on our eyes.

3 Still we wait for thine ap-pear - ing; Life and joy thy beams im - part, Chas-ing all our fears, and cheer-ing Eve-ry meek and con-trite heart.

4 Save us, in thy great com-pas - sion, Oh thou Prince of peace and love! Give the knowledge of sal-va-tion, Fix our hearts on things a - bove.

1 Ho - ly Fa-ther, thou hast taught me I should live to thee a - lone;... Year by year, thy hand has brought me On thro' dangers oft unknown.

2 In the world will foes as - sail me, Craf-tier, stronger far than I;..... And the strife may never fail me, Well I know before I die.

3 I would trust in thy pro - tect-ing, Who - ly rest up - on thine arm; Follow whol-ly thy di-rect-ing, Thou, my on-ly guard from harm!

When I wan-der'd, thou hast found me: When I doubt - ed, sent me light; Still thine arm has been a - round me, All my paths were in thy sight.

Therefore, Lord, I come, be - liev - ing Thou canst give the pow'r I need; Thro' the prayer of faith re-ceiv-ing Strength—the Spirit's strength indeed.

Keep me from mine own un - do - ings, Help me turn to thee when tried; Still my foot-steps, Fa-ther, viewing, Keep me ev-er at thy side!

CONQUEST. 8's & 7's.

1 Dark and thorn-y is the des - ert Thro' which pil-grims make their way;
But be-yond this vale of sor - rows, Lie the fields of end-less bliss;
Fiends loud howling thro' the desert Make them trem-ble as they go,
And the fie-ry darts of Sa - tan, Oft-en bring their courage low.

2 O young soldiers, are you wea - ry Of the troub-les of the way?
Does your strength begin to fail you, And your vig - or to de - cay?
Je-sus, Je - sus will go with you—He will lead you to his throne,
He who dyed his garments for you, And the wine press trod alone.

METRE 4.

RIPLEY. 8's & 7's.

1 Mighty God, while an-gels bless thee, May a mortal lisp thy name?
Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art every crea ur-'s theme:

2 For the granduer of thy na-ture, Grand be-yond a ser-aph's thought,—
For the wonders of creation,—Works with skill and kind-ness wrought,—

Lord of eve - ry land and na - tion, An-cient of e - ter - nal days, Sound-ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion Be thy just and law - ful praise.

For thy prov - i - dence that gov-erns Thro' thine em-pire's wide do-main, Wings an an - gel, guides a spar - row,— Bless-ed be thy gen - tle reign.

METRE 5.

EBENEZER. 4 lines 7's.

1 I my Eb - en - e - zer raise To my kind Re-deem - er's praise, With a grate-ful heart I own Hith - er - to thy help I've known.

2 What may be my fu - ture lot, Well I know con - cerns me not; This should set my heart at rest, What thy will or - dains is best.

3 I my all to thee re - sign; Fa - ther, let thy will be mine: May but all my deal - ings prove Fruits of thy pa - ter - nal love.

4 Guard me, Sa - vior, by thy pow'r; Guard me in the try - ing hour; Let thy un - re - mit - ted care Save me from the lurk-ing snare.

METRE 5.

ENNIUS. 8 lines 7's

1 Peo - ple of the liv - ing God, I have sought the world a-round,
Paths of sin and sor - row trod, Peace and com-fort no-where found;
Now to you my spir-it turns— Turns a fu - gi - tive un - blest;

2 Lone - ly I no lon - ger roam, Like the cloud, the wind, the wave:
Where you dwell, shall be my home, Where you die, shall be my grave;
Mine the God whom you a - dore, Your Re-deem-er shall be mine;

Breth-ren, where your al-tar burns, O re-ceive me in - to rest.

earth can fill my soul no more,— Eve-ry i - dol I re - sign.

METRE 5.

BOZRAH. 8 lines 7's.

1 Who is this that comes from far, Clad in gar-ments dipp'd in blood?
Strong tri-umph-ant trav-el-er, Is he man or is he God?

2 Wherefore are thy garments red, Dyed as in a crim - son sea?
They that in the wine - vat tread, Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

I that speak in right-eous-ness, Son of God and man I am, Might-y to re-deem your race, Je-sus is your Sa-vior's name.

"I, the Fa-ther's fav'r-ite Son Have the dread-ful wine-press trod; Borne the venge-ful wrath a-lone, All the fierc-est wrath of God."

METRE 5.

COOKHAM. 4 lines 7's.

1 Ho-ly Je-sus, love-ly Lamb, Thine and on-ly thine I am; Take my bod-y, spir-it, soul, On-ly thou pos-sess the whole.

2 Thou my dearest ob-ject be— Let me ev-er cleave to thee; Let me choose thee for my part— Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth be-low? On-ly thee I wish to know; Whom have I in heav'n but thee? Thou art all in all to me.

4 All my treas-ure is a-bove— My best por-tion is thy love: Who the worth of love can tell, In-fi-nite un-search-a-ble!

5 Noth-ing else may I re-quire— Let me thee a-lone de-sire; Pleased with what thy love pro-vides, Weaned from all the world be-sides.

Metre 5.

* ALETTA. 4 lines 7's.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1 Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still re-served for me; Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

2 I have long with - stood his grace, Long pro-voked him to his face; Would not hearken to his calls—Griev'd him by a thous - and falls.

3 Kin - dled his re - lent - ings are,— Me he now de - lights to spare; Cries "how shall I give thee up?" Lets the lift - ed thun - der drop.

4 There for me the Sa - vior stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands; God is love! I know, I feel— Je - sus weeps and loves me still.

Metre 5.

EXAMINATION. 4 lines 7's.

1 'Tis a point I long to know, Oft it caus - es anx-ious thought, Do I love the Lord or no! Am I his, or am I not?

I love, why am I thus? Why this dull, this life-less frame? Hardly, sure, can they be worse, Who have nev - er heard his name.

3 Could my heart so hard re-main? Pray'r a task and bur-den prove? Eve-ry tri - fle give me pain, If I knew a Sa-vior's love?

4 When I turn my eyes with-in, All is dark, and vain, and wild; Fill'd with un-be - lief and sin, Can I deem my - self a child?

METRE 5. TOPLADY. * **ROCK OF AGES.** 4 lines 7's. DR. HASTINGS.

FINE. D. C.

1 Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side that flowed,
D. C. Be of sin the doub-le cure: Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the la-bors of my hands Can ful - fill the law's demands; Could my zeal no res-pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow
D. C. All for sin could not a-tone; Thou must save and thou a - lone.

3 While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds un-known, And be-hold thee on thy throne,
D. C. Rock of a - ges cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

D. C.

METRE 5. **SOVEREIGN GRACE.** 4 lines 7's.

1 Tell me, Sa-vior, from a - bove, dear-est ob-ject of my love, Where thy lit - tle flock a - bide, Shel-tered near thy bleed-ing side.

2 Tell me, Shep-herd all di-vine Where I may my soul re - cline? Where for ref-uge shall I fly While the burn - ing sun is high?

3 Wilt thou let me run a - stray, Mourning, grieving all the day? Wilt thou bear to see me rove, Seek-ing base and mor - tal love?

METRE 5.

ELTHAM. 8 lines 7's.

1 Hast-en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When beneath Mes-si - ah's sway,
Eve - ry na - tion, eve - ry clime Shall the gos-pel call o - bey.
Might-iest kings his pow'r shall own, Hea-then tribes his name a - dore,

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease, Then be ban-ished grief and pain;
Right-eous-ness, and joy and peace, Un - dis-turbed shall ev - er reign.
Bless we then our gra-cious Lord, Ev - er praise his glo-rious name;

Sa - tan and his hosts o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

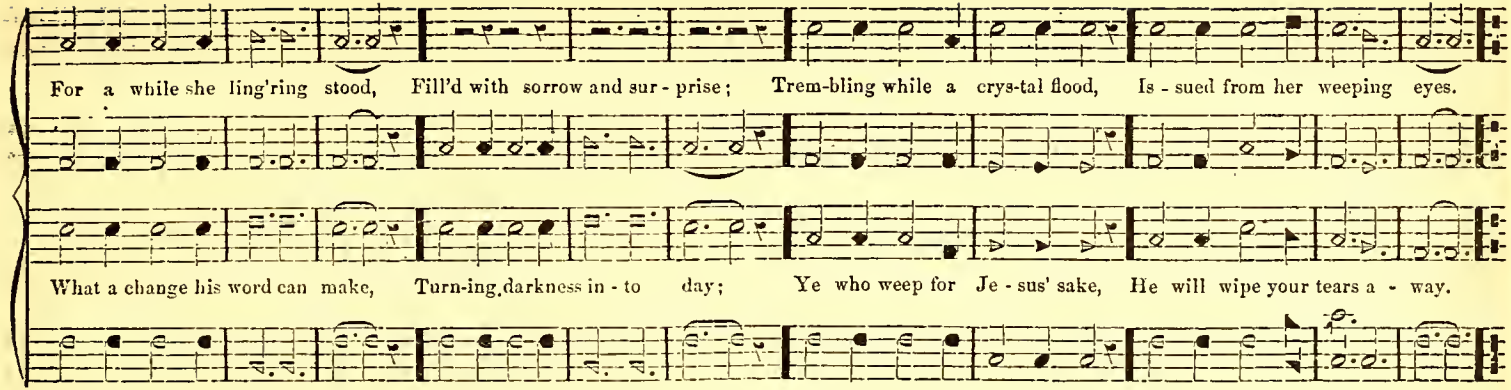
All his might - y acts re - cord; All his wondrous love proclaim.

METRE 5.

MARTYN. 8 lines 7's.

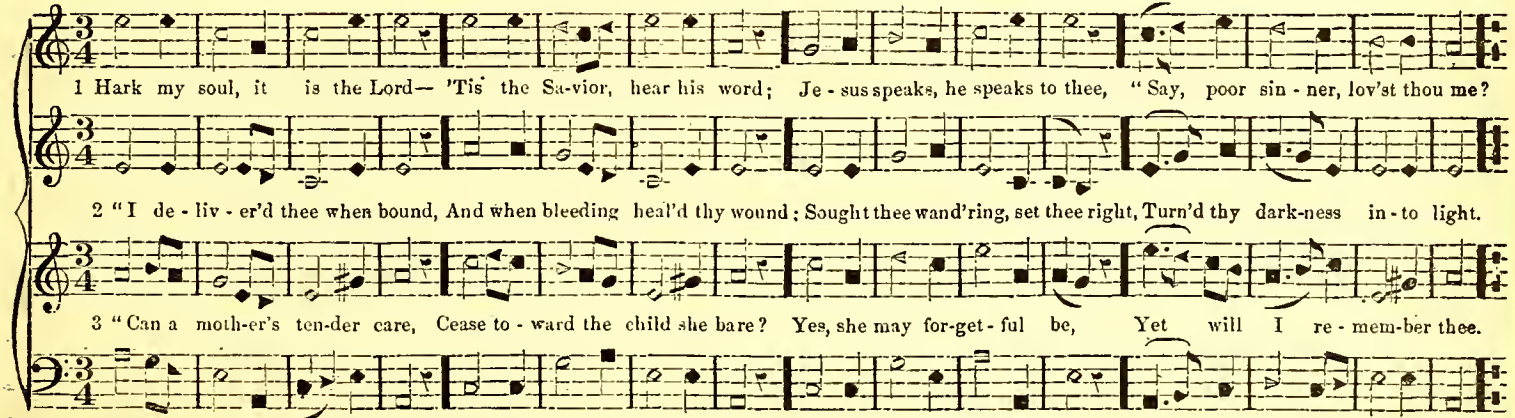
1 Mary to the Sa-vior's tomb, Hasted at the ear - ly dawn;
Spice she brought a rich perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone:

2 But her sorrows quickly fled, When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ has risen from the dead; Now he bids her heart re - joice:



METRE 5.

DIVINE INQUIRY. 4 lines 7's.



METRE 5.

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 4 lines 7's.

1 To thy pastures fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge, And my couch with tend'rest care, 'Midst the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with sum-mer's heat, Thou shalt guide my wea-ry feet To the stream that still and slow, Thro' the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the drea-ry vales I tread, By the shades of death o'er-spread; With thy rod and staff sup - plied, This my guard and that my guide.

4 Con-stant to my lat - est end, Thou my foot-steps shalt at - tend; And shalt bid thy hallowed dome Yield me an e - ter - nal home.

METRE 5.

HENDON. 4 lines 7's.

1 Would you win a soul to God? Tell him of a Sa-vior's blood, Once for dying sinners spilt, To a-tone for all their guilt, To a-tone for all their guilt

2 Tell him, how the stream did glide From his hands, his feet, his side; How his head with thorns was crown'd, And his heart in sorrow drown'd, And his, &c.

3 How he yielded up his breath; How he ag - o - nized in death; How he lives to inter-cede—Christ our Advocate and Head, Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him of that lib-er - ty Wherewith Jesus makes us free; Sweetly speaks of sins forgiven— Earnest of the joys of heav'n, Earnest of the joys of heav'n.

METRE 5.

* VIOLA. 7's double.

1 Sin - ners! turn; why will ye die? God, your Ma-ker, asks you why?
God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with him-self to live—
D. C. Will ye not in him be - lieve? He who died that you might live.

Sin - ners turn, why will ye die? God, your Sa-vior, asks you why?
D. C.

2 Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Sa-vior, asks you why?
God, who did your spir - its give, Died him-self that you might live!
D. C. Why, ye thank-less crea-tures, why, Will you cross his love and die?

He the fa - tal cause de - mands, Asks the work of his own hands:
D. C.

METRE 5.

ALARMING VOICE. 4 lines 7's.

1 Sinner! art thou still secure! Wilt thou still refuse to pray? Can thy heart or hand endure, In the Lord's a-veng-ing day! In the Lord's a-veng-ing day!

2 See! his mighty arm is bared! Awful terrors clothe his brow! For his judgment stand prepar'd, Thou must either brake or bow, Thou must either brake or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes, Earth affrighted hastes to flee; Solid mountains melt like wax; What will then become of thee! What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide? You that glory in your shame, Will you find a place to hide, When the world is wrapt in flame? When the world is wrapt in flame?

METRE 5.

RESURRECTION. 4 lines 7's.

1 An - gels. roll the rock a - way; Death! yield up thy might - y Prey, See! the Sa-vior leaves the tomb, Glow-ing with im - mor - tal bloom.

2 Hark! the wond'ring an - gels raise Loud - er notes of joy - ful praise; Let the earth's re-motest bound Ech - o with the bliss - ful sound.

3 Now, ye saints! lift up your eyes, See him high in glo - ry rise! Hosts of an-gels on the road, Hail him the in - ear - nate God.

METRE 6.

GANGES. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 A-waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go; E - ter - nal truth did loud pro-claim.

2 When to the Law I tremb-ling fled, It pour'd its curs - es on my head, I no re-lief could find; This fear - ful truth in-creas'd my pain,

3 A - gain did Si - nai's thun-ders roll, And guilt lay heav - y on my soul, A vast, op-pres-sive load; A - las, I read and saw it plain,

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell, How Je - sus con-quer'd death and hell, And broke the fowler's snare; Yet when I found this truth re-main,
5 But while I thus in an-guish lay, The gra-cious Sa - vior pass'd that way, And felt his pit - y move; The sin - ner by his jus-tice slain,

"The sin-ner must be born a - gain, Or sink to end-less woe."

"The sin - ner must be born a-gain," And 'whelm'd my tortur'd mind.

"The sin - ner must be born a - gain," Or drink the wrath of God.

"The sin-ner must be born a - gain," I sunk in deep de - spair.
Now by his grace is born a - gain, And sings re-deem-ing love.

1 O thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death,

2 Slain in the guilt - y sin-ner's stead, His spot-less right-eous - ness I plead,

3 Then snatch me from e - ter-nal death, The Spir-it of a - dop-tion breathe

4 The king of ter-rors then would be A wel - come mes-sen-ger to me,

That casts it - self on thee? I have no ref - uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf - fer'd once for me.

And his a - vail - ing blood; Thy right-eous-ness my robe shall be, Thy mer - it shall a - tone for me, And bring me near to God.

His con - so - la - tion send; By him some word of life im - part, And sweet - ly whis-per to my heart, Thy Ma - ker is thy Friend."

To bid me come a - way; Un-clogg'd by earth or earth-ly things, I'd mount, I'd fly with ea - ger wings, To ev - er - last - ing day.

KINGWOOD. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 When with my mind de - vout-ly press'd, Dear Sa-vior, my re-volv-ing breast, Dear Sa-vior, my re - volv-ing breast Would past of - fenc-es trace;

2 This tongue with blas-phe-my de - filed, These feet to err - ing paths be-guiled, These feet to err - ing paths be-guiled, In heav'n-ly league a-gree;

3 These eyes that once a-bused the light, Now lift to thee their wat'-ry sight, Now lift to thee their wat'-ry sight, And weep a si - lent flood;

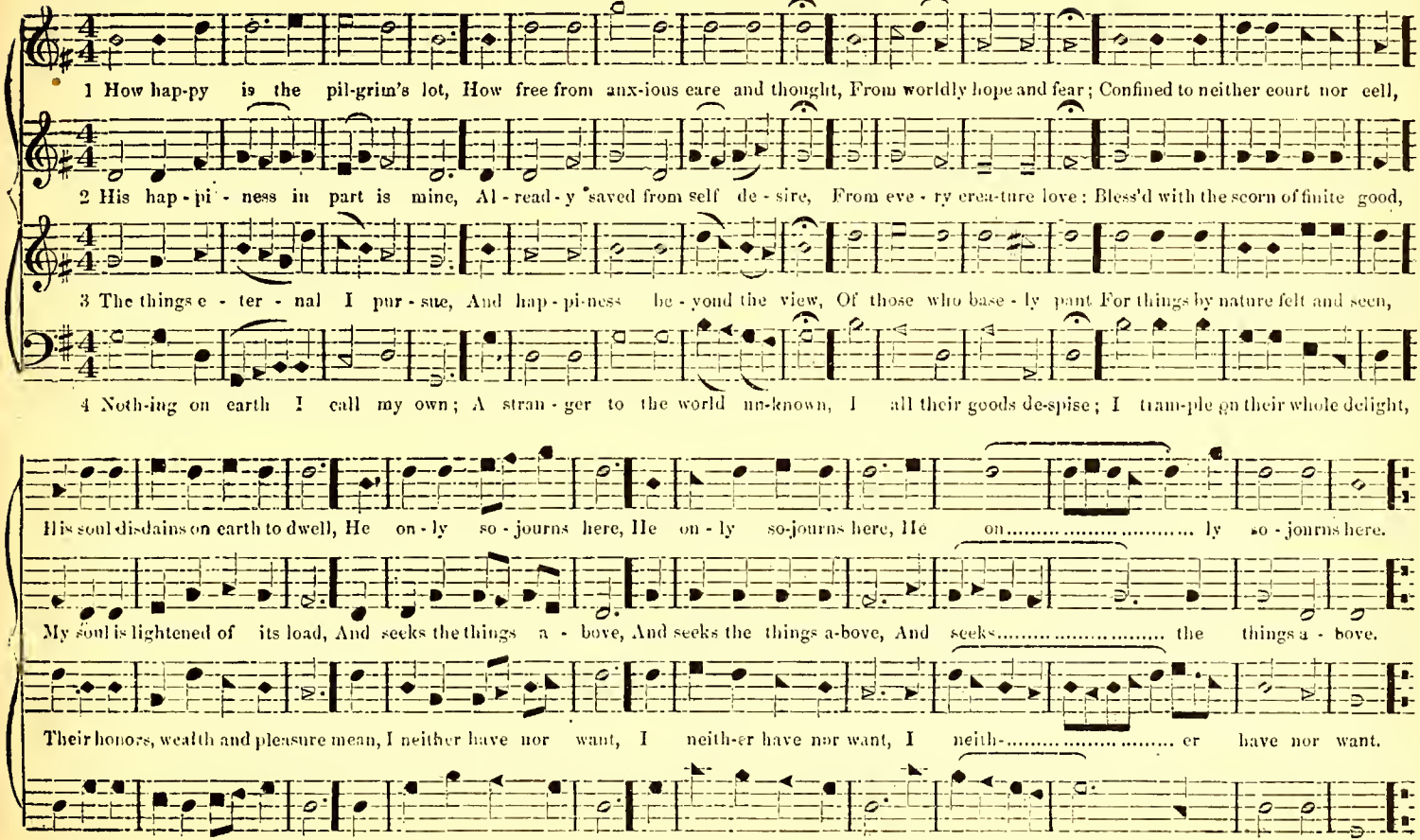
4 These ears, that once could en - The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, The mid-night oath, the fes-tive strain, A - round the sin - ful board

Trem-bling I make the black re-view, Yet pleased, behold, ad - mi - ring too, Yet pleased, be - hold, ad - mi - ring, too, The pow'r of chang-ing grace.

Who would be - lieve such lips could praise, Or think from dark and winding ways, Or think from dark and wind-ing ways, I ere should turn to thee.

These hands are raised in cease-less pray'r—O wash a - way the stains they wear, Oh, wash a - way the stains they wear In pure re - deem - ing blood.

Now deaf to all th' en-chant-ing noise, A - void the throng, de - test their joys, A - void the throng, de - test their joys, And long to hear thy word.


1 How hap-py is the pil-grim's lot, How free from anx-ious care and thought, From worldly hope and fear; Confined to neither court nor cell,
2 His hap-pi-ness in part is mine, Al-read-y saved from self de-sire, From eve-ry crea-ture love: Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
3 The things e-ter-nal I pur-sue, And hap-pi-ness be-yond the view, Of those who base-ly pant For things by nature felt and seen,
4 Noth-ing on earth I call my own; A stran-ger to the world un-known, I all their goods de-spise; I tram-ple on their whole delight,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell, He on-ly so-journs here, He on-ly so-journs here, He on..... ly so-journs here.
My soul is lightened of its load, And seeks the things a-bove, And seeks the things a-bove, And seeks..... the things a-bove.
Their honors, wealth and pleasure mean, I neither have nor want, I neith-er have nor want, I neith-..... er have nor want.
And seek a country out of sight, A country in the skies, A coun-try in the skies, A coun-..... try in the skies.

HARMONIA. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To fetch thy ransom'd peo-ple home..... shall I among them stand?

2 I love to meet a - mong them now, Be - fore thy gra - cious feet to bow..... Though vilest of them all;

3 Pre-vent, pre-vent it by thy grace; Be thou, dear Lord, my Hi-ding place..... In the ac-cept-ed day;

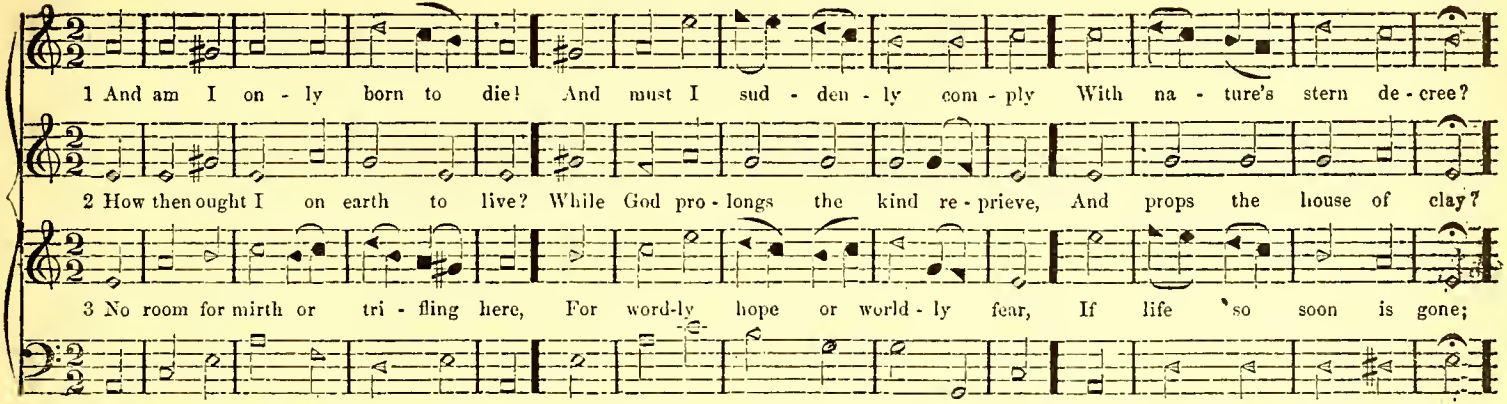
4 Let me a-mong thy saints be found, When e'er th'Arch-an - gel's trump shall sound,...../..... To see thy smil-ing face;

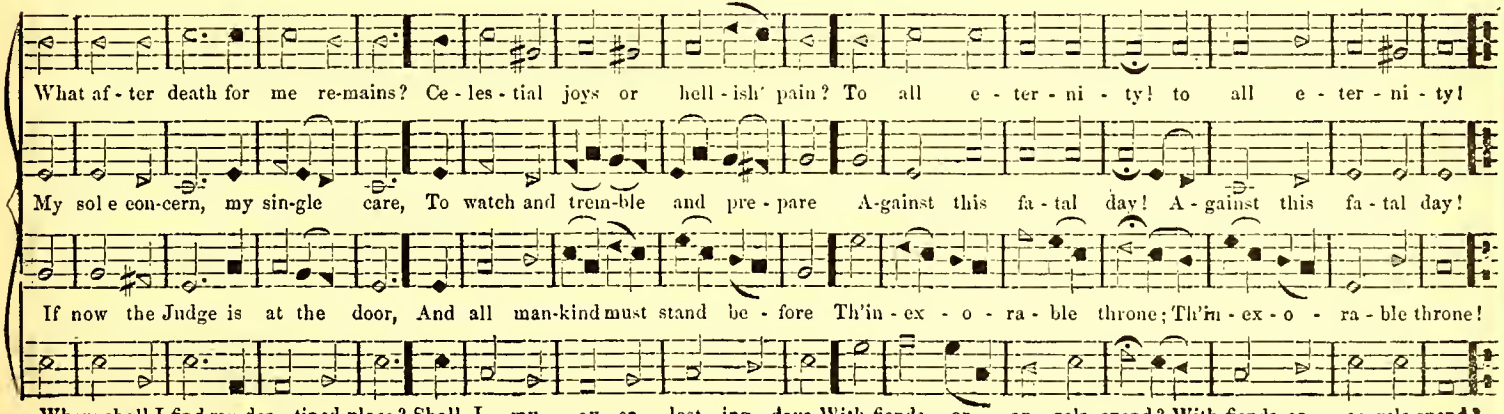
Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am a-fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand? Be found..... at thy right hand? Be found at thy right hand?

But can I bear the piercing thought? What if my name should be left out When thou for them shalt call! When thou..... for them shalt call! When thou for them shalt call!

Thy pard'ning voice O let me hear, To still my un-be-liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray, Nor let..... me fall, I pray, Nor let me fall, I pray.

Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing, While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With sounds of sovreign grace, With sounds ..... of sov'reign grace, With sounds of sovreign grace.


1 And am I on - ly born to die! And must I sud - den - ly com - ply With na - ture's stern de - cree?
2 How then ought I on earth to live? While God pro - longs the kind re - prieve, And props the house of clay?
3 No room for mirth or tri - fling here, For word-ly hope or world - ly fear, If life so soon is gone;
4 No mat-ter which my thoughts em - ploy, A mo - ment's mis - er - y or joy; But Oh! when both shall end,


What af - ter death for me re-mains? Ce - les - tial joys or hell - ish' pain? To all e - ter - ni - ty! to all e - ter - ni - ty!
My sol e con-cern, my sin-gle care, To watch and trem-ble and pre - pare A-gainst this fa - tal day! A - gainst this fa - tal day!
If now the Judge is at the door, And all man-kind must stand be - fore Th'in - ex - o - ra - ble throne; Th'in - ex - o - ra - ble throne!
Where shall I find my des - tined place? Shall I my ev - er - last - ing days With fiends or an - gels spend? With fiends or an-gels spend?

TRANSPORT. 8,8,6,8,8,6.

1 One spark, O God, of heav'n-ly fire A - wakes my soul with warm de-sire To reach the realms a - bove, To reach the realms a - bove;

2 O could I wing my way in haste, Soon with bright ser-aphs would I feast, And learn their sweet employ; And learn their sweet em-ploy!

3 Too mean this lit-tle globe for me, Nor will I e'er con-tent-ed be To feast on things so vain; To feast on things so vain;

4 But, rest-ing in my Sa - vior's arms, My soul en-joys transporting charms Of ev - er - last-ing love! Of ev - er - last - ing love!

Im - mor - tal glo-ries round me shine, I drink the stream of life di - vine, And sing re-deem-ing love, And sing re - deem-ing love.

I'd glide a-long the heavenly stream, And join the most ex - alt - ed theme Of ev - er - last-ing joy, Of ev - er - last - ing joy.

Its great-est rich - es are but dross— Its grandeur short, its pleas-ures cross— Its joys are mixed with pain, Its joys are mixed with pain.

Here's life, here's joy, here's solid peace—A friendship that will nev - er cease— A Rock that can - not move, A Rock that can - not move.

METRE 7.

TAMWORTH. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Oh thou God of my sal - va - tion, My Re-deem-er from all sin,
Mov'd by thy di - vine com - pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win; } I will praise thee, I will praise thee, Where shall I thy praise be-gin.

2 While the an - gel choirs are cry - ing, Glo - ry to the great I AM,
I with them would still be vie - ing, Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb! } Oh how pre-cious, Oh how pre-cious, Is the sound of Je-sus' name.

METRE 7.

JUDGMENT. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Day of Judg-ment! day of wonders! Hark! the trumpet's awful sound!
Loud-er than a thousand thunders, Shakes the vast cre - a-tion round! } How the summons! How the summons, Will the sin-ner's heart con-found!

2 See the Judge our na-ture wear - ing, Cloth'd in ma-jes-ty di-vine!
You who long for his ap-pear-ing, Then shall say, "This God is mine!" } Gra-cious Sa-vior, Gra-cious Sa - vior, Own me in that day for thine.

METRE 7.

SABBATH MORNING. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Hail, all hail! blest Sabbath morning, Pre-lude to e - ter - nal rest; Heav'n de-scends to crown thy mem'-ry; Mil-lions rise to call thee bless'd;

2 Hail, all hail! blest courts of Zi - on, Hab - i - ta - tion of our King; May thy con-gre - ga - ted thous-ands Make thy domes with prais-es ring;

3 Hail, all hail! thrice bles-sed gos - pel, Cloth'd with en-er - gy di - vine; Word of life for - ev - er prec-ious— Treas-ure of th'e - ter - nal mind:

4 Hail, all hail! ye sa - cred her - alds Of the cross, the cru - ci - fied; Lift the ban-ner. blow the trump - et, Tell the na - tions Je - sus died;

METRE 7.

SERAPH'S HARP. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hail the day of sa-cred rest.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Shout the praise of Zi-on's King.

Word e - ter-nal, Word e - ter - nal, Nerve the weak, illume the blind.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus' word is glo - ri - fied.

1 Hark! the voice of love and mer - cy! Sounds a-loud from Cal-va - ry!

2 "It is fin-ish'd!" Oh, what pleasure Do these precious words af-ford!

3 Fin-ish'd, all the types and shad-ows Of the cer - e - mo-nial law;

See it rends the rocks a - sun - der,—Shakes the earth and veils the sky! "It is fin - ish'd! It is fin - ished!" Hear the dy - ing Sa - vior cry.

Heavenly bless-ings with - out meas - ure, Flow to us from Christ the Lord; "It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!" Saints the dy - ing words re - cord.

Fin-ished all that God has prom-ised, Death and hell no more shall awe; "It is fin - ished! It is fin - ished!"—Saints from hence your comfort draw.

METRE 7.

SACRED HERALD. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sa-cred herald stands, } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hos-tile lands: } Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful, All thy friends unfaithful proved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved,
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? } Cease thy mourning, Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee! He himself appears thy friend: } Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send,
All thy foes shall flee before thee, Here their boasted triumphs end. } Great deliv'rance Zion's King vouchsafes to send.

METRE 7.

GREENWOOD. 8's 7's & 4.

1 Sa - vior, vis - it thy plan - ta - tion—Grant us, Lord, a gra - cious rain! All will come to des - o - la - tion, Lord, re - vive us! Lord, re - vive us!

2 Keep no lon - ger at a dis - tance, Shine up - on us from on high, Lest for want of thy as - sis - tance,

3 Once, O Lord, thy gar - den flour - ished, Eve - ry plant looked gay and green, Then thy word our spir - its nour-ished,

Un - less thou re - turn a - gain.
All our help must come from thee.

Eve - ry plant should droop and die.

Hap - py sea - sons we have seen.

METRE 7.

SWEET AFFLICTION. 8's, 7's & 4.

1 In the floods of trib - u - la - tion, While the bil - lows o'er me roll,

2 Thus the li - on yields me hon - ey, From the eat - er food is given;

3 'Mid the gloom, the viv - id light - nings With in - creas - ing bright - ness play;

4 So, in dark - est dis - pen - sa - tions Doth my faith - ful Lord ap - pear,

Je - sus whis-pers con-so - la - tion, And sup - ports my fainting soul; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

Strengthened thus I still press forward Sing-ing as I wade to heaven, Sweet af-flic-tion, Sweet af-flic - tion, And my sins are all for - given.

'Mid the thorn-brake beauteous flowrets Look more beauti - ful and gay; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal-le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord.

With his rich-est con - so - la - tion, To re - an - i - mate and cheer: Sweet af-flic-tion, Sweet af-flic - tion, Thus to bring my Sa - vior near.

METRE 7.

GOSPEL VICTORY 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Yes! we trust the day is break-ing, Joy - ful times are near at hand;
God, the might-y God is speak-ing, By his word in eve - ry land;
When he chooses, When he chooses, Darkness flies at his command.

2 Let us hail the joy - ful sea - son— Let us hail the dawn-ing ray;
When the Lord ap-pears there's reason To expect a glo-rious day;
At his presence, At his presence Gloom and darkness flee a - way.

Metre 7.

HANWELL. 8,7,8 7,4,7.

1 Songs a - new of hon-or fram-ing Sing ye to the Lord a - lone;
All his wond'rous works proclaiming, Je-sus wond'rous work hath done;
Glo-rious victory— His right hand and arm hath won.

2 Now he bids his great sal - va - tion Through the heathen lands be told;
Ti-dings spread through every nation, And his acts of grace un-fold;
All the heath-en— Shall his right-eous - ness be - hold.

Metre 7.

DRESDEN. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Lo! he comes with clouds descending, Once for favored sin-ners slain!
Thousand, thousand saints at-tend-ing Swell the tri - umph of his train,
Hal-le - lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus now shall ever reign.

2 Eve-ry eye shall now be - hold him, Robed in dreadful ma-jes - ty;
Those who set at nought and sold him, Pierc'd and nailed him to the tree;
Deeply wail-ing, deep-ly wail - ing Shall the great Mes-si-ah see.

1 O my soul, what means this sad - ness? Where-fore art thou thus cast down? Let thy grief be turned to glad-ness,

2 What though Sa - tan's strong temp-ta-tions Vex and grieve thee day by day; And thy sin - ful in - cli - na - tions,

3 Though ten thou - sand ills be - set thee, From with - out and from with - in; Je - sus saith he'll ne'er for - get thee,

4 Though dis - tress - es now at - tend thee, And thou tread'st the thorn - y road; His right hand shall still de - fend thee,

Bid thy rest - less fears be - gone; Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, And re - joice in his dear name.

Oft - en fill thee with dis - may; Thou shalt con - quer, Thou shalt con-quer, Through the Lamb's re - deem - ing blood.

But will save from hell and sin, He is faith - ful, He is faith - ful, to per - form his gra - cious word.

Soon he'll bring thee home to God; Therefore praise him—Therefore praise him—Praise the great re - deem - er's name.

PILGRIM'S GUIDE. 8,7,8,7,4,7.

1 Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land: I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand;

2 O - pen now the crys - tal fount-ain Whence the healing streams do flow; Let the fie - ry, cloud-y pillar, Lead me all my journey through:

3 Feed me with the heav'nly man-na In the barren wil - der - ness; Be my sword and shield and ban-ner, Be my robe of righteous-ness;

4 When I tread the verge of Jor - dan Bid my anx-ious fears sub - side; For to death and hell's destruction Land me safe on Canaan's side;

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

Strong De - liv'r - er! Strong De - liv'r-er! Be thou still my Strength and Shield, Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

Fight and con - quer, Fight and con - quer All my foes by sov' - reign grace, All my foes by sov'-reign grace.

Songs of prais-es, Songs of prais-es, I will ev - er give to thee, I will ev - er give to thee.

METRE 8.

CONTEMPLATION. 6 lines 8's.

1 When qui-et in my house I - sit, Thy book be my com - pan-ion still:
My joy thy sayings to re - peat, Talk o'er the rec-ords of thy will; } And search the or-a-cles di - vine, Till eve-ry heart-felt word be mine.

2 O may the gracious word di- vine, Sub-ject of all my converse be!
So will the Lord his fol-low'r join. And walk and talk himself with me: } So shall my heart his presence prove, And burn with ev-er-last-ing love.

METRE. 8.

DAY STAR. 6 lines 8's.

1 Where is my God, my joy, my hope, The dear de-sire of na-tions, where?
Je-sus, to thee my soul looks up, To thee di-rects her morning pray'r, } And spread the arms of faith abroad T'embrace my hope, my joy, my God.

2 Mine eyes prevent the morning ray, Looking and long-ing for thy word;
Come, O my Je - sus, come a - way, And let my heart receive its Lord; } Which pants and struggles to be free, And breaks, to be detain'd from thee.

METRE 8.

MYSTERIOUS LOVE. 6 lines 8's.

1 And can it be that I should gain An int'r-est in the Sa-vior's blood?
Died he for me, who caus'd his pain, For me who him to death pur-sued?
A-mazing love! and can it be, That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mer-cy all, th'Immortal dies! Who can explore this strange design!
In vain the first-born ser-aph tries To sound the depths of love di-vine!
'Tis mer-cy all! let earth a-dore: Let angel minds in-quire no more;

3 He left his Fa-ther's throne above; (So free, so in-fi-nite his grace!)
Emp-tied him-self of all but Love, And bled for Ad-am's helpless race;
'Tis mer-cy all, im-mense and free, For, O my God, it found out me!

That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me.

Let an-gel minds in-quire no more.

For O my God, it found out me.

METRE 8.

BELIEVER'S REPOSE. 6 lines 8's.

1 When gath'ring clouds a-round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,

2 If aught should tempt my soul a-stray From heav'n-ly vir-tue's nar-row way,

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise, And sore dis-mayed, my spir-it dies,

4 When sor-rowing o'er some stone I bend, Which cov-ers all that was a friend,

On him I lean, who not in vain, Ex-perienc'd eve-ry human pain; He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

To fly the good I would pur - sue, Or do the sin I would not do; Still he that felt temp-ta-tion's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

Yet he who once vouchsafed to bear The sick'ning anguish of de-spair, Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throb-bing heart, the streaming eye.

And from his voice, his hands, his smile, Divides me for a lit-tle while,—Thou, Sa-vior, seest the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

METRE 8.

VERNON. 6 lines 8's.

1 Come, O thou trav-el - er un-known, Whom still I hold but cannot see;
My com-pa-ny be - fore is gone, And I am left a-lone with thee; } With thee all night I mean to stay, And wres-tle till the break of day.

2 In vain thou strugglest to get free, I nev-er will un-loose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me? The secret of thy love un-fold; } Wrest-ling I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy nature know.

* LEAMING. 6 lines 8's.

1 The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care; His pres-ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me

2 When in the sul - try glebe I faint, Or on the thirs - ty moun - tain pant, To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads My wea - ry,

with a watch - ful eye. My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

wand' - ring steps he leads. Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape flow.

1 Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dreadful is the place! Let all with-in us feel his pow'r,

2 Lo! God is here! him day and night, Th' u-ni-ted choirs of an - gels sing; To him en-throned a - bove all height,

3 Glad - ly the toys of earth we leave, Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee a - lone; To thee our will, soul, flesh we give,

4 Be - ing of be - ings! may our praise, Thy courts with grateful fra - grance fill, Still may we stand be - fore thy face,

And si - lent bow be - fore his face! Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with rev'-rence love.

Heaven's host their no - - blest prais-es bring; Dis-dain not, Lord, our mean - er song, Who praise thee with a stam'ring tongue.

Oh take! oh seal them for thine own! Thou art the God thou art the Lord— Be thou by all thy works a-dored.

Still hear and do thy sov'reign will; To thee may all our thoughts a - rise, A cease-less, pleas - ing sac - ri - fice.

METRE 9.

STOW. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 Yes, the Re-deem-er rose; The Sa-vior left the dead; And o'er our hell-ish foes, High raised his conquering head;

2 Lo the an-gel-ic bands, In full as-sem-bly meet, To wait his high com-mands, And wor-ship at his feet;

3 Then back to heav'n they fly, The joy-ful news to bear; Hark! as they soar on high, What mu-sic fills the air;

4 Ye mor-tals, catch the sound,— Re-deem'd by him from hell, And send the ech-o round The globe on which you dwell;

In wild dis-may the guards a-round Fall to the ground and sink a-way.

Joy-ful they come and wing their way, From realms of day to Je-sus' tomb.

Their an-thems say,—"Jesus who bled, hath left the dead:—He rose to-day."

Trans-port-ed cry,—"Je-sus who bled, hath left the dead, no more to die."

METRE 9.

LENOX. 6's & 8's.

1 Hark! hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heavn'ly plains,

2 Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh, The joyful hosts de-scends,

3 Bear, bear the ti-dings round; Let eve-ry mor-tal know,

4 Strike, strike the harps a-gain To great Im-man-uel's name;

LENOX—Continued.

And ser-aphs find em - ploy For their sub-lim-est strains, Some new delight in heaven is known, Some new de-light in heaven is known, Loud sound the harps a-round the throne.

Je - sus for-sakes the sky, To earth his footsteps bend: He comes to bless our fall-en race, He comes to bless our fall - en race, He comes with mes-sa - ges of grace.

What love in God is found, What pit - y he can show; Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Bear the glad news from pole to pole.

A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace proclaim; An - gels and men, wake eve-ry string, An-gels and men, wake eve-ry string, 'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing

METRE 9.

GRATEFUL PRAISE. 6's & 8's.

1 Let eve - ry crea - ture join To bless Je - ho - vah's name,
And eve - ry pow'r u - nite To swell th'ex-alt - ed theme;
Let na - ture raise from eve-ry tongue, A gen'-ral song of grateful praise.

2 But O! from hu - man tongues Should no-bler prais - es flow,
And eve - ry thank-ful heart With warm de - vo - tion glow;
Your voices raise, ye high-ly blest; A - bove the rest de-clare his praise.

BETHANY.- 6s & 4s.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee, E'en tho' it be a cross that raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

2 Tho' like a wanderer—Day-light all gone, Darkness comes over me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to thee—Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear, steps unto heav'n; All that thou sendest me, in mercy giv'n; Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee—Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts, Bright with thy praise, Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise; So by my woes to be Nearer, my God, to thee—Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!
Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up-ward I fly; Still all my song shall be—Nearer, my God, to thee—Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

METRE 9. **CARMARTHEN.** 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 A - rise my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears,
The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice, In my be - half ap - pears,

2 He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede,
His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead:

3 Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry:
They pour ef - fect - ual prayers, They strong - ly speak for me:

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on his hands, My name is writ - ten on his hands.

His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin-kles now the throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

For - give him, Oh! for - give they cry, Nor let that ran-som'd sin - ner die, Nor let that ran - som'd sin - ner die.

METRE 9.

CONFIDENCE. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 When Hannah, press'd with grief, Pour'd forth her soul in pray'r,
She quick - ly found re - lief, And left her bur-den there; } Like her in eve - ry try-ing case, Let us ap-proach the throne of grace.

2 When she be-gan to pray, Her heart was pain'd and sad—
But ere she went a - way, Was com - fort-ed and glad: } In trou-ble what a rest-ing place Have they who know the throne of grace.

ANTICIPATION. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

1 On earth the song be - gins, In heav'n more sweet, more loud, To him that drowns our sins In his a - ton - ing blood.

2 Ye saints on earth, re - peat What heav'n with rap - ture owns; And while be-fore his feet The eld - ers cast their crowns,

3 Sing as ye pass a - long, With joy and won - der sing, Till oth - ers learn the song, And own your Lord their King:

4 In - form the listen - ing world How Je - sus, when he fell, The pow'rs of dark - ness hurl'd Down to the depths of hell:

"To Him," they cry in rapt'-rous strains, "To Him," they cry in rapt'-rous strains, "Be hon - or, praise, and pow'r—A - men!"

Go, im - i - tate the choirs a - bove, Go, im - i - tate the choirs a - bove, And tell the world your Sa - vior's love.

Till con-verts join you as ye go, Till con-verts join you as ye go, And make a grow - ing heav'n be - low.

And ri - sing, bore the res - cued prize, And ri - sing, bore the res - cued prize, His church in tri-umph through the skies.

1 How beau - ti - ful the sight, Of breth - ren who a - gree, In friend - ship to u - nite, And bonds of char - i - ty;

2 'Tis like the dews that fill The cups of Her-mon's flow'rs, Or Zi - on's fruit - ful hill, Bright with the drops of show'rs,

3 For there the Lord com-mands, Bless-ings, a bound-less store, From his un - spar - ing hands, Yea, life for - ev - er - more;

'Tis like the pre - cious oint-ment, shed O'er all his robes, from Aa - ron's head.

When mingling o - dors breathe a - round, And glo - ry rests on all the ground.

Thrice hap-py they who meet a - bove, To spend e - ter - ni - ty in love.

1 To God I lift mine eyes,
From him is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower to which I fly;
His grace is nigh in every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God my guard and guide,
Defends me from my fears:
Those wakeful eyes that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.

METRE 9.

AMHERST. 6.6,6,6,8,8.

1 Lord of the worlds a-bove, How pleasant and how fair, The dwellings of thy love, Thy earthly tem-ples are; To thine a-bode my heart as-pires,

2 The sparrow for her young, With pleasure seeks her nest, And wand'ring swal-lows long To find their wonted rest; My spir-it faints with e-qual zeal,

3 O hap-py souls that pray Where God appoints to hear! O hap-py men that pay Their constant service there! They praise thee still, and happy they

1 They go from strength to strength, Thro' this dark vale of tears, Till each arrives at length, Till each in heav'n appears; O glorious seat, when God our King

With warm de-sire to see my God.

To rise and dwell a-mong thy saints.

That love the way to Zi-on's hill.

Shall thither bring our willing feet.

METRE 10.

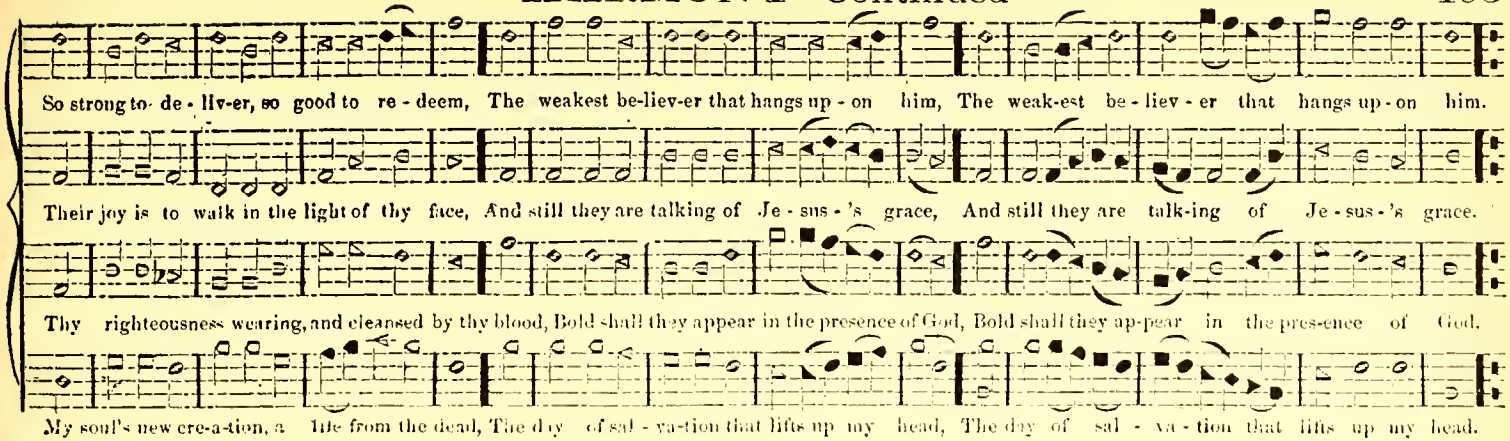
HARMONY. 10, 10, 11, 11.

1 Oh what shall I do my Sa-vior to praise! So faith-ful and true, so plen-teous in grace!

2 How hap-py the man whose heart is set free, The peo-ple that can be joy-ful in thee;

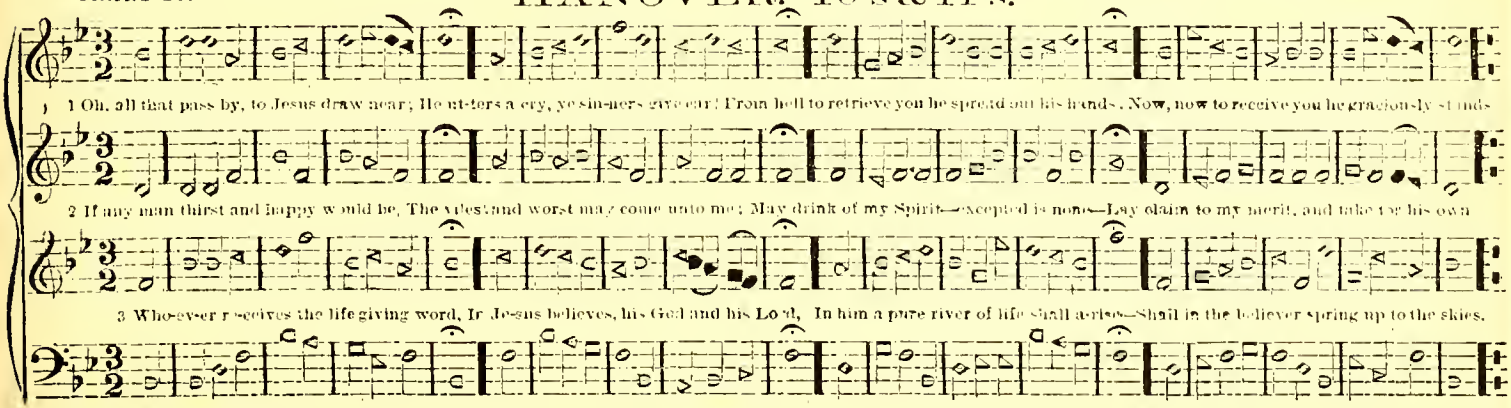
3 Their dai-ly de-light shall be in thy name; They shall as their right thy right-eous-ness claim;

4 For thou art their boast, their glo-ry and pow'r, And I al-so trust to see the glad hour;


So strong to de - liv-er, so good to re - deem, The weakest be-liev-er that hangs up - on him, The weak-est be - liev - er that hangs up - on him.
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face, And still they are talking of Je - sus - 's grace, And still they are talk-ing of Je - sus - 's grace.
Thy righteousness wearing, and cleansed by thy blood, Bold shall they appear in the presence of God, Bold shall they ap-pear in the pres-ence of God.
My soul's new cre-a-tion, a life from the dead, The day of sal - va-tion that lifts up my head, The day of sal - va - tion that lifts up my head.

METRE 10.

HANOVER. 10's & 11's.


1 Oh, all that pass by, to Jesus draw near; He ut-ters a cry, ye sin-ners give ear! From hell to retrieve you he spread out his hands. Now, now to receive you he gracious-ly stands
2 If any man thirst and happy would be, The vilest and worst may come unto me; May drink of my Spirit—excepted is none—Lay claim to my merit, and take for his own
3 Who-ev-er re-ceives the life giving word, In Je-sus believes, his God and his Lord, In him a pure river of life shall a-rise—Shall in the believer spring up to the skies.
4 My God and my Lord, thy call I o - bey; My soul on thy word of promise I stay; Thy kind in-vi-ta-tion I glad-ly embrace, I thirst for salvation, salvation by grace.

METRE 10.

STOCKBRIDGE. 10's & 11's.

1 Tho' trou - bles as - sail and dan-gers af-fright, Though friends should all fail and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, what ev - er be-tide,

2 The birds with-out barns or storehouse are fed, From them let us learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is fit - ting shall ne'er be de-nied,

3 We all may, like ships by tempests be toss'd On per - il - ous deeps, but need not be lost; Though Sa-tan en - ra - ges the wind and the t'de,

4 His call we o - bey, like A-bra'm of old; We know not the way, but faith makes us bold; For though we are strangers, we have a sure Guide

The prom-ise as - sures us, the Lord will pro-vide.

So long as 'tis writ-ten the Lord will pro-vide.

Yet scrip-ture en - ga - ges the Lord will pro-vide.

And trust in all dan-gers the Lord will pro-vide.

METRE 10.

UNITIA. 10's & 11's.

1 Be - gone un - be-lief! my Sa - vior is near, And for my re - lief, will

2 Though dark be my way since he is my Guide, 'Tis mine to o - bey, 'tis

3 His love in time past for-bids me to think, He'll leave me at last in

4 Why should I com-plain, of want and dis - tress, Temp - ta - tion or pain? He

sure-ly ap - pear; By prayer let me wres-tle, and he will per - form; With Christ in the ves - sel I smile at the storm.

his to pro - vide; Though cis-terns be bro-ken, and creatures all fail, The word he hath spo - ken shall sure - ly pre - vail.

troub-le to sink; Each sweet Eb - en - e - zer I have in re - view, Con - firms his good pleas-ure to help me quite through.

told me no less; The heirs of sal - va - tion, I know from his word, Through much trib-u - la - tion must fol - low their Lord.

METRE 10.

LYONS. 10's & 11's.

1 Ye servants of God, Your Master proclaim, And publish abroad his wonderful name; The name all victorious of Jesus extol, His kingdom is glorious, he rules over all.

2 God rules on high, al-might-y to save, And still he is nigh—his presence we have: The great congregation his triumph shall sing, Ascribing sal-va-tion to Je-sus our King.

3 Sal-va-tion to God who sits on his throne, Let all cry aloud, and hon-or the Son; The praises of Jesus the angels pro-claim, Fall down on their faces and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us a-dore and give him his right, All glory and pow'r and wisdom and might! All honor and blessing, with angels above, And thanks never ceasing for infinite love.

METRE 11.

PROTECTION. 4 lines 11's.

1 How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word: What more can he say than to you he hath said,

2 "Fear not I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, For I am thy God and will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to stand,

3 "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call the to go, The riv - ers of sor-row shall not o-ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,

4 "When thro' fie-ry tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace all suf - fi - cient shall be thy supply; The flames shall not hurt thee I on-ly de-sign,

5 "E'en down to old age all my peo-ple shall prove My sov'reign, e-ter-nal, un - change-a-ble love; And then, when grey hairs shall their temples adorn,

Who un - to the Sa-vior for ref - uge have fled.

Up - held by my righteous, om-nip - o-tent hand.

And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.

Thy dross to con - sume and thy gold to re - fine.

"Like lambs they shall still in my bo-som be borne."

METRE 11.

PRESCOTT. 4 lines 11's.

1 I would not live al-ways, I ask not to stay, Where storm af - ter

2 I would not live al-ways thus fet - ter-d by sin; Temp - ta - tion with

3 I would not live al-ways, no—wel - come the tomb—Since Je-sus has

4 Who, who would live al-ways, a - way from his God? A - way from you

storm ri - ses dark o'er the way; The few lu - cid morn-ings that dawn on us here, Are fol - low'd by gloom or be - cloud - ed by care.

out and cor - rup - tion with - in; Where rap - ture of par - don is min-gled with fears; The cup of thanks-giv-ing with pen - i - tent tears.

lain there, I'll en - ter its gloom: There sweet be my rest till he bid me a - rise, To hail him in tri-umph de - scend - ing the skies.

heav - en, that bliss - ful a - bode; Where riv - ers of pleas-ure flow thro' the bright plains, And noon-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns.

METRE 11.

BAVARIA. 4 lines 11's.

1 Why shrinks my weak nature? ah! what can it mean? / Why flut-ters my heart which till now was se - rene? / Why ling'ring and tremb-ling while glo-ry's so near? Or whence the en-chant-ment that fet-ters me here?

2 Thou world of il - lu - sion, for - ev - er a - dieu! / Your phantoms un-hal-low'd re-cede from my view! / New worlds and new wonders my passions in - vite, And glo-ries in - ef - fa - ble dawn on my sight.

METRE 11.

HINTON. 4 lines 11's.

1 O Zi - on, af - flict - ed with wave up-on wave; Whom no man can com-fort, whom no man can save: With darkness surrounded, by terror dis-may'd,

2 Loud roar-ing the bil-lows, now nigh o-ver-whelm, But skill-ful's the Pi-lot that sits at the helm; His wi-dom conducts thee, his pow'r thee defends,

3. "O fear-ful! O faith-less!" in mer-cy he cries, "My prom-ise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes? Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand;

4 "Then trust me, and fear not, thy life is se - cure; My wis - dom is per-fect, su-preme is my pow'r: In love I cor - rect thee, thy soul to re-fine;

In toil - ing and row-ing thy strength is de - cay'd.

In safe - ty and quiet the war - fare he ends.

Thro' tem-pest and toss - ing I'll bring thee to land.

To make thee at length in my like - ness to shine."

METRE 11.

ST. DENNIS. 4 lines 11's.

1 Thou sweet gli-ding Ke-dron, by thy sil - ver stream, Our Sa-vior at midnight, when

2 How damp were the va-pors that fell on his head! How hard was his pillow, how

3 Oh gar-den of Ol - i - vet! dear hon-or'd spot, The theme of thy won-ders shall

4 Come, saints, and adore him—come bow at his feet! Oh, give him the glo-ry, the

moon - light's pale beam Shone bright on the wa-ters, would fre-quent - ly stray, And lose in thy mur - murs the toils of the day.

hum - ble his bed! The an - gels as - ton-ish'd grew sad at the sight, And fol-low'd their Mas - ter with sol - emn de - light.

ne'er be for - got— The theme most trans-port-ing to ser - aphs a - bove; The tri-umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love.

praise that is meet! Let joy - ful ho - san-nas un - ceas - ing a - rise, And join the full cho - rus that glad - dens the skies.

METRE 11.

CHRISTIAN FAREWELL. 4 lines 11's.

1 Fare-well, my dear breth-ren, the time is at hand,
That we must be part-ed from this so-cial band;
Our sev'-ral engagements now call us a-way; Our part-ing is need-ful, and we must o-bey.

2 Fare-well my dear breth-ren, fare-well for a-while,
We'll soon meet a-gain if kind Prov-i-dence smile;
And while we are parted and scatter'd abroad, We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.

METRE 11.

WESLEY. 4 lines 11's.

1 Come children of Zion & help us to sing Loud anthems of praise to our Savior and King, Whose life once was given our souls to redeem, And bring us to heaven to reign there with him.

2 In regions of darkness, and sorrow and pains, We all lay in ruin, in prison and chains: But Jesus has bought us with his precious blood, The ransom provided to bring us to God.

3 O come to the Savior and take up the cross, Seek treasure in heaven, count all else but loss; His mercy invites us, then let us comply— O why should we linger when he is so nigh.

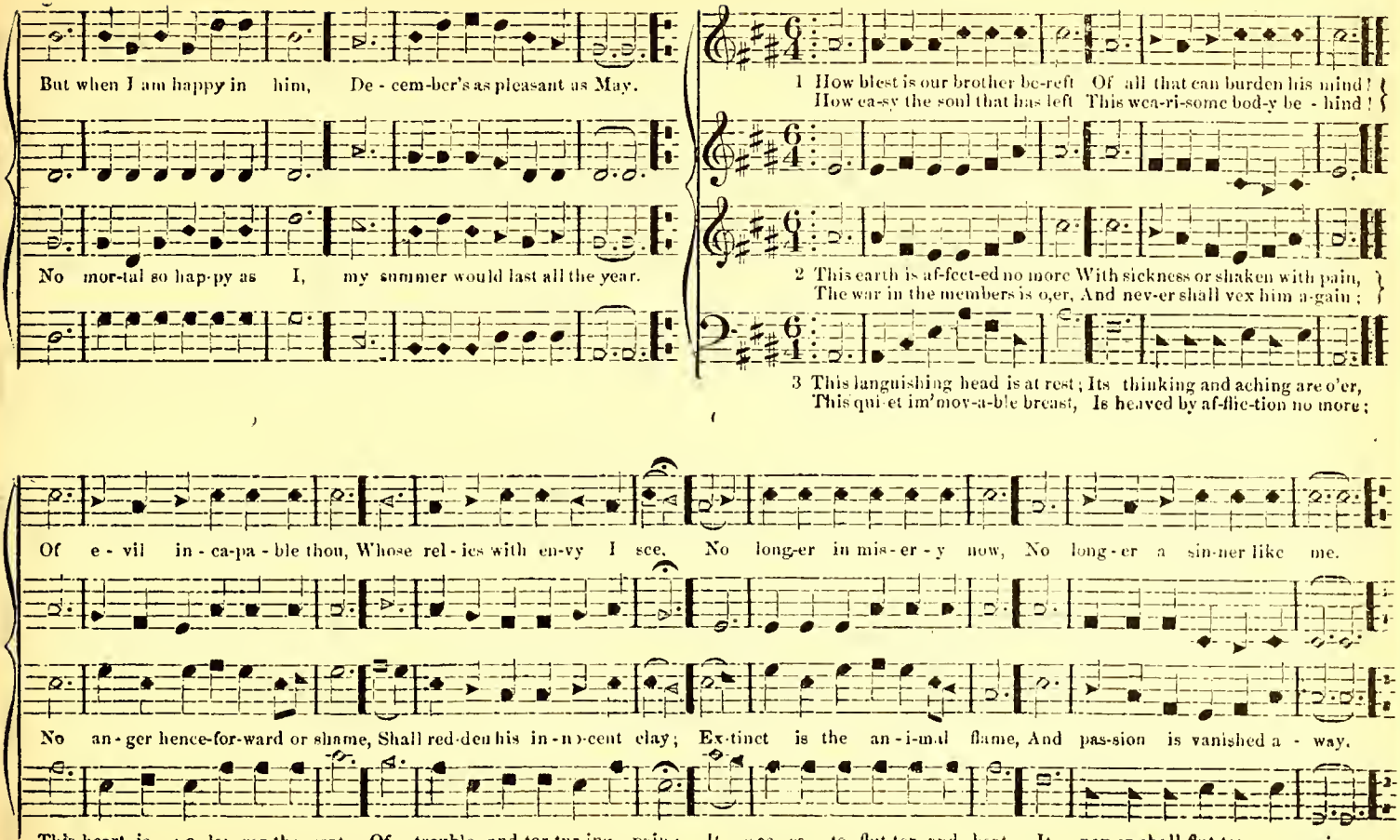
4 We'll fear not the dangers that lie in our way, His arm will protect us by night and by day; All this we must suffer and patiently bear, Till Jesus shall take us where sufferings are o'er.

METRE 12.

GREENFIELDS. 8 lines 8's.

1 How te-dious and tasteless the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me: } The midsummer sun shines but dim. The fields strive in vain to look gay

2 His name yields the rich-est per-fume; And sweet-er than mu-sic his voice:
His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re-joice; } I should, were he always thus nigh Have nothing to wish or to fear:


But when I am happy in him, De - cem-ber's as pleasant as May.
No mor-tal so hap-py as I, my summer would last all the year.
1 How blest is our brother be-reft Of all that can burden his mind!
How ea-sy the soul that has left This wea-ri-some bod-y be - hind!
2 This earth is af-fect-ed no more With sickness or shaken with pain,
The war in the members is o,er, And nev-er shall vex him a-gain;
3 This languishing head is at rest; Its thinking and aching are o'er,
This qui-et im'mov-a-ble breast, Is heaved by af-flic-tion no more;
Of e - vil in - ca-pa - ble thou, Whose rel - ics with en-vy I see, No long-er in mis-er - y now, No long - er a sin-ner like me.
No an - ger hence-for-ward or shame, Shall red-den his in - n)-cent clay; Ex-tinct is the an - i-mal flame, And pas-sion is vanished a - way.
This heart is no lon-ger the seat Of trouble and tor-tur-ing pain; It ceas-es to flut-ter and beat,-- It nev-er shall flut-ter a - gain.

Metre 12.

NEW JERUSALEM. 8 lines 8's.

1 My gra-cious Re-deem-er I love, His prais-es a-loud I'll pro-claim, And join with the ar-mies a-bove, To shout his a-dor-a-ble name; } To gaze on his glo-ries di-vine, Shall be my e-ter-nal em-ploy;

2 He free-ly re-deem'd with his blood, My soul from the confines of hell, To live on the smiles of my God, And in his sweet preesence to dwell; } To shine with the an-gels of light; With saints and with seraphs to sing.

Metre 9.

MOURNER. 6,6,6,6,8,8.

And feel them incessantly shine, My boundless, inef-fa-ble joy.

To view with e-ter-nal delight My Je-sus,—my Savior,—my King.

1 Where is my Sa-vior now, Whose smiles I once pos-sess'd?

2 Where can the mourn-er go, And tell his tale of grief;

3 Je-sus thy smiles im-part; My dear-est Lord, re-u-

Till he re - turn I bow By heav-iest grief op-press'd; My days of hap - pi - ness are gone, And I am left to weep a - lone.

Ah! who can soothe his woe, And give him sweet re - lief? Earth can-not heal the wound-ed breast, Or give the troubled sin-ner rest.

And ease my wound-ed heart, And bid me cease to mourn; Then shall this night of sor - row flee, And peace and heav'n be found in thee.

METRE 12.

UTICA. 4 lines 8's.

1 To Je - sus the crown of my hope My soul is in haste to be gone; Oh! bear me ye cher - u-bim! up, And waft me a - way to his throne.

2 My Sa-vior! whom ab-sent I love; Whom not having seen I a-dore; Whose name is ex - alt - ed a - bove All glo-ry do-min-ion and power.—

3 Dis-solve thou these bonds, that detain My soul from her por-tion in thee; Ah! Strike off this ad - a-mant chain, And make me e - ter-nal- ly free.

4 When that hap-py e - ra be - gins ar - rayed in thy glo - ries I'll shine, Nor grieve a - ny more by my sins, The bo-som on which I re - cline.

* AMSTERDAM. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,6.

1 Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por - tion trace, Rise from all ter - res - trial things, T'wards heav'n thy native place:

2 Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course; Fire as - cend - ing, seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source;

3 Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press onward to the prize; Soon our Sa - vior will re - turn, Tri - umph-ant in the skies;

4 Fly me rich - es! fly me cares! While I that coast ex-plore: Flat-ter - ing world, with all your snares, So - lic - it me no more.

Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay Time shall soon this earth re-move: Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.

Thus a soul new born of God, Pants to view his glo - rious face, Up-ward tends to his a - bode, To rest in his em - brace.

Yet a sea - son and you know hap - py en-trance will be given, All your sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heaven.

Pil-grims fix not here their home, Stran-gers tar - ry but a night, When the last dear mo rn is, come We'll rise to joy - ful light.

1 Stop, poor sin-ners, stop and think, Be - fore you far - ther go; Will you sport up - on the brink Of ev - er - last - ing woe!

2 Say, have you an arm like God, That you his will op - pose? Fear you not that i - ron rod With which he breaks his foes?

3 Ghast-ly death will quick-ly come, And drag you to his bar; Then to hear your aw - ful doom Will fill you with de - spair.

4 Though your hearts were made of steel, Your foreheads lined with brass, God at length will make you feel— He will not let you pass.

On the verge of ru - in stop— Now the friend - ly warn - ing take; Stay your foot-steps ere you drop In - to the burn - ing lake.

Can you stand in that great day, Which his jus - tice shall pro-claim; When the earth shall melt a - way Like wax be - fore the flame.

All your sins will round you crowd: You shall mark their crim-son dye! Each for ven-geance cry - ing loud-- And what can you re - ply?

Sin-ners then in vain will call, Those who now de - spise his grace, "Rocks and mountains on us fall, And hide us from his face."

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7's and 6's.

1 From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand, Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun-tains Roll down their gol-den sand;

2 What though the spi - cy bree - zes Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle; Though eve - ry pros-pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;

3 Shall we whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high— Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp o life de - ny?

4 Waft, waft ye winds the sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll, Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

In vain with lav - ish kind-ness, The gifts of God are strown; The heath - en in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.

Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim, Till earth's re - mo - test na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.

Till o'er our ran-som'd na - ture, The Lamb for sin - ners slain, Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign.

1 Hail to the Lord's A - noint-ed, Great Da-vid's great - er Son; Hail in the time ap-point-ed, His regin on earth be - gon!

2 He comes with suc - cor speed - y To those who sof - fer wrong: To help the poor and need - y, And bid the weak be strong;

3 He shall come down like show - ers Up - on the fruit - ful earth, And love and joy like flow - ers Spring in his path to birth.

4 To him shall pray'r un - ceas - ing And dai - ly vows as - cend— His king-dom still in - creas - ing, A king - dom with - out end.

He comes to break op - pres - sion, To set the cap-tive free, To take a - way trans - gres - sion, And rule in e - qui - ty.

To give them songs for sigh - ing, Their dark-ness turn to light; Whose souls, com-demned and dy - ing, Where pre-cions in his sight.

Be - fore him on the moun-tains, Shall peace, the her - ald go, And right - eous-ness, in foun - tains, From hill to val - ley flow.

The tide of time shall nev - er His cov - e - nant re - move, His name shall stand for - ev - er, That name to us is Love.

ASPIRATION. 7's & 6's.

1 Go when the morn-ing shi - neth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve de - cli - neth, Go in the hush of night;

2 Re-mem - ber all who love thee; All who are lov'd by thee! Pray, too, for those who hate thee If a - ny such there be;

3 Or if 'tis e'er de - nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray, Should ho - ly thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way.

4 O not a joy or bless - ing With this can we com - pare— The grace our Fa - ther gave us To pour our souls in pray'r;

Go with pure mind and feel - ing, Fling earth - ly thought a - way, And in thy clos - et kneel - ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.

Then for thy - self in meek - ness A bles - sing hum-bly claim, And blend with each pe - ti - tion, The great Re-deem-er's name.

E'en then the si - lent breath - ing Thy spir - it rais'd a - bove, Will reach his throne of glo - ry, Where dwells e - ter nal Love.

Whene'er thou pin'st in sad - ness, Be - fore his foot - stool fall; Re - mem - ber in thy glad - ness, His love, who gave thee all.

1 Some-times a light sur - pri - ses The Chris-tian while he sings; It is the Lord who ri - ses, With heal-ing in his wings;

2 In ho - ly con-tem - pla-tion, We sweet - ly then pur - sue The theme of God's sal - va-tion, And find it ev - er new;

3 It can bring with it noth-ing, But He will bear us through; Who gives the lil - ies cloth-ing, Will clothe his peo-ple too;

4 Though vine nor fig - tree nei-ther, Their want - ed fruit should bear, Though all the fields should wither, nor flocks nor herds be there;

When com-forts are de - clin-ing, He grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing, To cheer it af - ter rain.

Set free from pres-ent sor - row, We cheer-ful - ly can say, Let the un-known to - mor - row Bring with it what it may.

Be - neath the spread-ing heavens, No crea-ture but is fed; And He who feeds the ra - vens Will give his chil - dren bread.

Yet God the same a - bi - ding, His praise shall tune my voice; For while in him con - fi - ding, I can but re - joice.

METRE 14.

MORNING LIGHT. 7's & 6's.

1 The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are wak-ing To pen-i-ten-tial tears, Each breeze that sweeps the ocean

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle show'r, And brighter scenes be-fore us, Are ope-ning eve-ry hour; Each cry to heav-en go-ing

3 See heathen nations bend-ing Be - fore the God we love, And thou-sand hearts ascending In grat - i-tude a - bove; While sin-ners now confessing,

4 Blest riv - er of sal - va-tion, Pur - sue thy onward way; Flow thou to eve-ry na-tion, Nor in thy rich-ness stay; Stay not till all the low-ly

METRE 15.

ZION'S PILGRIM. 11's & 8's.

Bring tidings from a-far, Of na-tions in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war

Abundant answers brings, And heav-nly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

The gospel to o - bey, And seek the Savior's blessing,— A nation in a day

Tri - umphant reach their home; Stay not till all the holy Proclaim, "the Lord is come."

1 This is my Beloved, his form is di - vine, His vestments shed odors around,
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine, When autumn with plenty is crown'd.

2 His voice at the sound of a dulcimer sweet, Is heard thro' the shadows of death,
The cedars of Leb-a-non bow at his feet, The air is perfumed with his breath.

3 Love sits in his eyends and scatters delight, Thro' all the bright mansions on high,
Their faces the Cherubim vail in his sight, And trem'ble with fulness of joy.

The ro-ses of Sha-ron the lil-lies that grow, In vales on the banks of the streams, His cheeks in the beauty of ex-cel-lence, glow, His eyes all in - vi-ting-ly beam.

His lips as a fountain of right-eous-ness flow, That waters the garden of grace, From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles of his face.

He looks, and ten thousands of an-gels rejoice, And my-ri-ads wait for his word; He spake, and e-ter-ni - ty filled his voice, Re - ech-oes the praise of her Lord.

METRE 15.

NEW SALEM. 11's & 8's.

1 O thou in whose presence my soul takes delight, On whom in affliction I call, My com-fort by day and my song in the night, My hope, my sal-va-tion, my all.

2 Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep, To feed on the pastures of love? For why in the val-ley of death should I weep, A - lone in the wilderness rove.

3 O why should I wander an alien from thee, Or cry in the desert for bread? My foes would rejoice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 Ye daugh-ters of Zi-on, de-clare have you seen, The Star that on Is-ra-el shone? Say if in your tents my Be-lov-ed hath been, And where with his flock he hath gone.

MENDON. 7's & 6's.

1 Vain, de-lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all thy crea-ture good; On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood.

2 Oth-er knowledge I dis-dain, 'Tis all but van - i - ty: Christ the Lamb of God was slain, He tast - ed death for me.

3 Here will I set up my rest; My fluct - u - a - ting heart From the ha - ven of his breast, Shall nev - er more de - part;

4 Him to know is life and peace, And pleas-ure with-out end; This is all my hap - pi - ness, On Je - sus to de - pend—

All thy pleas-ures I fore - go, I tram-ple on thy wealth and pride: On - ly Je - sus will I know, and Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Me to save from end-less woe, The sin a - ton - ing Vic-tim died; On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Whither should a sin - ner go? His wounds for me stand o - pen wide: On - ly Je - sus will I know, and Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

Dai - ly in his grace to grow, And ev - er in his faith a - bide; On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru-ci - fied.

1 God of my sal-va-tion hear, And help me to be-lieve; Sim-ply do I now draw near, Thy blessing to re-ceive; Full of guilt a-las! I am,

2 Stand-ing now as new-ly slain, To thee I lift mine eye, Balm of all my grief and pain, Thy blood is always nigh; Now as yes-ter-day the same,

3 Noth-ing have I, Lord, to pay, Nor can thy grace pro-cure; Emp-ty send me not a-way, For I, thou know'st am poor; Dust and ashes is my name,

4 No good word, or work, or thought, Bring I to buy thy grace; Par-don I ac-cept un-bought, The prof-fer I em-brace; Com-ing as at first I came,

But to..... thy wounds for ref-uge flee; Friend of sin-ners, spot-less Lamb, thy blood..... was shed for me.

Thou art..... and wilt for ev-er be: Friend of sin-ners, spot-less Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed for me.

My all..... is sin and mis-er-ry; Friend of sin-ners, spot-less Lamb, thy blood..... was shed for me.

To take..... and not be-stow on thee; Friend of sin-ners, spotless Lamb, Thy blood..... was shed for me,

PETERSFIELD. 6 lines 7's.

1 Sa-vior, Prince of Is-rael's race; See me from thy loft-y throne; Give the sweet re-lent-ing grace, Soft-en this ob-du-rate stone:

2 By thy Spir-it, Lord, re-prove, All my in-most sins re-veal; Sins a-gainst thy light and love, Let me see and let me feel;

3 Je-sus, seek thy wand'ring sheep, Make me rest-less to re-turn; Bid me look on thee and weep, Bit-ter-ly as Pe-ter mourn'd;

4 Might I in thy sight ap-pear As the pub-li-can dis-trest; Stand, not dar-ing to draw near, Smite on my un-wor-thy breast;

Stone to flesh, O God, con-vert, Cast a look and break my heart.

Sins that cru-ci-fied my God, Spilt a-gain thy pre-cious blood.

Till I say, by grace restored, "Now thou know'st I love thee, Lord."

Groan the sin-ner's on-ly plea, "God be mer-ci-ful to me."

METRE 17.

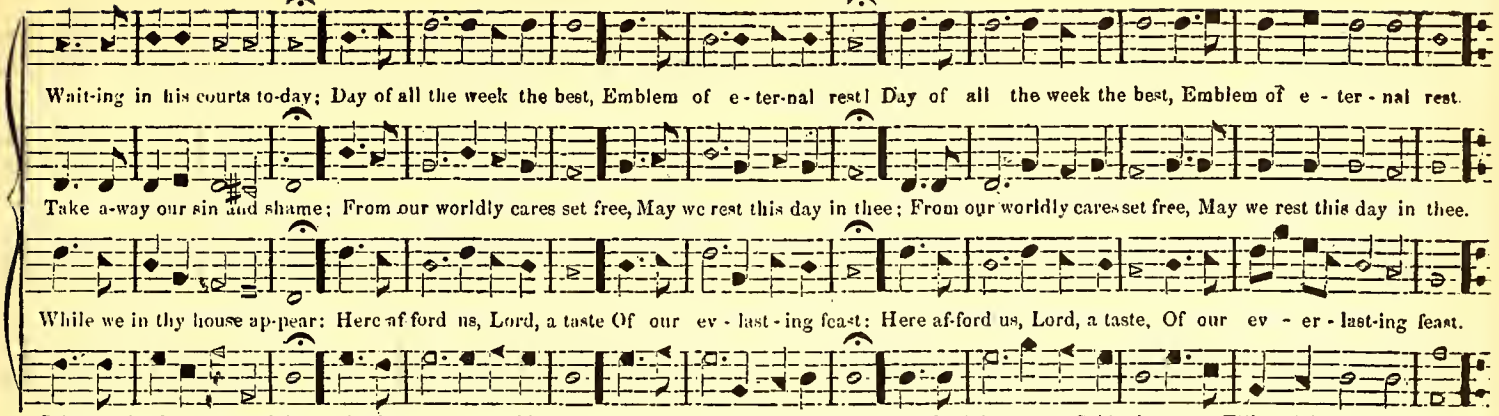
SABBATH. 6 lines 7's.

1 Safely thro' another week, God has brought us on our way, Let us now a bless-ing seek.

2 While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show thy re-conciling face,

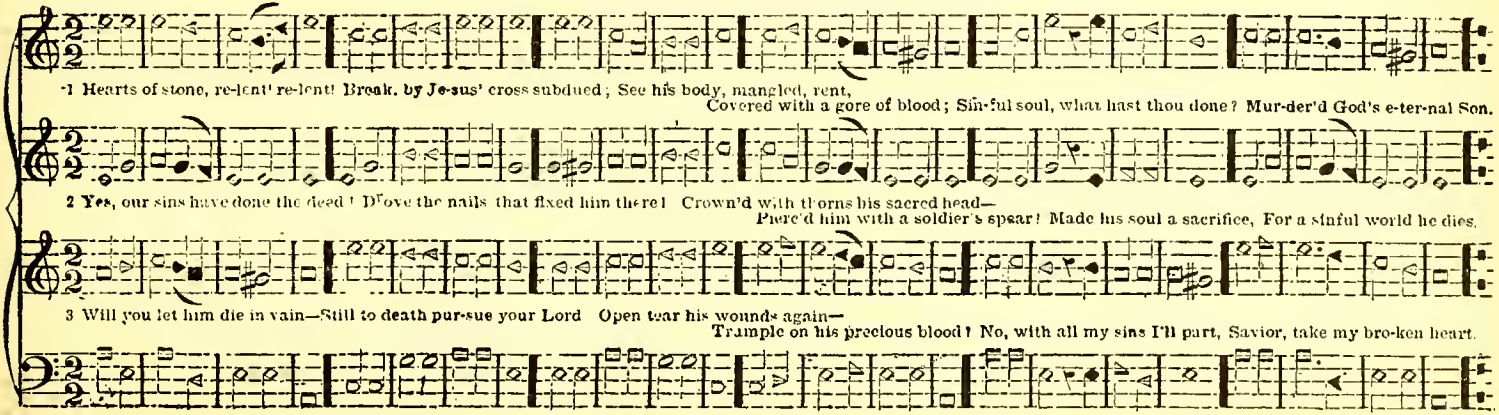
3 Here we come thy name to praise, Let us feel thy presence near, May thy glory meet our eyes,

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints, Make the fruits of grace abound,



METRE 17.

MOUNT CALVARY. 6 lines 7's.



METRE 18.

OLIVET. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

1 My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry! Sa-vior di-vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, Oh let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, Oh! may my love to thee, Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv-ing fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior! then in love, Fear and distrust remove; O bear me safe above—a ransom'd soul.

METRE 18.

SWANTON. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

1 Come all ye saints of God! Wide thro' the earth abroad Spread Jesus' fame: Tell what his love has done; Trust in his name alone, Shout to his lofty throne, "Worthy the Lamb."

2 Hence gloomy doubts and fears, Swell the glad theme: Strike each melodious string, "Worthy the Lamb!"
Dry up your mournful tears; Praise ye our gracious King, Join heart and voice to sing,

3 Hark—how the choirs above, Dwell on his name!— With light and glory crowned, "Worthy the Lamb!"
Fill'd with the Savior's love, There, too, may we be found, While all the heav'ns resound,

METRE 18.

TRINITY. 6,6,4,6,6,6,4.

1 Come thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign over us, ANCIENT OF DAYS.

2 Je-sus, our Lord, a-rise, Scat-ter our en-e-mies, And make them fall; Let thine almighty aid Our sure defense be made; Our souls on thee be staid; Lord hear our call.

3 Come thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on thy Mighty sword! Our pray'r attend! Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success; Spirit of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend.

4 To thee great One in Three, The highest prais-es be, Hence evermore! His sov'reign ma-jes-ty, May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

METRE 18.

DORT. 6,6,4,6,6,6 4.

1 Praise ye Jehovah's name; Praise thro' his courts proclaim; Rise and adore; High o'er the heav'ns above Sound his great acts of love, While his rich grace we prove, Vast as his Pow'r.

2 Now let the trumpet raise Triumphant sounds of praise, Wide as his fame; There let the harp be found; Organs with solemn sound, Roll your deep notes around Fill'd with his name.

3 While his high praise ye sing, Shake every sounding string; Sweet the accord; He vital breath bestows; Let every breath that flows His noblest fame disclose; Praise ye the Lord.

METRE 19.

HARWELL. 8,7,8,7,7,7,8,6.

1 Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voic-es, Sound the notes of praise a - bove—
Je - sus reigns, and heaven re-joices Je - sus reigns the God of love;
See, he sits on yon-der throne, Je - sus rules the world a-lone;

2 Je - sus hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens, All a-bove, and gives it worth;
Lord of life—thy smile en-light - ens, Cheers and charms thy saints on earth
When we think o love like thine, Lord, we own it love di-vine;

METRE 20.

NEW CONCORD. 6,6,9,6,6,9.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

1 Oh! how hap - py are they, Who their Sa - vior o - bey,

2 'Twas a heav - en be - low, My Re-deem - er to know;

3 Je - sus all the day long, Was my joy and my song;

4 Now my rem - nant of days Would I spend in his praise,

And have laid up their treas-ure a - bove; Oh! what tongue can express The sweet com-fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.

And the an - gels could do noth-ing more Than to fall at his feet, And the sto - ry re - peat, And the Sa - vior of sin-ners a - dore.

Oh! that more his sal - va - tion might see; He hath loved me I cried, He hath suf-fered and died, To re - deem such a reb - el as me.

Who hath died me from death to re - deem; Whether ma-ny or few, All my days are his due,—May they all be de - vo - ted to him.

METRE 20.

EXULTATION. 6,6,9,6,6,9.

1 Come a-way to the skies! My be-lov-ed, a'- rise, And re-joice in the day thou wast born; On that fes - tiv-al day Come ex-ult-ing away, And with singing to Zion re-turn.

2 We have laid up our love And our treasures above, Tho' our bo-dies continue be-low, The redeem'd of the Lord, We remember his word, And with singing to paradise go.

3 Now with thanks we approve The design of thy love, Which hath join'd us in Jesus's name; So united in heart, That we never can part, Till we meet at the feast of the Lamb.

4 Hal-le - lu-jah we sing To our Father and King, And the rap-tur-ons praises repeat; To the Lamb that was slain, Hal-le-lu-jah a-gain, Sing all heaven, and fall at his feet.

Metre 21.

EDEN-OF LOVE. 12,11,12,11,12,12,12,11.

1 How sweet to reflect on those joys that a-wait me, In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest; } En-cir-cled in light, and with glory enshrouded,

2 When an-gel-ic legions with harps tuned ce-les-tial, Har-mo-nious-ly join in the concert of praise,
The saints, as they flock from the re-gions terrestrial, In loud hal-le-lu-jahs their voices will raise; } Then songs of the Lamb shall re-echo thro' heaven,

3 Then hail, blessed state! Hail ye songsters of glory! Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story— "Sal-va-tion from sorrow, thro' Jesus's love, } Tho' prison'd on earth, yet by an-tic-i-pa-tion,

My har-pi-ness perfect, my mind's sky un-cloud-ed, I'll bathe in the ocean of pleas-ure unbounded, And range with delight thro' the Eden of Love.

My soul will re-spond, to Im-man-uel be giv-en All glo-ry all hon-or, all might and do-min-ion, Who brought us thro' grace to the Eden of Love.

Al-read-y my soul feels a sweet pre-li-ba-tion Of joys that a-wait me when freed from probation, My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

DAUGHTER OF ZION. 4 lines 11's.

1 Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a-wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more; Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-Star of gladness,

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them, And scat-tered their le-gions was mightier far; They fled like chaff from the scourge that pursued them—

3 Daugh-ter of Zi - on, the Power that saved thee, Extol'd with the harp and the timbrel should be; Shout! for the foe is destroy'd that en-slaved thee,

CHORUS.

A - rise, for the night of thy sor - rows is o'er; Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness, Awake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.

How vain were their steeds and their chariots of war. Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

Th' op-pres-sor is vanquished and Zi - on is free. Daugh-ter of Zi - on, a - wake from thy sad-ness, A-wake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no more.

MOUNT CARMEL. 10,10,10,11,11.

1 "I am the Sa-vior, I th' Al-might-y God; I am the Judge, ye heav'ns proclaim abroad My just, e-ter-nal sentence, and de-clare Those aw-ful

2 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer, and profane, Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain, Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire, I doom thee,

3 "Can I be flattered by thy cringing bows, Thy solemn chatterings and fan-tas-tic vows? Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to be-hold, Gla-ing in

4 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please A God, a Spirit with such toys as these! While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue, Thou lov'st de-

truths that sin ners dread to hear." When God appears, all na-ture shall a-dore him; While sin-ners tremble, saints re-joice be-fore him.

paint-ed hyp-o-crite, to fire;" Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n re-joic-es; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer-ful voic-es,

gems, and gay in wo-ven gold?" God is the Judge of hearts; no fair dis-guis-es Can screen the guilt-y when his ven-geance ri-ses.

ceit, and doest thy broth-er wrong?" Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heaven re-joices; Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheer-ful voic-es.

1 House of our God, with cheer-ful an-thems ring, While all our lips and hearts his good - ness sing: With sa - cred joy his wondrous deeds pro-claim,

2 The heav'n of heav'ns he with his boun - ty fills; Ye ser-aphs bright, on ev - er - bloom-ing hills, His hon-or sound; you to whom good a - lone,

3 Thou earth, en-light-ened by his rays di - vine, Preg-nant with grass and corn, and oil and wine, Crowned with his goodness, let thy na-tions meet,

4 Zi - on, en-riched with his distinguished grace, Bless'd with the rays of thine Im - man - uel's face— Zi - on, Je - ho - vah's por-tion and de - light,

Let eve - ry tongue be vo-cal with his name; The Lord is good, his mer - cy nev - er end - ing, His good-ness in per - pet - ual show'rs de-scend-ing.

Un-min - gled, ev - er-grow-ing, has been known; Thro' your im mortal life with love in - creas-ing, Pro-claim your Maker's good-ness nev - er - ceas - ing.

And lay them-selves at his pa-ter-nal feet; With grate ful love that lib'ral Hand con - fess-ing, Which thro' each heart dif fu-seth eve - ry bless - ing.

Grav'n on his hand and bour-ly in his sight, In sac - red strains ex-alt that grace ex - cell - ing, Which makes thine humble hill his cho-sen dwell-ing.

METRE 24.

GOSPEL TRUMPET.- 8,8,8,8,8,4.

1 Hark! how the gos - pel trumpet sounds! Thro' all the earth the ech - o bounds: And Jesus by re-deem-ing blood Is bringing sinners back to God.

2 Hail! all vic - to - rious, conq'ring Lord! Be thou by all thy works a-dor'd, Who un-der-took for sin ful man And brought salvation thro' thy name.

3 Fight on, ye conq'r-ing souls, fight on, And when the conquest you have won, Then palms of vict'ry you shall bear, And in his kingdom have a share.

4 There we shall in full cho-rus join, With saints and an-gels all com-bine, To sing of his re-deem-ing love When rolling years shall cease to move.

METRE 24.

JOYFUL SOUND. 8,8,8,8,4.

1 Hark! hark! the gos - pel trump - et sounds, Thro' the wide earth the

2 Come, sin - ners, hear the joy - ful news, Nor lon - ger dare the

3 Ye saints in glo - ry, strike the lyre: Ye mor - tals, catch the

And guides them safe-ly by his word To end - less day.

That we with thee may ev - er reign In end - less day.

And crowns of glo - ry ev - er wear In end - less day.

And this shall be our theme a - bove, In end - less day.

ech - o bounds; Par - don and peace by Je - sus' blood! Sin - ners are re - con - ciled to God, By grace di - vine.

grace re - fuse, Mer - cy and jus-tice here com - bine, Good - ness and truth har-mo - nious join, Tin - vite you near.

sac - red fire Let both the Sa - vior's love pro - claim'— For - ev - er wor - thy is the Lamb Of end - less praise.

METRE 25.

HAMBURG. 8,7,8,7,7,7.

1 Precious Bi - ble! what a treas-ure Does the word of God af - ford!
All I want for life or pleas ure, Food and med'cine, shield and sword! } Let the world account me poor, Hav-ing, this I need no more

2 Food, to which the world's a stran-ger, Here my hun - gry soul en - joys
Of ex - cess there is no dan-ger,—Though it fills, it nev - er cloys; } On a dy-ing Christ I feed, He is meat and drink in - deed.

3 When my faith is weak and sick-ly, Or when Sa - tan wounds my mind,
Cor-dials to re - vive me. quick-ly, Heal-ing med - cines here I find; } To the prom - is - es I flee—Each af - fords a rem - e - dy.

MEDORA. 6,6,8,4,6,6,8,4.

1 Though nature's strength de-cay And earth and hell with - stand, To Ca-naan's bounds I urge my way, At God's com - mand;

2 The goodly land I see With peace and plen-ty bless'd; The land of sa - cred lib - er - ty, And end - less rest;

3 There dwells the Lord our King, The Lord our right-cous - ness: Tri-umph-ant o'er the world and sin, The Prince of peace;

4 The ran-som'd na-tions bow, Be - fore the Sa - vior's face; Joy - ful their ra-diant crowns they throw, O'erwhelmned with grace;

The wat - ry deep I pass, With Je - sus in my view, And thro' the howl-ing wil - der - ness My way pur - sue.

There milk and hon - ey flow, And oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for - ev - er grow, With mer - cy crowned.

On Zi - on's sa - cred height His king - dom still main-tains, And glo - rious, with his saints in light, For - ev - er reigns.

He shows his scars of love; They kin - dle to a flame, And sound thro' all the worlds a - bove, "The slaughtered Lamb."

METRE 27.

STAR IN THE EAST. 11's & 10's.

1 Hail the blest morn when the great mediator Down from the regions of glory descends, Shepherds go worship the babe in the man-ger, Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawns on our darkness and lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the horizon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining, Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore him in slumber re - clin-ing; Maker, and Monarch, and Savior of all.

4 Say, shall we yield him, in costly de-vo-tion, O-dors of Edom, and off-rings divine—Gems of the mountains and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the forests, and gold from the mine?
5 Vain-ly we of-fer each am-ple ob - la - tion, Vain-ly with gold would his favor se-cure; Richer by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,—Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor

METRE 27.

HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11's & 10's.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain; Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning, Zion in triumph begins her mild reign

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning, Long by the prophets of Israel foretold, Hail to the millions from bondage returning, Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing, Streams ever copious are gliding along; Loud from the mountain tops echoes are ring-ing; Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean, Praise to JEHOVAH ascending on high. Fall'n are the engines of war and com-mo-tion, Shouts of salvation are rending the sky;

METRE 27.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE. 11's & 10's.

1 Come ye disconsolate, where e'er you languish;
Come at the mercy-seat fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish,
Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter in mer-cy say-ing,
"Earth hath no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast prepared, come ever knowing,
Earth hath no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

METRE 3.

SING TO ME OF HEAVEN. S. M.

1 O sing to me of heav'n When I am call'd to die; Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - cy, To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and slug-gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow, Burst forth in strains of joy - ful - ness,— Let heav'n be - gin be - low.

3 When the last mo-ment comes, O watch my dy - ing face, And catch the bright se - raph - ic gleam Which on each fea-ture plays.

4 Then to my rav-ish'd ear Let one sweet song be giv'n; Let mu - sic charm me last on earth, And greet me first in heav'n.

FRIENDSHIP. 6,6,6.6,8,6,8,6.

1 Ye sim - ple souls that stray Far from the path of peace, That un - fre - quent - ed way To life and hap - pi - ness—

2 Mad - ness and mis - er - y Ye count our lives be - neath, And noth - ing great can see, Or glo - rious in our death!

3 Poor pen-sive so - journ - ers, O'er-whelm'd with griefs and woes; Per-plexed with need - less fears, And pleas - ures mor - tal foes,

4 So wretch-ed and ob - scure, The men whom ye de - spise; So fool-ish, weak and poor, A - bove your scorn we rise;

How long will ye your fol - ly love, And throng the downward road, And hate the wis - dom from a - bove, And mock the sons of God.

As born to suf - fer and to grieve Be-neath your feet we lie; And ut - ter - ly con - temned we live, And un - la - ment - ed die.

More irk-some than a ga-ping tomb, Our sight ye can - not bear, Wrapt in the mel - an - chol - ly gloom Of fan - ci - ful de - spair.

Our con-science in the Ho - ly Ghost, Can wit ness bet - ter things: For He whose blood is all our boast, Hath made us priests and kings,

METRE 29.

OPORTO. 11,11,11,10.

1 Hither, ye faithful, haste with songs of triumph, To Bethlehem go your Lord of life to meet, To you this day is born a Prince and Saviour, O come and let us worship, O

2 O Jesus, for such wondrous condescension Our praises and rev'rence are an off'ring meet, Now is the word made flesh and dwells among us; O come and let us worship, O

3 Shout his Almighty name, ye choirs of angels, And let the celestial courts his praise repeat; Unto our God be glo-ry in the high-est; O come and let us worship, O

FOR.

come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

come, and let us worship, O come, and let us wor - ship at his feet.

METRE 30.

LENA. 8,8,7,8,8,7.

1 See the Lord of glory dy-ing, See him ga-ping, hear him crying,

2 See the rocks and mountains shaking, Earth unto her cen - tre quaking—

3 Heaven's bright, me-lo-dious legions, Chanting thro' the tune-ful regions,

4 Hell and all the pow'rs infernal, Van qish'd by the King e - ter - nal,

See his burdened bo om heave; Look ye sin-ners, ye that hung him, Look how deep your sins have stung him, Dy-ing sin - ners, look and live.

Nature's groans awake the dead; Look on Phœbus struck with wonder, Whilst the peals of le - gal thunder Smote the dear Re-deem-er's head.

Cease to trill the quiv'ring string; Songs se-raph-ic, all sus - pend-ed, Till the might-y war is end-ed By the all vic-to-rious King.

When he pour'd his vital flood; By his groans which shook cre-a-tion, Lo! we found a pro - la - ma-tion, Peace and par - don by his blood.

METRE 31.

SOLEMN PARTING. 4 lines 6's.

1 Once more be - fore we part, Bless the Re - deem - er's name: Let eve - ry tongue and heart, Praise and a - dore the same.

2 Lord, in thy name we come Thy bless - ing still im - part; We met in Je - sus' name, In Je - sus name we part.

3 Still on thy ho - ly word We'll live, and feed and grow: Go on to know the Lord, And prac - tice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, be - fore we part, Help us to bless thy name; Let eve - ry tongue and heart, Praise and a - dore the same.

METRE 32.

NEW YEAR. 5,5,5,11.

1 Come, let us a - new Our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, Roll round with the year, And never stand still til. the Master ap - pear,

2 Our life is a dream. Our time as a stream, Glides swift - ly a - way, Glides swift - ly a - way. The fu-gi-tive moment re - fu' - ses to stay,

3 The ar-row is flown, The moment is gone, The mil-len - nial year. The mil - len-nial year, Rolls on to our vi-w, and e-ter-ni-ty's near;
4 May each in the day Of his coming say, "I've fought my way thro', I've fought my way thro', And finish'd the work thou di lst give me to do.

And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.

The fu - gi - tive mo-ment re - fu - ses to stay

Rolls on to our view, and e - ter - ni - ty's near.
And fin-ish'd the work thou didst give me to do."

METRE 34.

VOICE OF WARNING. 11,11,11,5,

1 Ah, guil - ty sin - ner, rhin - 'd by trans-gres - sion, What shall thy doom be,

2 Stop thoughtless sin - ner, stop a - while and pon - der Ere death ar - rest thee,

3 Oft has he call'd thee, but thou wouldst not hear him, Mer-cies and judg mente

4 Come, then, poor sin-ner, come a - way this mo-ment, Just as you are, come,

when ar-rayed in ter-ror, God shall com-mand thee, cov-ered with pol-lu-tion, Up to the judg-ment? Up to the judg-ment?

and the Judge in ven-geance, Hurl from his pres-ence thine af-fright-ed spir-it, Swift to per-di-tion, Swift to per-di-tion.

have a-like been slighted. Yet he is gra-cious, and with arms un-fold-ed, Waits to em-brace thee, Waits to em-brace thee.

filth-y and pol-lu-ted; Come to the foun-tain op-en for un-clean-ness, Je-sus in-vites you, Je-sus in-vites you.

METRE 37.

HOLY REST. 4 lines 10's.

1 A-gain the day returns of ho-ly rest, Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest; When like his own he bid our labors cease, And all be piety and all be peace.

2 Let us de-vote this con-se-cra-ted day, To learn his will, and all we learn, o-bey; So shall we hear, when fervently we raise Our supplications and our songs of praise.

3 Father of heav'n! in whom our hopes confide, Whose pow'r defends us & whose precepts guide; In life our guardian & in death our Friend: Glory supreme be thine till time shall end

METRE 35.

SWEET HARMONY. 10's & 11's.

1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store, The time for such trifles with me now is o'er; A Country I've found where true joys a - bound,

2 The souls that be-lieve, in glo - ry shall live, And me in that num-ber will Je - sus re-ceive; My soul don't de - lay, he calls thee a - way,

3 No mor-tal doth know what he can be-stow, What light, strength and comfort—go af-ter him, go? Lo! on-ward I move t'a cit - y a - bove,

4 Great spoils I shall win from death, hell and sin, 'Midst outward af-flic-tions shall feel Christ within; And when I'm to die, re-ceive me I'll cry,

METRE 36.

TRANSPORTING VISION. 7,6,7,6,7,7,7,7.

To dwell I'm de - ter-mined on that hap-py ground.

Rise, fol-low thy Sa-vior, and bless this glad day.

None guess-es how wondrous my journey will prove.

For Je - sus hath loved me I can-not tell why.

1 Burst ye emerald gates and bring To my raptured vis-ion, All th' estatic joys that spring,

2 Floods of ev-er - last-ing light Free - ly flash be-fore him · Myriads with supreme delight,

3 Four-and-twenty elders rise From their princely station, Shout his glo-rious vic-to-ries,

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies, Seem methinks to seize us, Join we, too, the ho-ly lay—

Round the bright E-lys-ian; Lo we lift our long-ing eyes, Break ye in-ter-ven-ing skies, SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS arise! Ope the gates of Paradise.

In-stant-ly a-dore him; An-gels' trumps re-sound his fame, Lutes of lu-cid gold pro-claim All the mu-sic of his name, Heaven ech-o-ing the same.

Sing the great sal-va-tion. Cast their crowns be-fore his throne, Cry in rev-er-en-tial tone, "Glo-ry be to God a-lone, Ho-ly! ho-ly! ho-ly One!"

Sing of him who saves us; Sweet-est sounds in ser-aph's song—Sweetest sounds on mortal's tongue—Sweetest carol ever sung—Let its echoes flow a-long.

* JONES. 4's & 7's.

H. E. ENGLE.

FINE

D. C.

1 Children of the heav'n-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing; Sing our Sa-vior's worth-y praise, Glorious in his works and ways. } We are trav'-ling home to God, In the way our fa-thers trod:

D. C. They are hap-py now and we Soon their hap-pi-ness shall see.

Metre 38.

BELIEVER'S DEPARTURE. 10,6,10,6,8,8,8,6.

1 What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame? Is it death? Is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame? Is it death? Is it death?
If this be death I soon shall be from eve-ry sin and sor-row free:

2 Weep not, my friends—my friends, weep not for me; All is well! All is well!
My sins are pardoned, pardoned—I am free; All is well! All is well!
There's not a cloud that doth a-rise To hide my Je - sus from my eyes—

I shall the King of glo-ry see: All is well—all is well!

I soon shall mount the up-per skies, All is well—All is well,

Metre 39.

PRAISE VICTORIOUS. 7,7,8,7,7,7,8,7.

1 Head of the Church triumphant, We joy-ful-ly a - dore Thee; Till thou appear, thy

2 While in af-flic-tion's fur-nace, And pass-ing thro' the fire, Thy love we praise, that

3 Thou dost conduct thy peo - ple Thro' torrents of temp-ta-tion; Nor will we fear, while

4 By faith we see the glo - ry To which thou wilt restore us; The cross despise thy

members here Shall sing like those in glory, We lift our hearts and voices, In bless'd an-tic-i-pa-tion, And cry a-loud, and give to God The praise of our sal-va-tion.

knows our days, And ever brings us n.gher; We lift our hearts exulting In thine Al-might-y fa-vor; The love divine that made us thine, Can keep us thine forever.

thou art near, The fire of trib-u-la-tion, The world with sin and Satan, In vain our march opposes, By thee we will break thro' them all, And sing the song of Moses.

that high prize Which thou hast set before us And if thou count us worthy, We each like dying Stephen, Shall see thee stand at God's right hand To take us up to heaven,

* JESSUP. 7's.

C. E. Pollock.

FINE. D. C.

1 { Wide, ye heav'n-ly gates un fold, Closed no more by death and sin, Lo! the conq'-ring Lord be - hold, Let the King of glo - ry in. } Hark, th' an-gel-ic host in - quire, "Who is he, th' al-migh-ty King?"

D C. Hark, a - gain the answ'r-ing choir, Thus in strains of tri-umph sing.

2 { Helps of an im - mor - tal crown, Heed not eve - ry foe-man's frown; Tread the pow'rs of dark-ness down, Thro' Je-ho-vah's pow'r-ful might. } Tho' they oft in wrath a - rise, Like the temp - est of the skies,

D C He can fill them with sur-prise, From his great and heav'n-ly height.

* WELCOME. 7's. Double.

G. T. Linton.

Fine. D. C.

1 { Wel - come, wel-come day of rest, To the world in kind - ness given; }
{ Wel - come to this care-worn breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven; } Day of soft and sweet re - pose, Gent - ly now thy mo-ments run,
D. C. As the peace - ful stream - let flows, Ra - diant with a sum - mer's sun.

2 { Day of tid - ings from the skies, Day of sol - emn praise and prayer, }
{ Day to make the sim - ple wise, O how great thy bless - ings are! } Wel-come, wel-come, day of rest, With thy in-fluence all di - vine:
D. C. May thy hal-low'd hours be blest, To this fee - ble heart of mine.

Metre 42.

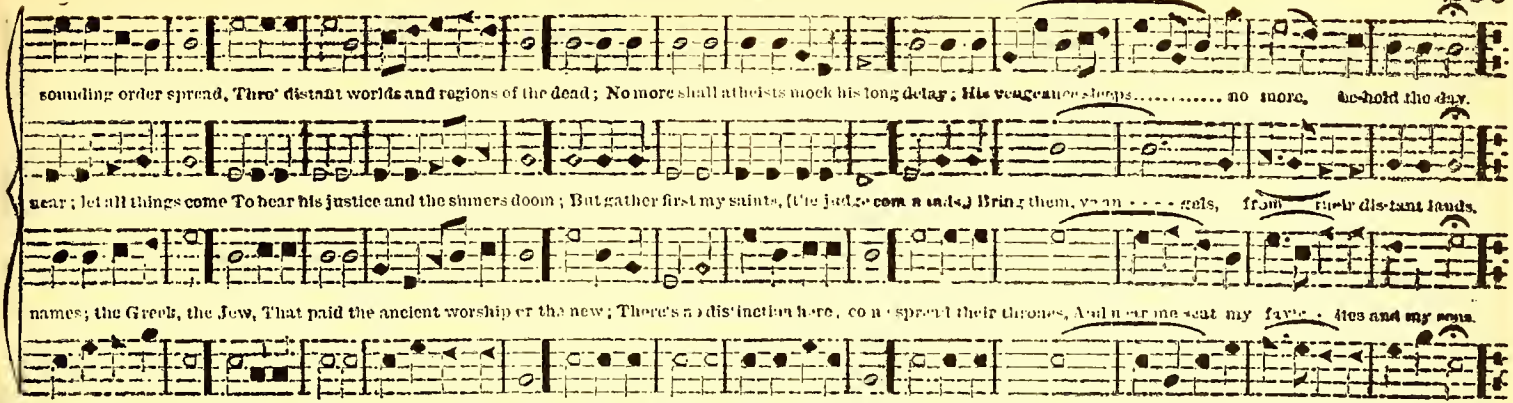
SOVEREIGN SUMMONS. 6 lines 10's.

1 The Lord, the Sov' - reign, sends his sum - mons forth, Calls the South na - tions and a - wakes the North; From East to West the

2 Be - hold! the Judge de-scends; his guards are nigh, Tem - pest and fire at - tend him down the sky: Heav'n, earth and hell draw

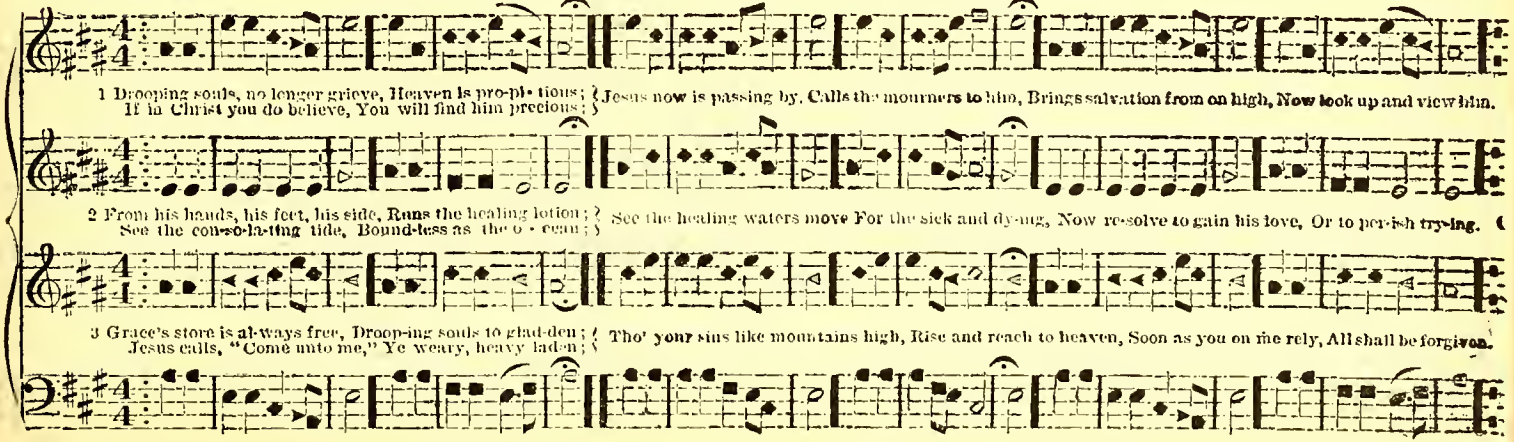
3 Be - hold! my cov - 'nant stands for - ev - er good, Seal'd by th'E - ter - nal sac - ri - fice in blood, And signed with all the

4 I, their al - might - y Sa - vior and their God, I am their Judge, ye heav'ns pro-claim a - broad My just, e - ter - nal



METRE 48.

BOUNDLESS MERCY. 7's & 6's.



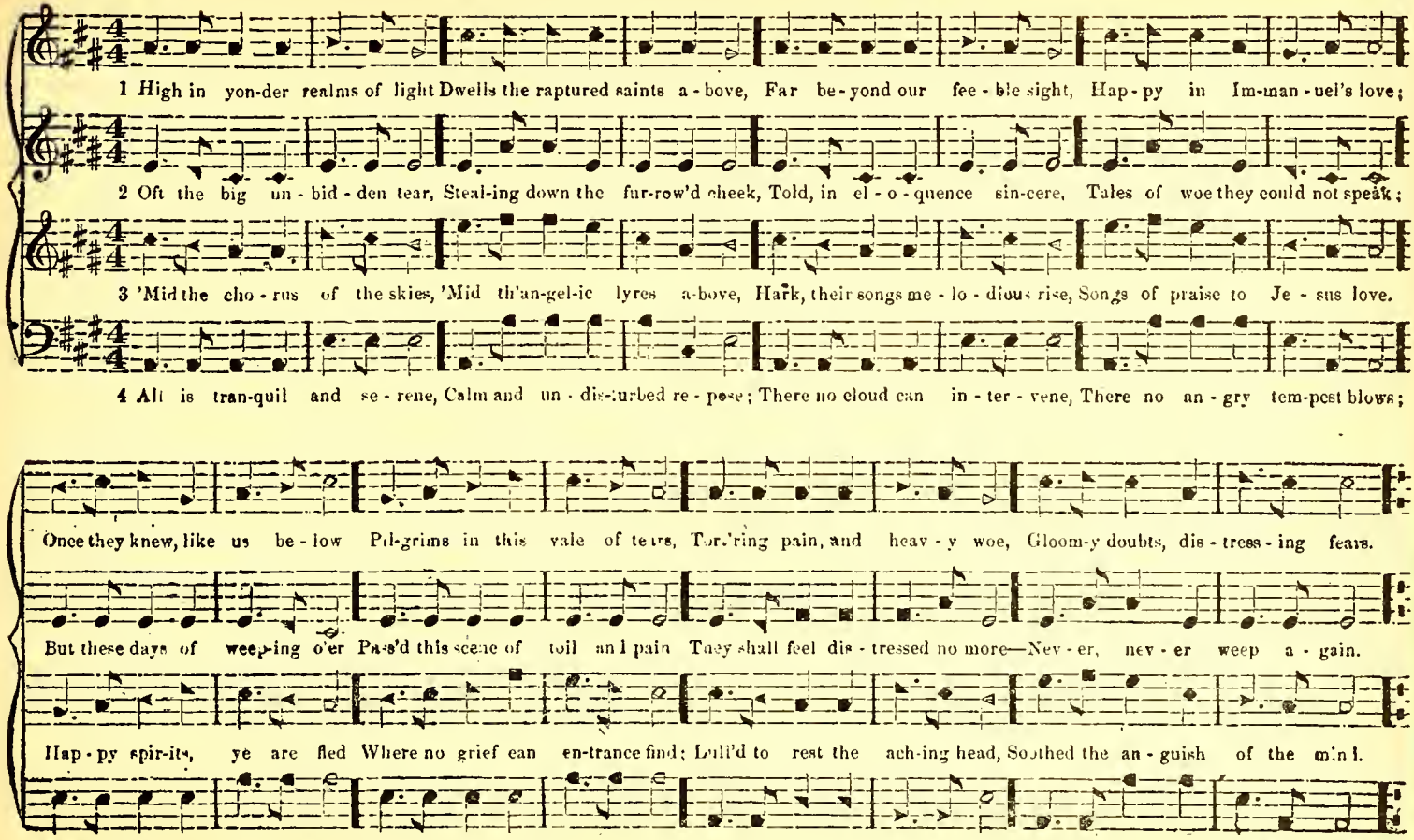
FINAL DECISION. 9's & 8's.

1 That great, tre-men-dous day's ap - proach - ing, That aw-ful scene is drawing nigh,
Which was fore-told by an - cient proph - ets, De-creed from all e - ter - ni - ty,
Prepare my soul, re - flect and won - - der.

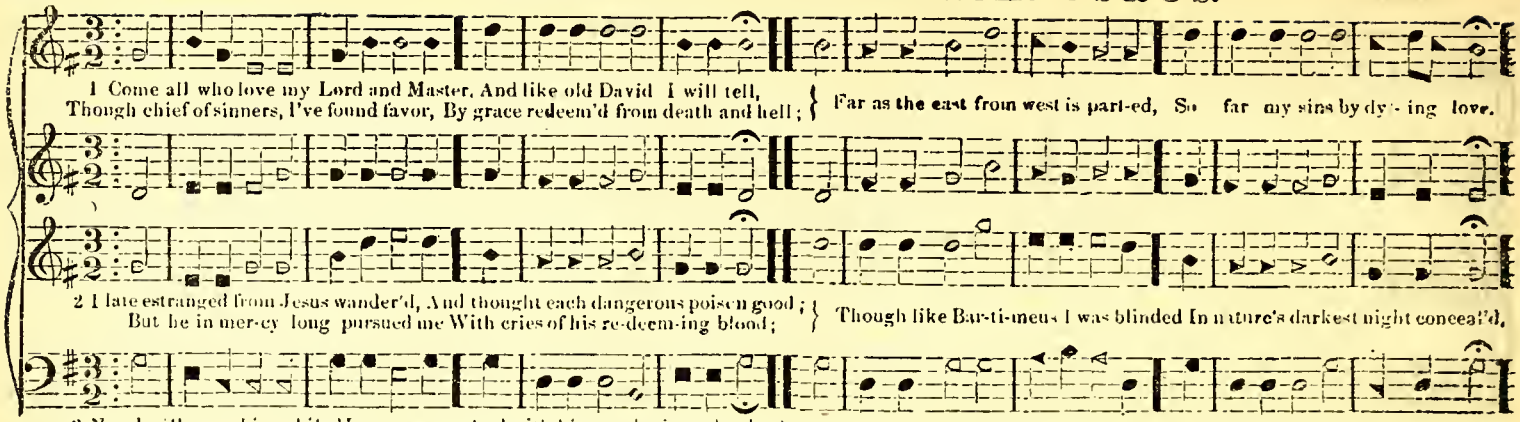
2 See na-ture stand-ing in a - maze - ment, To hear the last loud trumpet sound;
A-rise, ye dead, and come to judg - ment, Ye na-tions of this world a-round:
The orbed lamps all vail'd in sack - cloth,

That aw - - ful scene is draw - ing near, When you shall see the great trans - ac - - - - tion, When Christ in judg-ment shall ap - pear.

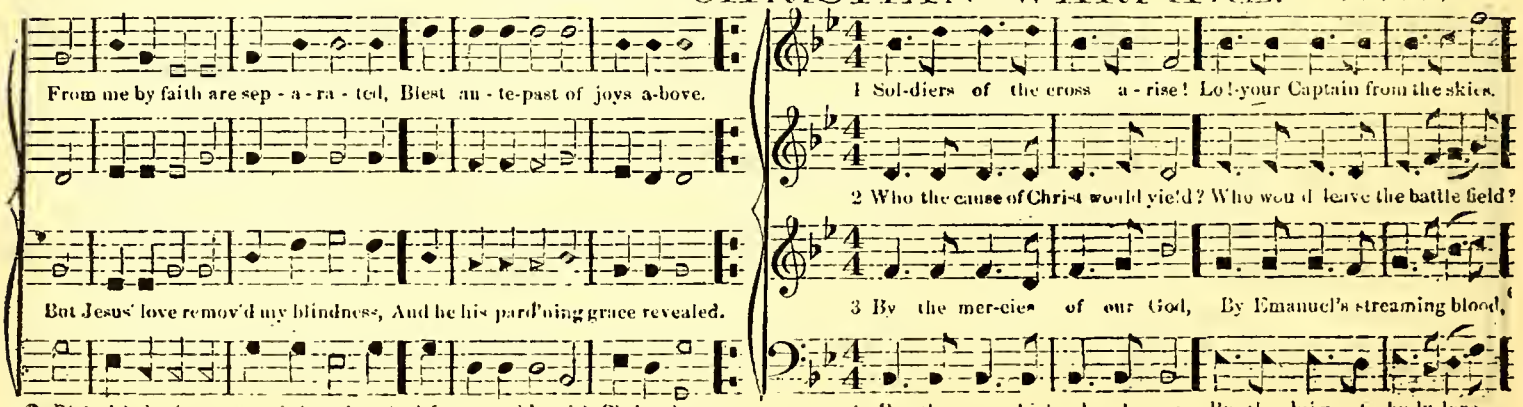
No more their shi-ning cir - cuit run, The wheel of time now stopp'd for - - - - ev - - - er, E - - - ter - - - nal things are now be - gun.


1 High in yon-der realms of light Dwells the raptured saints a-bove, Far be-yond our fee-ble sight, Hap-py in Im-man-uel's love;
2 Oft the big un-bid-den tear, Steal-ing down the fur-row'd cheek, Told, in el-o-quence sin-cere, Tales of woe they could not speak;
3 'Mid the cho-rus of the skies, 'Mid th'an-gel-ic lyres a-bove, Hark, their songs me-lo-dious rise, Songs of praise to Je-sus love.
4 All is tran-quil and se-rene, Calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose; There no cloud can in-ter-vene, There no an-gry tem-pest blows;
Once they knew, like us be-low Pil-grims in this vale of tears, Tor-ring pain, and heav-y woe, Gloom-y doubts, dis-tress-ing fears.
But these days of weep-ing o'er Pas-s'd this scene of toil and pain They shall feel dis-tressed no more—Nev-er, nev-er weep a-gain.
Hap-py spir-its, ye are fled Where no grief can en-trance find; Lull'd to rest the ach-ing head, Soothed the an-guish of the mind.
Eve-ry tear is wiped a-way, Sighs no more shall heave the breast, Night is lost in end-less day, Sor-row—in e-ter-nal rest.

Metre 44. REDEEMING GRACE. 9's & 8's.


1 Come all who love my Lord and Master, And like old David I will tell,
Though chief of sinners, I've found favor, By grace redeem'd from death and hell;
Far as the east from west is part-ed, So far my sins by dy-ing love.
2 I late estranged from Jesus wander'd, And thought each dangerous poison good;
But he in mer-cy long pursued me With cries of his re-deem-ing blood;
Though like Bar-ti-meus I was blinded In nature's darkest night conceal'd,
3 Now I will serve him while He spares me, And with his people sing a-loud,
Tho' hell oppose and sinners mock me In rapt'rous strains I'll praise my God.
By faith I view the heavenly concert, They sing high strains of Jesus's love,

Metre 45. CHRISTIAN WARFARE. 7,7,7,5,7,7,7,5.


From me by faith are sep-a-ra-ted, Blest an-te-past of joys a-bove.
But Jesus' love remov'd my blindness, And he his pard'ning grace revealed.
Oh! with de-sire my so[illegible] long ing And [illegible] would be with Christ above.
1 Sol-diers of the cross a-rise! Lo!-your Captain from the skies.
2 Who the cause of Christ would yield? Who would leave the battle field?
3 By the mer-cies of our God, By Emanuel's streaming blood,
4 By the woes which reb-els prove, By the bliss of ho-ly love,

Holding forth the glit'ring prize, Calls to vic-to-ry: Fear not tho' the battle low'r: Firmly stand the trying hour—Stand the tempter's utmost pow'r, Spurn his slavery.

Who would cast away his shield? Let him basely go! Who for Zion's King will stand? Who will join the faithful band? Let him come with heart and hand, Let him face the foe.

When a-lone for us he stood Ne'er give up the strife; Ev-er to the latest breath, Hark to what your Captain saith, "Be thou faithful un-to death—Take the crown of life."

Sinners, seek the joys a-bove, Sin-ners, turn and live! Here is freedom worth the name—Tyrant sin is put to shame—Grace inspires the hallow'd flame—God the crown will give.

METRE 46.

EVENING THOUGHT. 8,3,3,6.

1 Ere I sleep for eve - ry fa - vor, This day - shown By my God, I do bless my Sa - vior.

2 Leave me not, but ev - er love me; Let thy peace Be my bliss, Till thou hence re - move me.

3 Thou my Rock, my Guard my Tow - er Safe - ly keep, While I sleep, Me with all thy pow - er.

4 And when - e'er in death I slum - ber, Let me rise, With the wise, Count - ed in their num - ber.

METRE 47.

EXHORTATION. 6,5,6,5,8,7,8,7.

1 If life's pleasures charm thee, Give them not thy heart, Lest the gift ensnare thee From thy God to part; His favor seek, his praises speak, Fix here thy hope's foundation;

2 If dis-tress be - fall thee, Painful tho' it be, Let not grief ap-pal thee—To thy Savior flee, He ev - er near, thy pray'r will hear, And calm thy per-tur-ba-tion,

3 When earth's prospects fail thee, Let it not distress Better comforts wait thee--Christ will freely bless, To Jesus flee—thy prop he'll be, Thy heav'nly con-so - la-tion,

4 Dan-gers may approach thee—Let them not alarm, Christ will ever watch thee, And pro-tect from harm, He near thee stands with mighty hands, To ward off each t mptation.

METRE 48

Serve him and he will ev-er be The Rock of thy sal-va-tion

The waves of woe shall ne'er o'erflow The Rock of thy salvation.

For grief below can-not o'er-flow The Rock of thy sal-va-tion.

To Je-sus fly, he's ev-er nigh, The Rock of thy sal-va-tion.

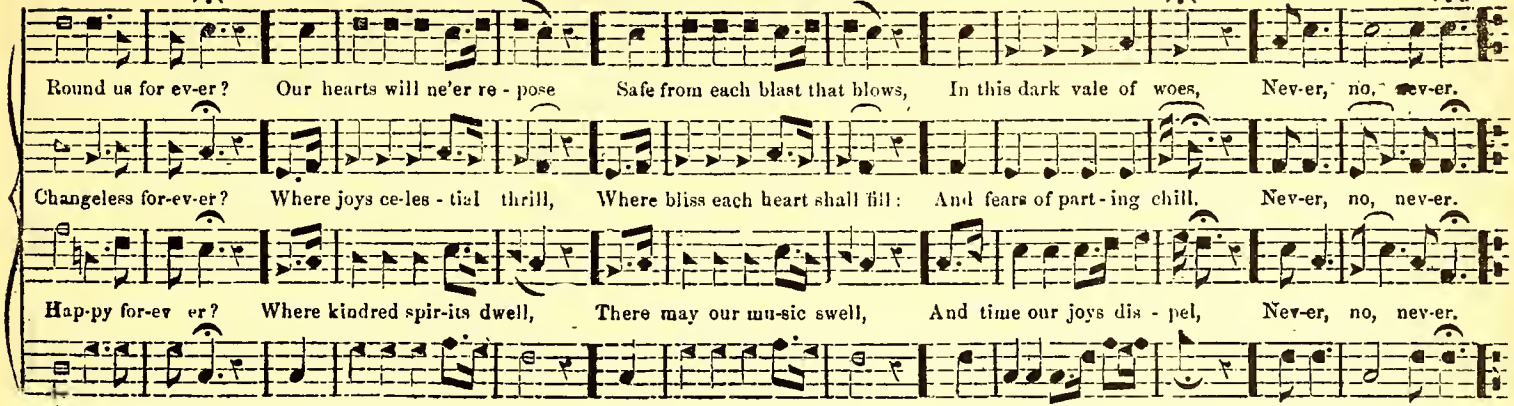
SWEET FRIENDSHIP. 6,5,6,5,6,6,6,5.

1 When shall we meet a-gain? Meet ne'er to sev - er! When will peace wreathe her chain

2 When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's riv-er? When shall sweet friend-ship glow,

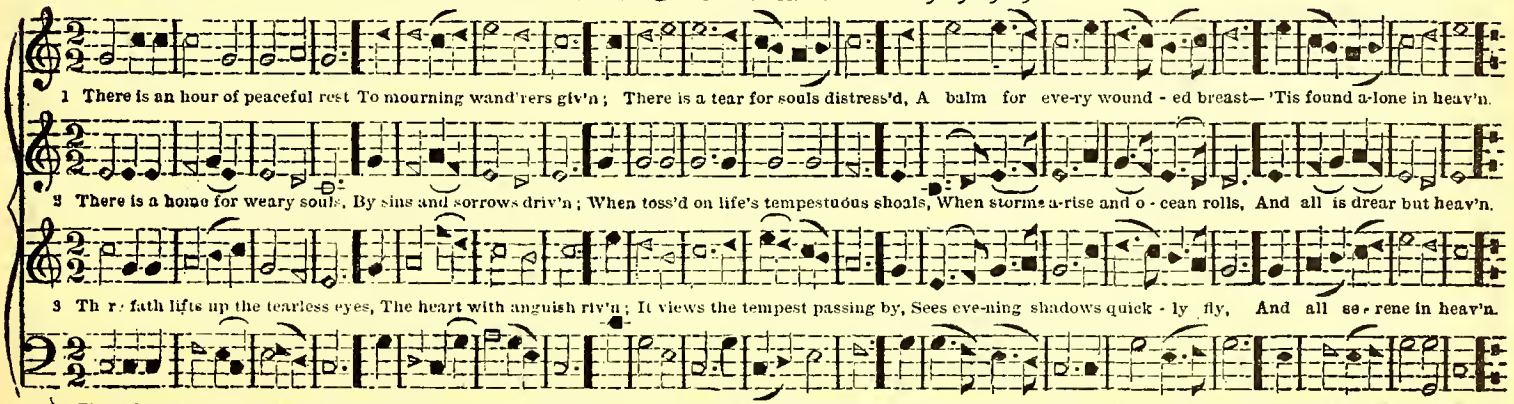
3 Up to the world of light Take us, dear Sa-vior, May we all there u-nite,

4 Soon shall we meet a-gain, Meet ne'er to sever, Soon will peace wreathe her chain



METRE 49.

PEACEFUL REST. 8,6,8,8,6.



METRE 50

TO-DAY. 6,4,6,4.

1 To - day the Sa - vior calls: Ye wand'r-ers, come; O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam.

2 To - day the Sa - vior calls: O hear him now, With - in these sac - red walls To Je - sus bow.

3 To - day the Sa - vior calls. For ref uge fly, The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.

4 The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to his pow'r: Oh, grieve him not a way, The mer - cy's hour

METRE 52.

LOVELY MORNING. 11,11,10,4,11.

1 The last love-ly morn-ing all bloom-ing and fair, Is fast on-ward fleet-ing, and soon will appear, } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day

2 And when that bright morning in splendor shall dawn, Our tears will be end - ed, our sor-rows all gone; } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day

3 The graves will be o-pen'd, the dead will a-rise, And with the Re-deem-er mount up to the skies; } While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump sounds, "Come, come away," O let us be ready, and hail the bright day

HEALING FOUNTAIN. 7,7,7,7,6,6,7,7.

1 See the foun-tain o-pen'd wide, That from pol-lu-tion frees us, Flow-ing from the wound-ed side Of our Im-man-uel Je-sus!

2 Sin-ners, hear the Sa-vior's call, Con-sid-er what you're do-ing; Je-sus Christ can cleanse you all, Will you not come un-to him!

3 Dy-ing sin-ners, come and try; These wa-ters will re-lieve you! With-out mon-ey, come and buy, For Christ will free-ly give you.

4 He who drinks shall nev-er die; These wa-ters fail him nev-er; Sin-ners come, and now ap-ply, And drink and live for-ev-er.

5 Weep-ing Mary, full of grief, Came beg-ging for these wa-ters. Je-sus gave her full re-lief, With Zi-on's sons and daughters.

CHORUS.

Ho! eve-ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa-ters; Free-ly drink and quench your thirst With Zi-on's sons and daugh-ters.

Ho! eve-ry one that thirsts, Come ye to the wa-ters; Free-ly drink and quench your thirst With Zi-on's sons and daugh-ters.

Metre 53.*

HEAVENLY TREASURE. 9,8,9,8,9,8,10,8.

1 Re - lig - ion! 'tis a glo-rious treas - ure; The pur-chase of a Sa - vior's blood; } It calms our fears, it soothes our sor - rows,
It fills the soul with con - so - la - tion, It lifts the thoughts to things a - bove; }

2 While journeying here thro' trib u - la - tion In Chris-tian love we'll march a - long; } Re - lig - ion pure u - nites to - geth - - er,
And while strife severs the am - bi - tious, In Je - sus Christ we'll all be one; }

3 How fleeting—vain—how trans-i - to - ry, This world with all its pomp and show; } But love and grace shall be my sto - ry.
Its vain de-lights and short-lived pleas ures I'll glad - ly leave them all be - low; }
This earth-ly house must be dis - solv - ed, And mor - tal life will soon be o'er; } Re - lig - ion pure will stand for - ev - - - er.
All earth-ly love and earth-ly sor - row, Shall pain my eyes and heart no more; }

It smoothes our way o'er life's rough sea; 'Tis mixed with goodness, meek humble pa - tience; This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.

In bonds of love and makes us free; While end - less a - ges are on-ward roll - - ing, This heav'n - ly por - tion mine shall be.

While I in Christ such beau - ties see: While end - less a - ges are on - ward roll - - ing This heav'n-ly por - tion mine shall be.
And my glad heart shall strength-en'd be, While end - less a - ges are on - ward roll - - ing This heav'n-ly por - tion mine shall be.

* A greater variety of Metres will be continued throughout the Second Part of this work

PART III.

CONTAINING LONGER TUNES, SET PIECES AND ANTHEMS.

"Nor now among the choral harps, in this
The native clime of song, are those unknown,
With higher notes asce ding, who below,
In holy ardor aimed at lofty strains,
True fame is never lost: many whose names
Were honored much on earth, are famous here
For poetry, and with archangel harps
Hold no unequal rivalry in song!
Leading the choirs of heaven, in numbers high,
In numbers ever sweet and ever new."—POLLOK.

METRE 1. ✻ MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. CH. ZEUNER.

1 "Go preach my gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth my grace receive; He shall be saved that trusts my word, And he condemned who'll not be-lieve.

2 "I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove my gos-pel true, By all the works that I have done, By all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Teach all the na-tions my com-mands; I'm with you till the world shall end; All power is trust-ed in my hands; I can de-stroy, and I do-fend.

4 "He awake, and light shone round his head; On a bright cloud to heaven he rode: They to the farthest na-tions spread The grace of their ascend-ing God.

WESTFORD. L. M.

1 Descend from heaven, im-mor-tal Dove, Stoop down and take us on thy wings, And mount and bear us far above The reach of these inferior things; And mount and bear us

2 Adorning saints around him stand, And thrones and pow'rs before him fall; The God shines gracious thro' the man, And sheds sweet glories on them all, The God shines gracious

far a-bove The reach of these in-fe-rior things; Be-yond, be-yond this lower sky, Up where e-ter-nal a-ges roll, Where solid pleasures nev-er die, And fruits im-

tho' the Man, And sheds sweet glories on them all, Oh, what amazing joys they feel While to their golden harps they sing, And sit on every heaven-ly hill, And spread the

mor-tal feast the soul, Oh, for a sight, a pleasant sight, Of our al-might-y Fa-ther's throne; There sits our Savior crown'd with light, Clothed in a body like our own.

tri-umphs of their King, When shall the day, dear Lord, appear, That I shall mount to dwell a-bove, And stand and bow among them there, And view thy face and sing thy love!

METRE 2.

SILOAM. C. M.

1 By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill How fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath be-neath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose.

2 Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se-cret heart with in-fluence sweet Is up-ward drawn to God.

3 By cool Si - lo-am's sha - dy rill The lil - y must de - cay, The rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.

4 And soon, too soon, the wint' - ry hour Of man's ma - tu-rer age Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r And storm-y pas-sion's rage.

5 O thou who giv-est life and breath, We seek thy grace a-lone, In child-hood, man-hood, age and death, To keep us still thine own.

WETHERSFIELD. L. M.

1 Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone, Let my religious hours a-lone; Fain would my eyes my Sa-vior see— I wait a vis-it Lord, from thee!

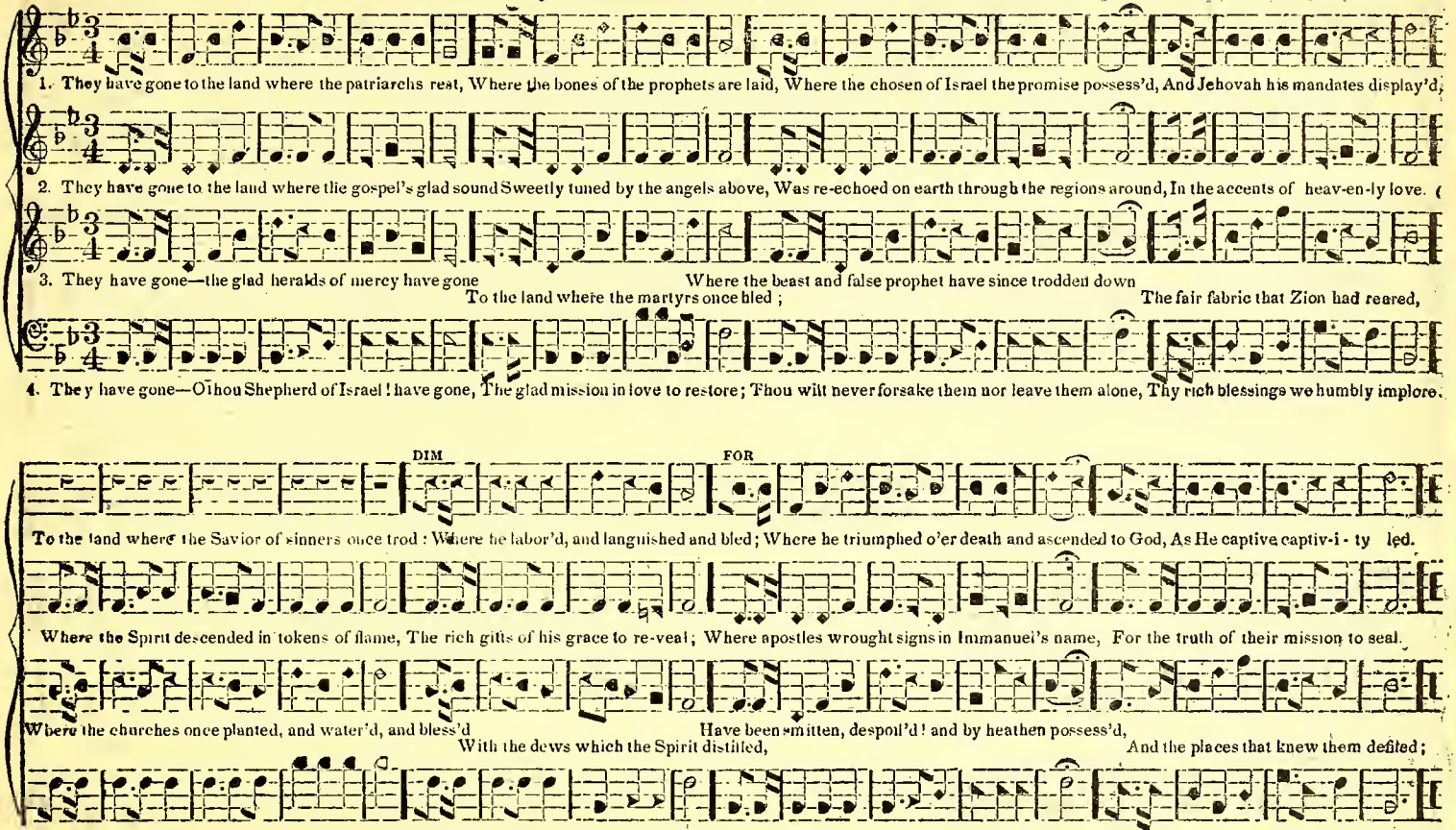
2 Haste then, but with a smi-ling face, And spread the ta-ble of thy grace! Bring down a taste of truth di-vine, And cheer my heart with sacred wine.

My heart grows warm with ho-ly fire, and kin-dles with a warm de-sire; Come, my dear Je-sus, from a-bove, And feed our souls with heav'n-ly love.

Bless'd Je-sus, what de-li-cious fare! How sweet thy en-ter-tain-ments are! Nev-er did an-gels taste a-bove, Re-deem-ing grace and dy-ing love.

The tree of life im-mor-tal stands, In bloom-ing rows at thy right hand, And in sweet mur-murs by thy side, Riv-ers of bliss per-pet-ual glide.

Hail, great Im-man-uel, all di-vine! In thee thy Fa-ther's glo-ries shine, Thou brightest, sweet-est fair-est One, That eyes have seen or an-gels known.


1. They have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest, Where the bones of the prophets are laid, Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd, And Jehovah his mandates display'd;
2. They have gone to the land where the gospel's glad sound Sweetly tuned by the angels above, Was re-echoed on earth through the regions around, In the accents of heav-en-ly love.
3. They have gone—the glad heralds of mercy have gone To the land where the martyrs once bled; Where the beast and false prophet have since trodden down The fair fabric that Zion had reared,
4. They have gone—O thou Shepherd of Israel! have gone, The glad mission in love to restore; Thou wilt never forsake them nor leave them alone, Thy rich blessings we humbly implore.
DIM
FOR
To the land where the Savior of sinners once trod: Where he labor'd, and languished and bled; Where he triumphed o'er death and ascended to God, As He captive captiv-i-ty led.
Where the Spirit descended in tokens of flame, The rich gifts of his grace to re-veal; Where apostles wrought signs in Immanuel's name, For the truth of their mission to seal.
Where the churches once planted, and water'd, and bless'd With the dews which the Spirit distilled, Have been smitten, despoil'd! and by heathen possess'd, And the places that knew them defiled;
Let thy blessings go with them—O be thou their shield From the shafts of the fowler that fly; O thou Savior of sinners! thine arm be revealed, In thy mercy and might from on high.

SPRING. 8,8,8,8,7,7.

1. The voice of my Be - lov - ed sounds, While o'er the moun - tain top he bounds; He flies ex - ult - ing

2. The scat - tered clouds are fled at last—The rain is gone, the win - ter's past, The love - ly ver - nal

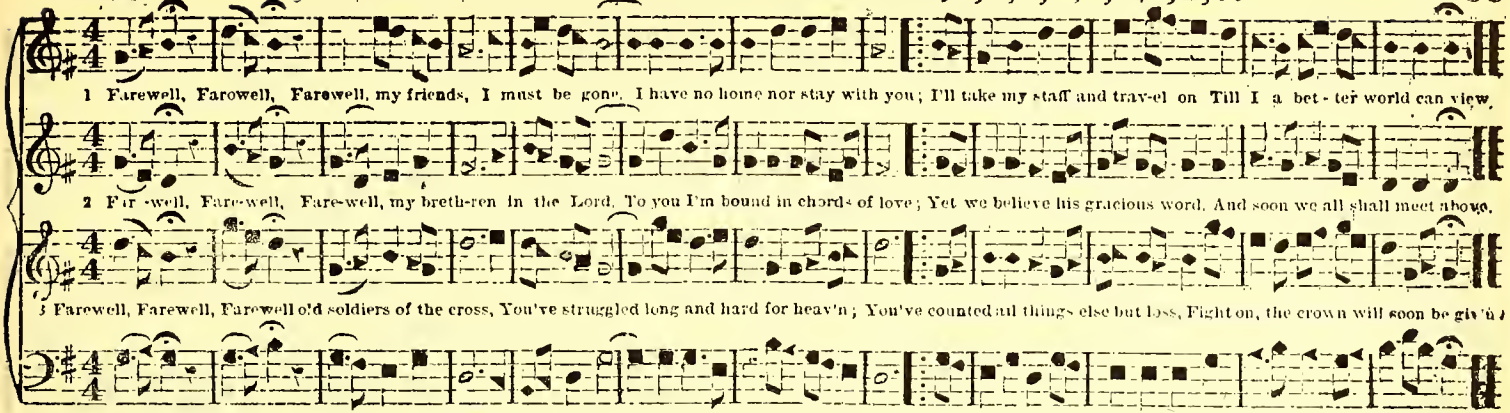
o'er the hills, and all my soul with trans - port fills. Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way!"

SLOW AND SOFT

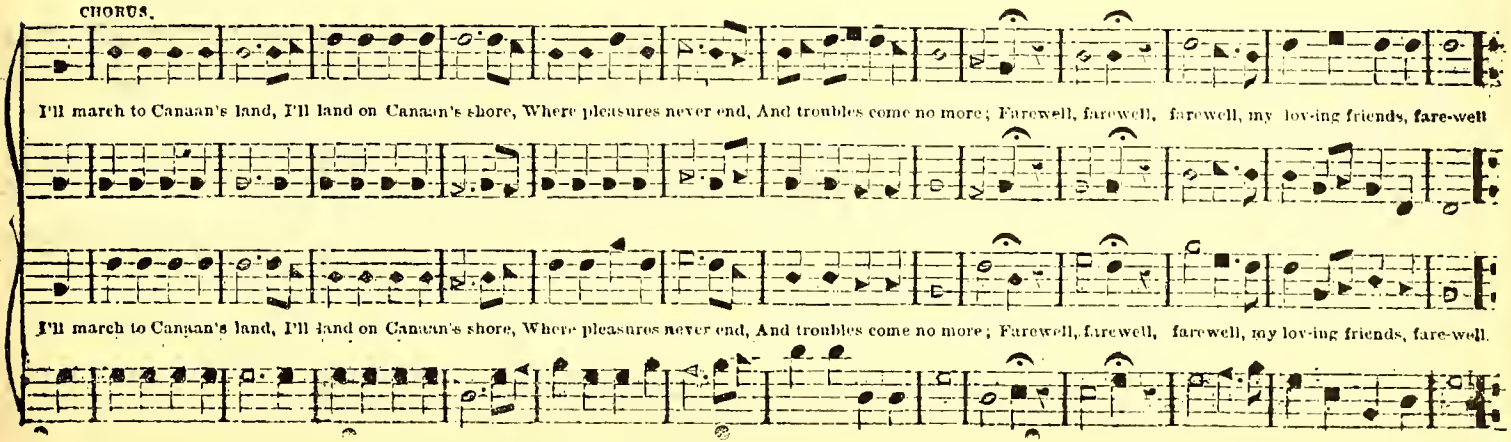
flow'rs ap - pear---The warb' - ling choir en - chants our ear; Now with sweetly pen-sive moan, Coos the tur - tle dove a - lone,

Gent-ly doth he chide my stay, "Rise, my love, and come a - way, Rise— Rise, my love, and come a - way.

Now with sweet-ly pen - sive moan, Coos the tur - tle - dove a - lone, Coos— Coos the tur - tle - dove a - - lone.


1 Farewell, Farewell, Farewell, my friends, I must be gone, I have no home nor stay with you; I'll take my staff and trav-el on Till I a bet-ter world can view.
2 Far-well, Fare-well, Fare-well, my breth-ren in the Lord, To you I'm bound in chords of love; Yet we believe his gracious word, And soon we all shall meet above.
3 Farewell, Farewell, Farewell o'd soldiers of the cross, You've struggled long and hard for heav'n; You've counted all things else but loss, Fight on, the crown will soon be giv'n.
4 Fare-well, Fare-well, Fare-well, ye bloom-ing sons of God, Sore conflicts yet await for you; Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road, Till Canaan's happy land we view.

CHORUS.


I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more; Farewell, farewell, farewell, my lov-ing friends, fare-well
I'll march to Canaan's land, I'll land on Canaan's shore, Where pleasures never end, And troubles come no more; Farewell, farewell, farewell, my lov-ing friends, fare-well.

UNITED PRAISES. 8,6,8,6,8,8,8,6.

1 Sing hal - le - lu - jah, praise the Lord! Sing with a cheer-ful voice; Ex - alt our God with one ac - cord, And in his name re - joice;

2 There we to all e - ter - ni - ty Shall join th' an-gel-ic lays, And sing in per - fect har-mo - ny, To God our Sa-vior's praise;

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ran-som'd host, To Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Till in the realms of end - less light, Your praises shall u - nite.

"He hath re-deemed us by his blood, And made us kings and priests to God; For us, for us the Lamb was slain," Praise ye the Lord! A - men.

PASSIVENESS. 10,8,107,,10,10,7.

1 Shed not a tear o'er your friends' early bier, When I am gone, When I am gone; Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave ov-er me, When I am gone, When I am gone; Sing ye a song if my grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed When I am gone, When I am gone; Breath not a sigh for the blest early dead, When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave; Think who has died his beloved to save; Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have; When I am gone, I am gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer day, Come when the sun sheds its last ling'ring ray, Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away, When I am gone, I am gone.

Praise ye the Lord that I'm freed from all care, Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share, Look ye on high and believe I am there, When I am gone I am gone.

SCOTLAND. 12,12,12,12,14,12.

1 The voice of free grace cries, escape to the moun-tain, For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd a foun-tain; For sin and trans-gres-sion, and eve-ry pol-lu-tion,

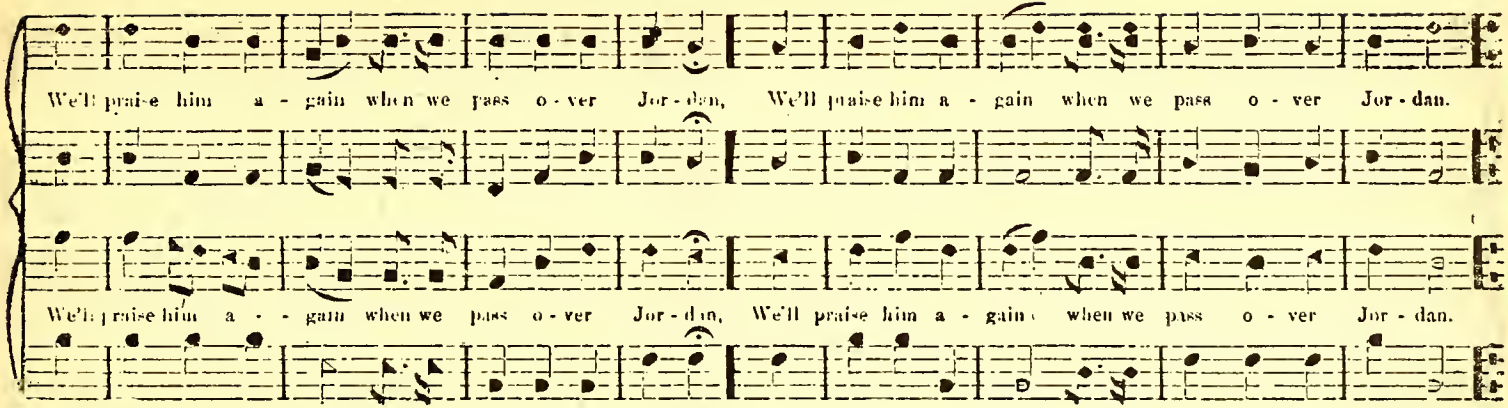
2 Now Jesus our King reigns triumphantly glo-ri-ous—O'er sin, death and hell he is more than vi-to-ri-ous. With shout-ing pro-claim i—O trust in his pas-sion;

3 With joy shall we stand, having gain'd the bles-s'd Canaan; With harps in our hands we with joy shall adore him; We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the river,

His blood flows most free-ly in streams of sal-va-tion. His blood flows most freely in streams of sal-va-tion. Hal le - lu - jah to the Lamb who has pur-chas'd, our par-don.

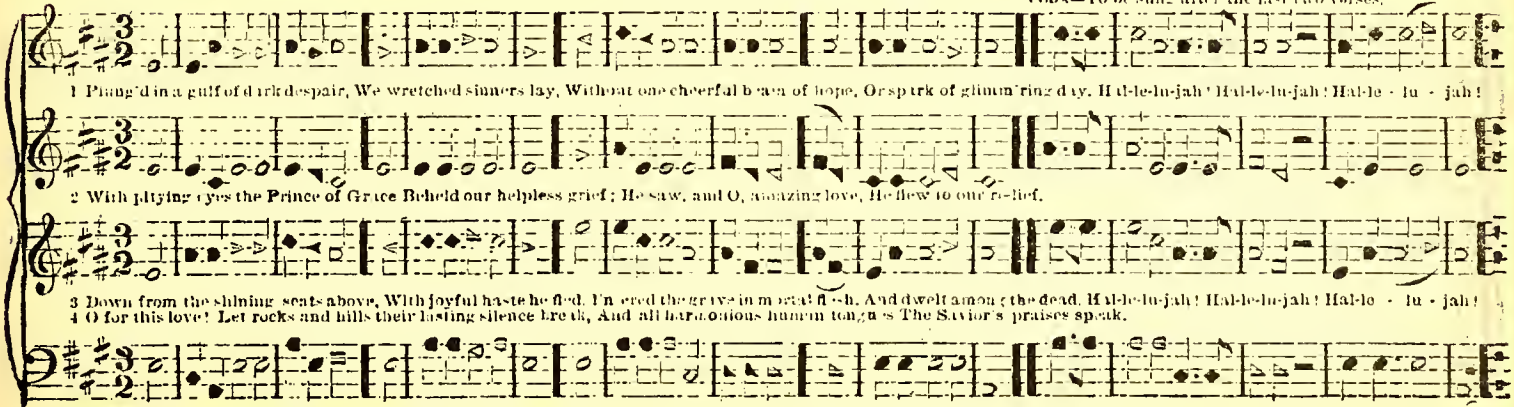
He saves us most free-ly O glorious sal-va-tion! He saves us most free-ly, O glorious sa-va-tion! Hal-le lu - jah to the Lamb who has pur-chased our par-don,

And sing of sal - va-tion for - ev-er and ev-er. And sing of sal-va-tion for ev-er and ev - er. Hal-le lu - jah to the Lamb who has pur-chas'd our par-don.



METRE 2.

AZMON C. M.



PARTING HYMN. 8,6,8,6,6,6.6,8,6.

1 How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel-low-ship of lov :
And tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove:
The good shall meet a - bove, The good shall meet a - bove.

2 Yes, hap-py thought when we are free From earthly grief and pain;
In heaven we shall each oth - er see, And nev-er part a - gain:
And nev - er part a - gain, And nev - er part a - gain,

3 The children who have loved the Lord, Shall hail their teacher there;
And teachers gain the rich re - ward, Of all their toil and care;
Of all their toil and care, Of all their toil and care,

And tho' we part 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy-ful, joy - ful! Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

In heav'n we shall each others see, And nev-er part a - gain. Oh! that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful, Oh! that will be joy - ful, To

And teachers gain the rich re-ward Of all their toil and care.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more, on Ca-naan's hap-py shore, And sing the ev-er - last-ing song with those who've gone before.

meet to part no more, To meet to part no more,..... On Ca-naan's happy shore, And sing the ev-er last-ing song With those who've gone before.

METRE 2.

MANOAH. C. M.

1 Fa - ther! long, I faint to see The place of thine a - bode; I'd leave thine earthly courts, and flee up to thy seat my God!

2 There all the heavenly hosts are seen In shi-ning ranks they move, And drink im-mor-tal vig-or in, With won - der and with love.

3 Fa - ther! I long, I faint to see the place of thine a - bode; I'd leave thine earthly courts, and be For ev - er with my God.

HOME. 11,11,11,11,5,11.

1 'Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture com-plaints, How sweet to my soul is communion with saints: To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room:

2 Sweet bonds that u-nite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Je-sus, whose love cannot cease; Though oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,

3 I sigh from this bod-y of sin to be free, Which hinders my joy and communion with thee: Though now my temp-ta-tions like billows my foam,

4 While here in the val-ley of con-flict I stay, O give me sub-mis-sion and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,

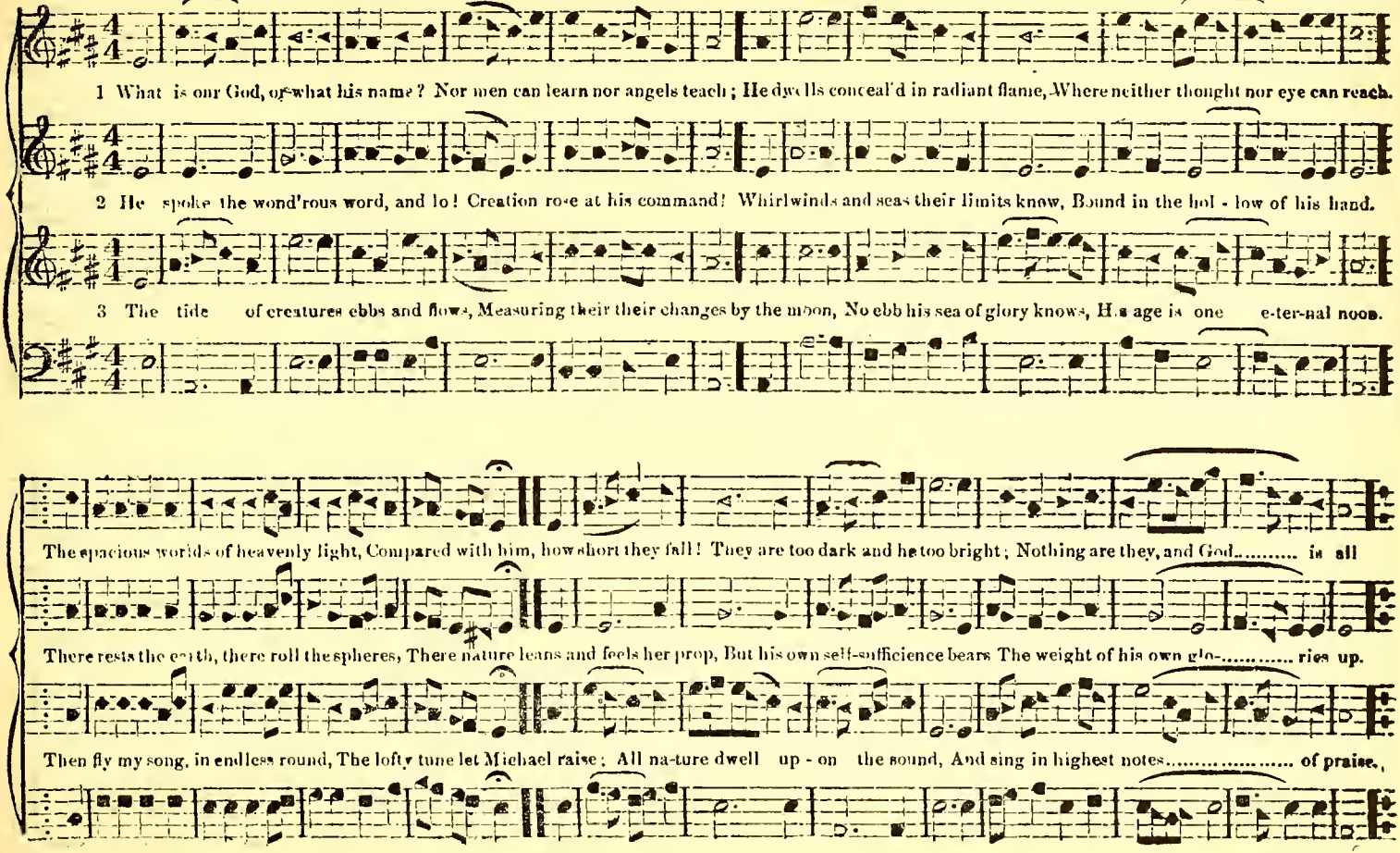
CHORUS.

And feed in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me, dear Sa-vior, in glo-ry, my home.

I long to be-hold thee in glo-ry at home.

All, all will be peace when I'm with thee at home. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Re-ceive me dear Sa-vior, in glo-ry my home.

Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo-ri-ous home.


1 What is our God, or what his name? Nor men can learn nor angels teach; He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame, Where neither thought nor eye can reach.
2 He spoke the wond'rous word, and lo! Creation rose at his command! Whirlwinds and seas their limits know, Bound in the hol - low of his hand.
3 The tide of creatures ebbs and flows, Measuring their their changes by the moon, No ebb his sea of glory knows, His age is one e-ter-nal noon.
The spacious worlds of heavenly light, Compared with him, how short they fall! They are too dark and he too bright; Nothing are they, and God..... is all
There rests the earth, there roll the spheres, There nature leans and feels her prop, But his own self-sufficience bears The weight of his own glo-..... ries up.
Then fly my song, in endless round, The lofty tune let Michael raise; All na-ture dwell up - on the sound, And sing in highest notes..... of praise.

GRACIOUS REWARD. L. M.

1 A poor way-fa - ring Man of grief Has oft - en cross'd me on my way, Who sued so hum-bly for re - lief, That I could nev - er an - swer nay;

2 Once when my scanty meal was spread He en-ter'd; not a word He spake; Just per-ish-ing for want of bread; I gave Him all.—He bless'd it, brake,

3 I spied Him where a fountain burst Clear from the rock, His strength was gone; The heedless waters mock'd his thirst, He heard it, saw it hurrying on,

4 'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew A win-ter hur-ri - cane a - loof— I heard his voice a-broad, and flew To bid Him wel-come to my roof;

I had not pow'r to ask His name, Whith-er He went or whence He came, Yet was there something in his eye, That won my love, I knew not why

And ate, and gave me part again; Mine was an an - gel's por-tion then, For while I fed with ea - ger haste, That crust was man - na to my taste.

I ran and rais'd the Suff'-rer up, Thrice from the stream He drain'd my cup, Dipt and re-turn'd it run-ning o'er: I drank, and nev - er thirst - ed more.

I warm'd—I cloth'd—I cheer'd my Guest, I laid him on my couch to rest, Then made the hearth my bed, and seemed In E-den's gar-den while I dreamed.

1 The ran-som'd spir-it to her home, The clime of cloud-less beau-ty flies;
No more on storm-y seas to roam, She hails her haven in the skies;
But cheerless are the heav'nly fields, The cloud-less clime no

2 The che-rub near the view-less throne Hath smote the harp with trembling hand,
And One with in - sense-fire hath flown To touch with flame th'angelic band;
But tune-less is the quiv'ring string, No mel - o - - dy can

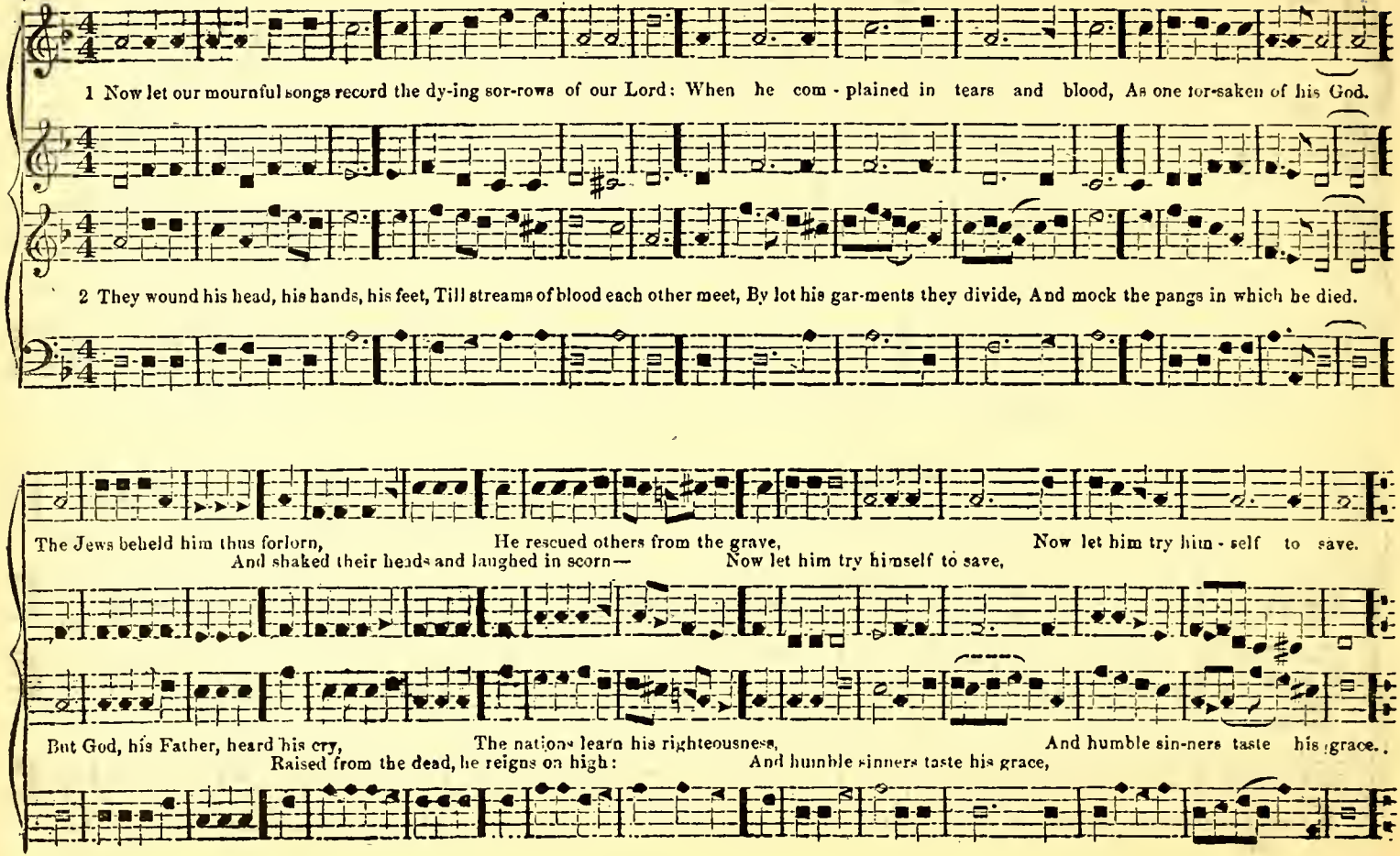
3 Earth, sea, and sky one language speak, In har-mo-ny that soothes the soul:
'Tis hard when sea ce the zeph-yrs wake, And when on thunders, thunders roll;
That voice is heard, and tumults cease, It whis - pers to the

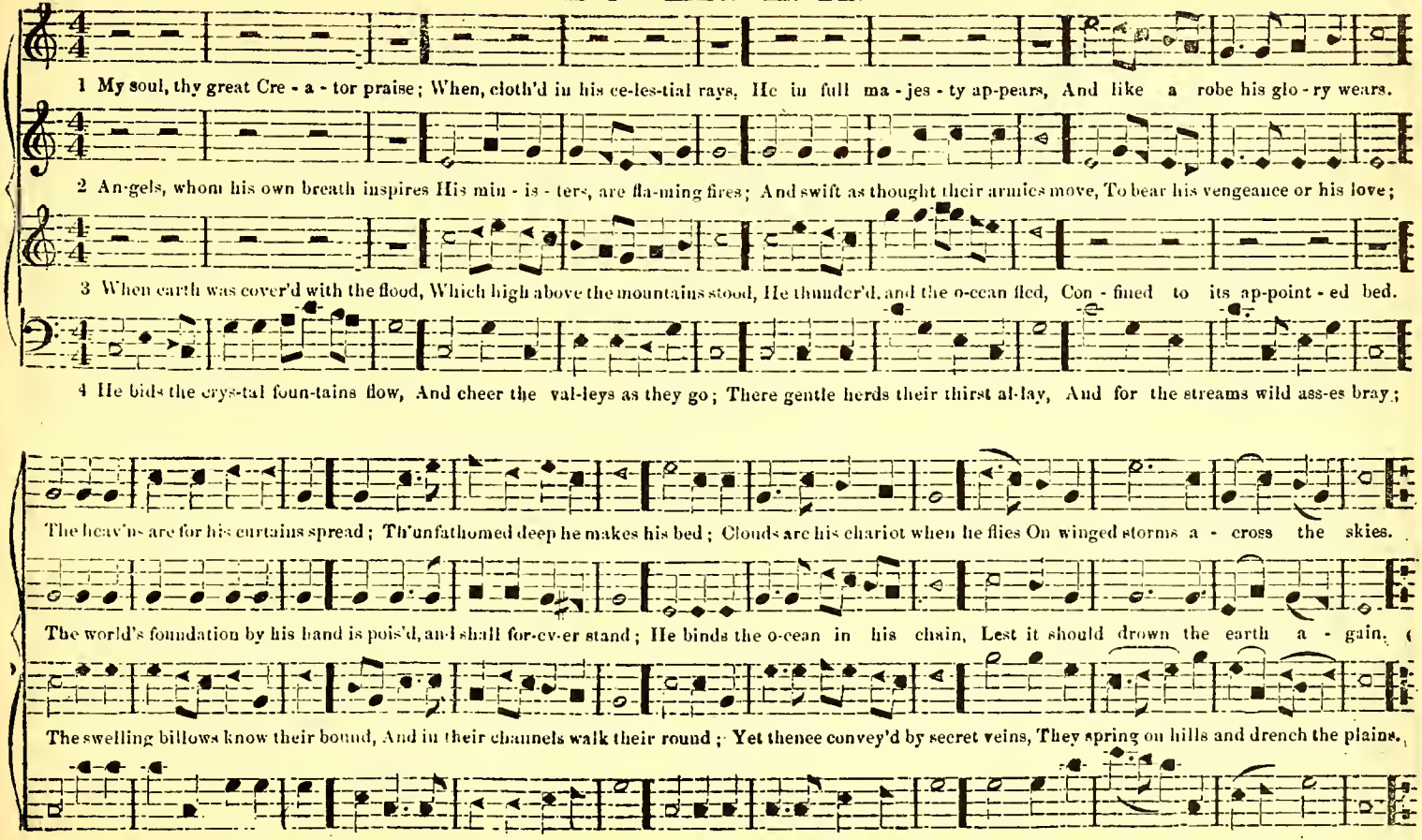
pleas - ure yields, There is no bliss in pow'rs a - bove If thou art ab - sent, ho - ly love, If thou art ab - sent, ho - ly love.

Ga - briel bring, Mute are its arch-es, when a - bove The harps of heav'n wake not to Love, The harps of heav'n wake not to Love!

be - com pose; O speak, In - spir - er from a - bove, And cheer our hearts, ce - les - tial Love, And cheer our hearts, ce - les - - tial Love.

GOLGOTHA. L. M.


1 Now let our mournful songs record the dy-ing sor-rows of our Lord: When he com - plained in tears and blood, As one for-saken of his God.
2 They wound his head, his hands, his feet, Till streams of blood each other meet, By lot his gar-ments they divide, And mock the pangs in which he died.
The Jews beheld him thus forlorn, He rescued others from the grave, Now let him try him - self to save.
And shaked their heads and laughed in scorn— Now let him try himself to save,
But God, his Father, heard his cry, The nations learn his righteousness, And humble sin-ners taste his grace.
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high: And humble sinners taste his grace,


1 My soul, thy great Cre - a - tor praise; When, cloth'd in his ce-les-tial rays, He in full ma - jes - ty ap-pears, And like a robe his glo - ry wears.
2 An-gels, whom his own breath inspires His min - is - ters, are fla-ming fires; And swift as thought their armies move, To bear his vengeance or his love;
3 When earth was cover'd with the flood, Which high above the mountains stood, He thunder'd, and the o-cean fled, Con - fined to its ap-point - ed bed.
4 He bids the crys-tal foun-tains flow, And cheer the val-leys as they go; There gentle herds their thirst al-lay, And for the streams wild ass-es bray;
The heav'ns are for his curtains spread; Th'unfathomed deep he makes his bed; Clouds are his chariot when he flies On winged storms a - cross the skies.
The world's foundation by his hand is pois'd, and shall for-ev-er stand; He binds the o-cean in his chain, Lest it should drown the earth a - gain.
The swelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by secret veins, They spring on hills and drench the plains.
From pleasant trees which shad he brink, The lark and linnet light to drink; Their songs the lark and linnet raise, And chide our si-lence in his praise.

Metre 1.

SOCIAL BAND. L. M.

1 Say now, ye love-ly so-cial band, Who walk the way to Canaan's land,
Ye who have fled from Sodom's plain, Say, do you wish to turn a-gain?
Have you just ventured to the field, Well armed with helmet, sword and shield,

2 Be-ware of pleas-ure's sy-ren song, A - las! it cannot soothe thee long:
It can-not qui - et Jor-dan's wave, Nor cheer the dark and silent grave!
Oh let your thoughts delight to soar Where earth and time shall be no more,

And shall the world with dread alarms Compel you now to ground your arms!

Explore by faith the heav'nly fields, And pluck the fruit that Canaan yields.

Metre 1.

LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.

1 A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

2 He saw me ru-in'd in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all;

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,

4 When trouble, like a gloom-y cloud, Hath gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He just-ly claims a song from thee, His loving kind-ness, oh how free, His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His loving kindness, oh how free!

He saved me from my lost es-tate, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how great! His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kindness, oh how great!

He safe-ly leads my soul a-long, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how strong! His lov-ing kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how strong!

He near my soul has al-ways stood, His lov-ing kind-ness, oh how good! His loving kind-ness, loving kindness, His loving kindness, oh how good!

LOUD HALLELUJAH. L. M.

1 Loud hal-le-lu-jah to the Lord, From distant worlds, where creatures dwell; Let heav'n be-gin the solemn word, And sound it dreadful down to hell.

2 High on a throne his glo-ry dwells, An aw-ful throne of shi-ning bliss; Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell How dark thy beams compared to his.

3 Mor-tals, can you refrain your tongue, When na-ture all a-round you sings? O for a shout from old and young, From humble swains and lofty kings!

4 Je-ho-vah 'tis a glorious word! O may it dwell on eve-ry tongue! But saints who best have known the Lord, Are bound to raise the noble song.

LOUD HALLELUJAH—Continued.

The Lord, how ab - so-lute he reigns, Let eve - ry an - gel bend the knee; Sing of his love in heav'nly strains, And speak how fierce his terrors be.

A - wake ye tempests, and his fame In sounds of dreadful praise de-clare; Let the sweet whisper of his name Fill eve - ry gen-tle breeze of air.

Wide as his vast do - min-ion lies, Make the cre - a - tor's name be known, Loud as his thunder shout his praise-And sound it lof - ty as his throne.

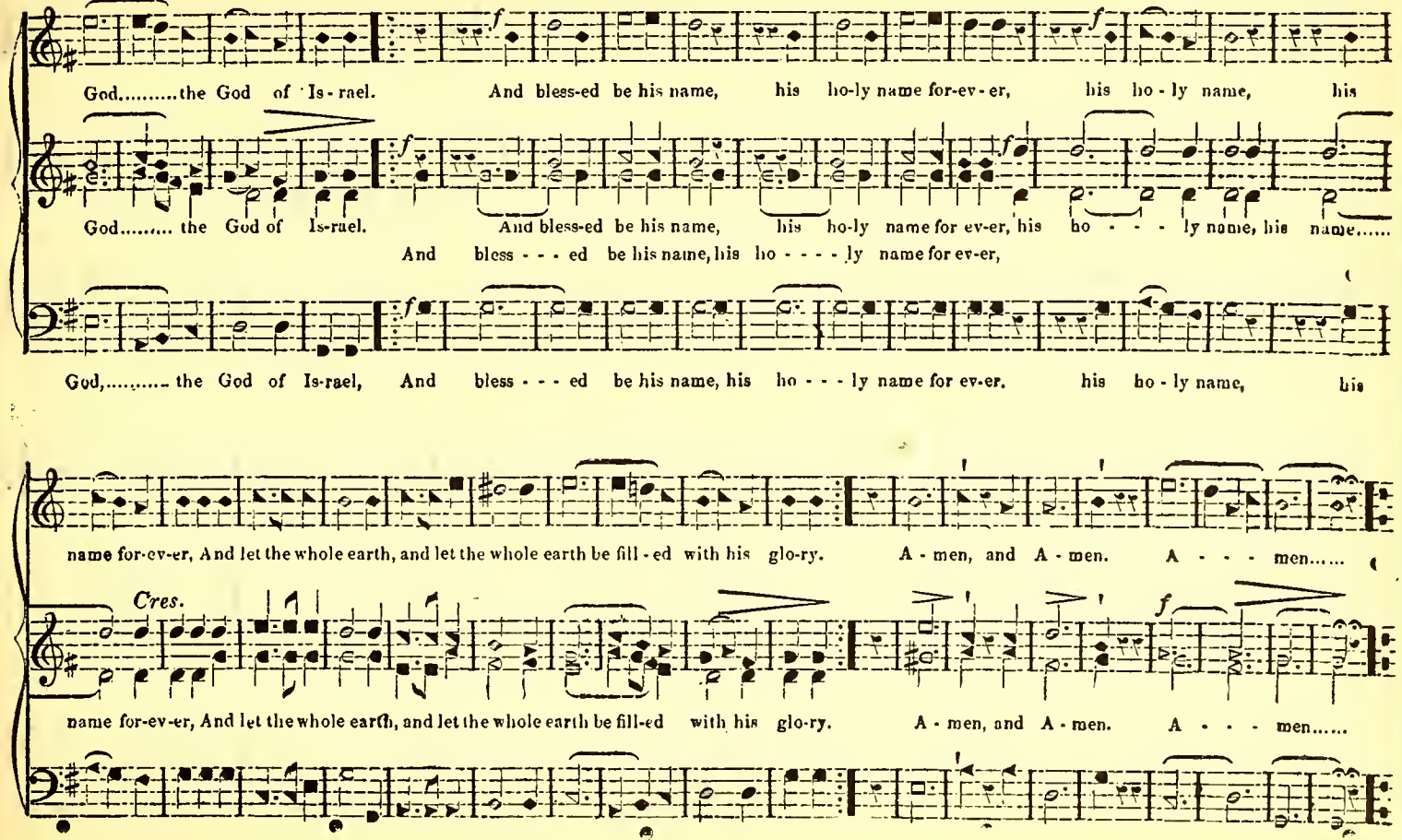
Speak of the wonders of that love Which Ga-briel plays on eve - ry chord, From all be-low and all a - bove Loud Hal - le - lu-jahs to the Lord.

ANTHEM. "Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel."

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Is-rael, Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Is - rael, Bless-ed, Bless-ed, Bless-ed be the Lord

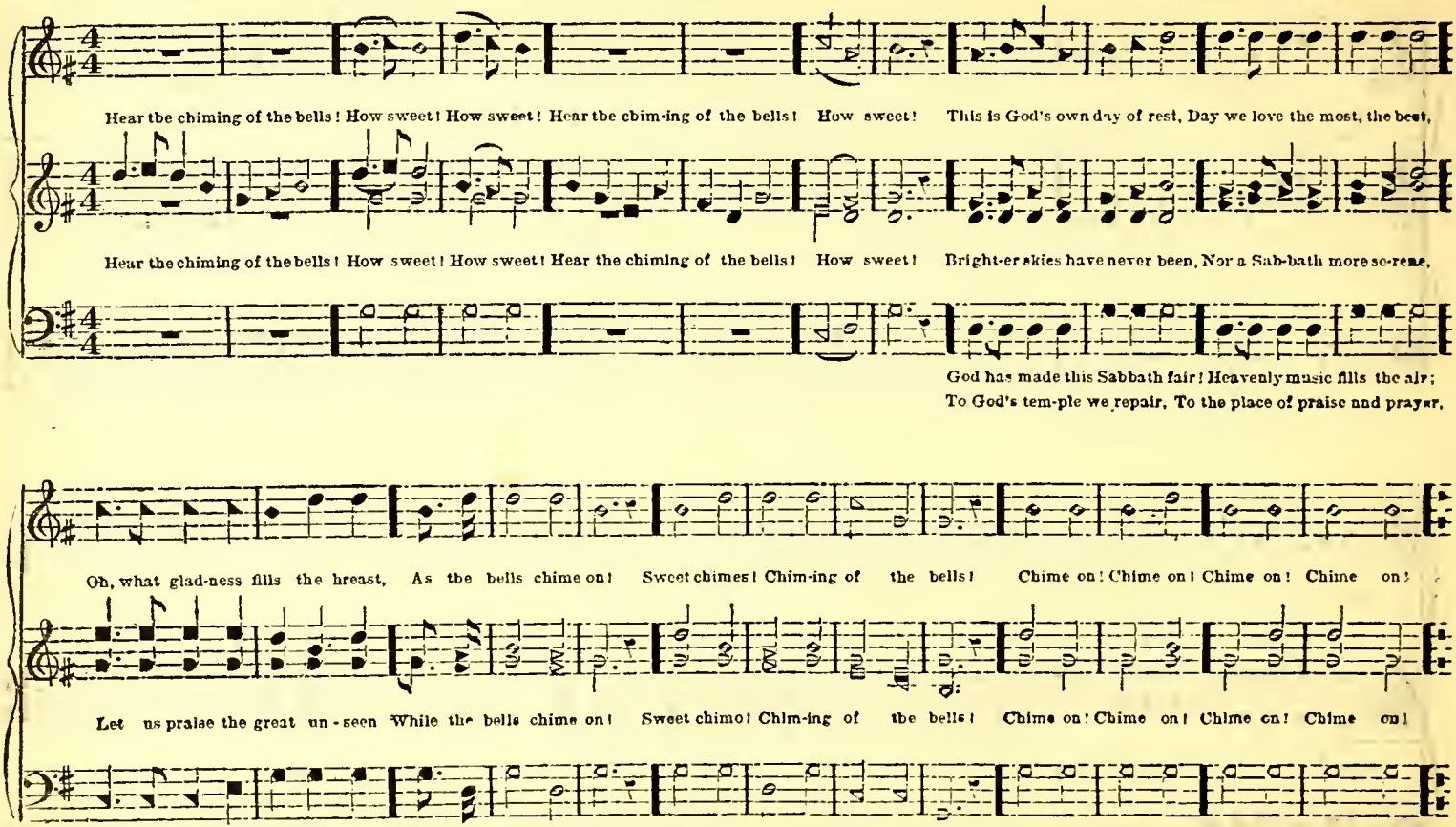
fm *fm*

Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Is-rael, Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Is - rael, Bless-ed, Bless-ed, Bless-ed be the Lord


God.....the God of Is-rael. And bless-ed be his name, his ho-ly name for-ev-er, his ho-ly name, his
God..... the God of Is-rael. And bless-ed be his name, his ho-ly name for ev-er, his ho - - - ly name, his name.....
And bless - - - ed be his name, his ho - - - - ly name for ev-er,
God,..... the God of Is-rael, And bless - - - ed be his name, his ho - - - ly name for ev-er. his ho - ly name, his
name for-ev-er, And let the whole earth, and let the whole earth be fill-ed with his glo-ry. A - men, and A - men. A - - - men.....
Cres.
name for-ev-er, And let the whole earth, and let the whole earth be fill-ed with his glo-ry. A - men, and A - men. A - - - men.....

THE SABBATH DAY.

A. N. JOHNSON.



1 Hail the day that saw him rise Rav - ish'd from our wish - ful eyes: Christ awhile to mor-tals giv'n, Re - as-cends his na-tive heav'n,

2 Hie though high-est heav'n re-ceives, Still he loves the earth he leaves; Tho' re-turn-ing to his throne, Still he calls man-kind his own;

3 Mas ter (may we ev - er say,) Ta - ken from our head to day, See, thy faithful servants, see, ev - er ga - zing up to thee;

4 Ev - er Up-ward let us move, Waft-ed on the wings of love, Look-ing when our Lord shall come, Longing for our blessed home.

There the pompous triumph waits; lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates, Wide un-fold the ra - diant scene, Take the King of glo - ry in.

Still for us he in-ter - cedes; Prev - a - lent his death he pleads; Next him-self pre-pares our place, Har - bin - ger of hu-man race.

Grant, tho' part-ed from our sight, High a - bove your a - zure height, Grant our hearts may thither rise, Fol - lowing thee be-yond the skies.

There we shall with thee remain, Partner of thine end - less reign, There thy face unclouded see, find our heav'n a heav'n in thee.

HOLY! LORD GOD OF SABAOTH! (Sentence.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the maj - es - ty of thy glo - ry!

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of the ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sa - ba - oth! Heav'n and earth are full of th ma - jes - ty of thy glo - ry!

f

Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, O Lord most high.

f

Glo-ry be to thee— Glo-ry be to thee— to thee, to thee, O Lord most high.

f

Glo-ry be to thee— Glo - ry be to thee— to thee, to thee, O Lord, most high.

REST. S. M.

1 Like No - ah's wea - ry dove, that soar'd the earth a - round, But not a rest - ing place a - bove The cheer-less wa-ters found.

2 O cease, my wander-ing soul, On rest-less wing to roam; All the wide world, to ei - ther pole, Has not for thee a home.

3 Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door; Has-ten to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul no more.

4 There safe shalt thou a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest, And eve - ry long-ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.
5 And when the waves of ire, A - gain the earth shall fill, The ark shall ride the sea of fire; Then rest on Si - on's hill.

METRE 49.

WOODLAND. 8,6,8,8,6.

1 There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'rers giv'n; There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for eve-ry wounded breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n.

2 There is a home for wea-ry souls, By sins and sor-rows driv'n, When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals, Where storms a-rise and ocean rolls, And all is drear but heav'n.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye, The heart with anguish riv'n; It views the tempest passing by, Sees eve-ning shad-ows quick-ly fly, And all se-rene in heav'n.

4 There fragrant flow'rs immortal bloom, And joys supreme are giv'n, There rays divine disperse the gloom; Beyond the dark and narrow tomb, Appears the dawn of heav'n.

STREAM OF DEATH. 8,8,4,8,84.

1 There is a stream whose nar-row tide The known and un-known worlds di-vide, Where all must go; Its wave-less wa - ters

2 I saw when at the drea - ry flood, A smi-ling in - fant prat-ling stood Whose hour had come; Un - taught of ill he

3 Fol - low'd with lan-guid eye a - non, A youth dis - eased, and pale and wan, And there a - lone; He gazed up - on the

4 And then a form in man-hood strength Came bust-ling on till then at length He saw life's bound; He shrunk and raised the

dark and deep, 'Mid sul - len si - lence down-ward sweep, With moanless flow.

near'd the tide, Sunk as to cra - dle rest and died, Like go - ing home.

lead - en stream, And fear'd to plunge, I heard a scream, And he was gone:

bit - ter pray'r, "Too late"—his shriek of wild de-spair The wa-ters drowned.

5 Next stood upon the surgeless shore
A being bowed by many a score
Of toilsome years;
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,
Back turned his dimming eyes, and sank,
Ah, full of fears.

6 How bitter must thy waters be,
O death! how hard a thing, ah me!
It is to die;
I mused, when to that stream again,
Another form of mortal men,
With smiles drew nigh.

7 "'Tis the last pang," he calmly said,
"To me, O death! thou hast no dread;
Savior I come!
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore,
I see, ye waters, bear me o'er,
There is my home."

1 Let me go where saints are go-ing To the man-sions of the blest: Let me go where my Re-deem - er Has pre-pared his peo-ple's rest.

2 Let me go where none are wea-ry, Where is raised no wail of woe; Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the rap-tures an-gels know.

3 Let me go, why shou'd I tar - ry What has earth to bind me here? What but cares, and toils, and sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear?

4 Let me go where tears and sighing Are for - ev - er-more un-known, Where the joy-ous songs of glo - ry, Call us to a hap - pier home.

I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell forever more, I would join the friends that wait me O - ver on the oth - er shore.

Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal, Lures my soul a - way, a - way, And the vic - tor's song tri - umph-ant Thrills my heart, I can - not stay.

Let me go for hopes most cher-ished, Blasted round me oft - en lie; O! I've gath-ered bright-est flow-ers, But to see them fade and die.

Let me go—I'd cease this dy - ing I would gain life's fair - er plains, Let me join the my - riad harp - ers, Let me chant their rapt'rous strains.

* ALBEN. 8's & 5.

1 When our hearts are bow'd with woe; When our bit - ter tears o'er - flow; When we mourn the lost, the dear, Gra - cious Sa - vior, hear.

2 Thou our fee - ble flesh hast worn; Thou our mor - tal griefs hast borne; Thou hast shed the hu - man tear, Gra - cious Sa - vior, hear.

3 When the heart is sad with - in, With the thought of all its sin; When the spir - it sh i ks with fear, Gra - cious Sa - vior, hear.

METRE 80.

BILLOW. 8,6,8,4.

1 Star of peace, to wand'rers weary, Bright the beams that smile on me; Cheer the pilot's vision dreary; Far, far at sea, Cheer the pilot's vis-ion dreary, Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow, Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sailor's lonely pillow, Far, far at sea, Bless the sail-or's lone-ly pil-low, Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking All his toil, he flies to thee; Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea, Save him on the billows rocking, Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine, O safely guide him, Bring the wand'rer home to thee; Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea, Sore temptations long have tried him, Far, far at sea.

1 Sweet as the shepherd's tune-ful reed, From Zi - - - on's mount I heard the sound; Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,

2 Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan, Hath taught..... these rocks the notes..... of woe: Cease thy complaint, sup-press thy groan,

3 Come, free-ly come, by sin op-press'd, Un - bur-..... den here the weight - y load, Here find thy ref-uge and thy rest,

4 As spring the winter, day the night, Peace, sor-..... row, gloom hath chased a - way, And smiling joy, a ser-aph bright,

And glad-.....-den'd na-ture smil'd a - round; The voice of peace sa-lutes mine ear, Christ's love-.....-ly voice per-fumes the air.

And let..... thy tears for-get to flow; Be-hold the pre-cious balm is found, To lull thy pain, to heal thy wound.

Safe on..... the bo-som of thy God! Thy God's thy Sa-viors, glo-rious word, That sheathes..... th' A-veng-er's glitt'ring sword.

Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay; While glo-ry weaves th' im-mor-tal crown, And waits to claim thee for her own.

ARCHDALE. C. M.

1 Fa-ther, how wide thy glories shine, How high thy wonders rise, Known thro' the earth by thousand signs, By thousands thro' the skies! Those mighty orbs pro-

2 Part of thy na-me di - vine-ly stands, On all thy crea-tures writ; They show the labor of thy hands, Or im press of thy feet: But when we view thy

3 Here the whole De - i - ty is known, Nor dares a crea-ture guess Which of the glories brightest shine, The justice or the grace. Now the full glo-ries

4 O may I bear some humble part In that im-mor - tal song, Wonder and joy shall tune my heart, And love command my tongue. To Father, Son and

FORZ.

claim thy pow'r, Their mo-tions speak thy skill, And on the wings of eve-ry hour, We read thy patience still, And on the wings of every hour, We read thy patience still.

strange design To save rebellious worms. Where vengeance and compassion join In their divinest forms; Where vengeance and compassion join In their divinest forms.

of the Lamb, Adorn the heavenly plains; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try their choicest strains; Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name, And try, &c.

Ho - ly Ghost, Who sweet - ly all a - gree To save a world of sin-ners lost, E - ter-nal glo - ry be; To save a world of sinners lost, E - ter-nal glo-ry be.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promi-se are? Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height See the glory-beaming Star! Watchman! does its beauteous ray

2 Watchman! tell us of the night? High-er yet that star ascends; Trav'ler! blessedness and light, Peace and truth its course portends; Watchman! will its beams alone

3 Watchman! tell us of the night? For the morning seems to dawn! Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and terror are withdrawn; Watchman! let thy wand'rings cease,

CHORUS.

Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day, Prom-is'd day of Is-ra-el! Trav'-ler! yes, it brings the day, Prom-is'd day of Is-ra-el.

Gild the spot that gave thee birth? Trav'ler! ages are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth! Trav'-ler! a-ges are its own, See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Hie thee to thy qui-et home; Trav'ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come Trav'-ler! lo! the Prince of Peace, Lo! the Son of God is come

METRE 65.

THE CHARIOT. 11,12,12,12.

1 The chariot! The chariot! its wheels roll in fire, As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire! Lo! selfmoving it drives on its pathway of cloud,

2 The glo-ry! The glo-ry! a-round him are pour'd Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord; And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,

The trumpet! The trumpet! the dead have all heard: Lo! the depth of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd, From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,

4 The judgment! The judgment! the thrones are all set, Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met; There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,

And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

And there all who the palm-leaves of vic-to-ry wear

All the vast gen-e-ra-tions of man are come forth.

And the doom of e-ter-ni-ty hangs on his word.

METRE 66.

THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION 8,8,8,8,8,8,9.

1 Hear the roy-al proc la ma-tion, The glad ti-dings of sal-va-tion,

2 See the roy-al ban-ner fly-ing, Hear the her-alds loud-ly cry-ing,

3 Turn un-to the Lord most ho ly, Shun the path of vice and fol-ly,

4 Here is wine, and milk and hon-ey, Come and pur-chase without mon-ey

Publishing to ev-e-y crea-ture, To the ruined sons of na-ture,

"Rebel sin-ners roy-al fa-vor Now is of-fered by the Sa-vior," Je-sus reigns, he reigns victorious, O-ver heaven and earth most glorious, Je-sus reigns.

Turn, or you are lost for-ev-er: O! now turn to God your Sa-vior.

Mercy flowing like a fountain, Streaming from thy holy mountain.

METRE 2.

WOODSTOCK C. M.

1 There is an hour of hal-low'd peace For those with cares op-pres'd, Where sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here an-noy; Then they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a-gain in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet re-pose, Where storms assail no more; The stream of end-less pleas-ure flows, On that ce-lestial shore.

4 There pu-ri-ty with love ap-pears, And bliss with-out al-loy; There they who oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a-gain in joy.

METRE 2.

COMMUNION. C. M.

1 How sweet and aw - ful is the place, With Christ with-in the doors,
While ev-er - last - ing love dis - plays The choicest of her stores:
Here ev-ry bow-el of our God, With soft com-pas-sion rolls.....

2 While all our hearts and all our songs Join to ad-mire the feast,
Each of us cry with thank-ful tongues, Lord why was I a guest?
Why was I made to hear thy voice, And enter while there's room,

3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast, That sweet-ly forced us in,
Else we had still re - fused to taste, And per-ish'd in our sin.
Pit - y the na-tions, O our God! Constrain the earth to come,

Here peace and par-don bought with blood, Is food for dy-ing souls.

When thousands make a wretched choice; And rath-er starve than come.

Send thy vic-to-ri-ous word a-broad, And bring the stranger home.

METRE 2.

FELICITY. C. M.

1 Earth has engross'd my love to long, 'Tis time I lift mine eyes Up-ward, dear Father,

2 Ser-aphs with el-e-va-ted strains, Cir-cle the throne around! And move and charm the

3 Hark! how beyond the narrow bounds Of time and place they ran; And echoes in ma-

4 O sacred beauties of the man (The God re-sides with-in!) His flesh all pure with-

5 Then all at once to liv-ing strains, They summon ev-ry chord; Tell how he triumph'd

to thy throne, And to my native skies; There the blest Man, my Savior, sits, The God how bright he shines, And scatters in-fi-nite delight On all the happy minds.

starry plains, With an immortal sound, Jesus the Lord their harps employs: Jesus my love, they sing; Jesus the life of both our joys, Sounds sweet from every string.

jestic sounds, The God-head of the Son! And now they sink the lofty tune, And gentler notes they play; And bring the Father's Equal down, To dwell in humble clay.

out a stain; His soul without a sin; But when to Calvary they turn, Silent their harps abide; Suspended songs a moment mourn The God that loved and died.
o'er his pains, And chant the rising Lord: Now let me mount and join their song, And be an angel too: My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue, Here's joyful work for you.

METRE 67.

GOD IS LOVE. 6,5,6,5,3.

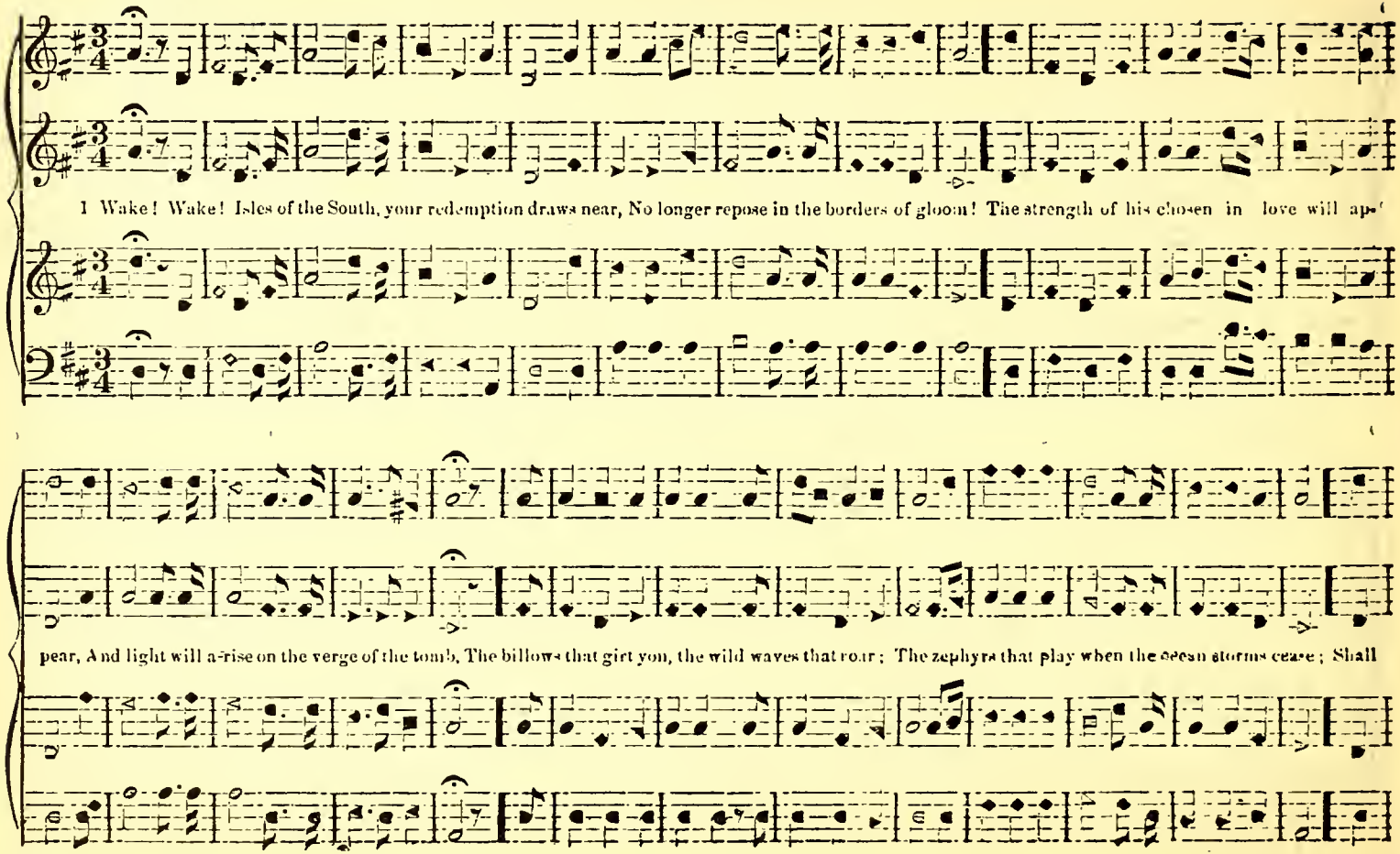
1 Lo, the heav'ns are breaking. Pure and bright above: Life and light are a - wak - - ing. Mur-mur, God is Love, God is love.

2 Round you pine-clad mountain flows a gold-en flood; Here the sparkling foun - - tain, Whis-per God is good, God is good.

3 See the stream-let bounding Through the vale and wood, Hear its rip-ples sound - ing, Mur-mur, God is good, God is good.

4 Wake, my heart, and springing, Spread thy wings a-broad; Soar-ing still and sing - ing, God is ev - er good, Ev - er good.

GOSPEL ILLUMINATION. 4 lines 11's.



waft the glad sound to your des-o-late shore; Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace, Shall waft the glad tidings of pardon and peace. The heathen will hasten to

welcome the time: The day-spring the prophet in vis-ion once saw; When the beams of Mes-si-ah will il-lu-mine each clime, And the isles of the o-cean will

wait for his law, And the Isles of the o-cean will wait for his law. On the regions that sit in the darkness of night, The land of de-spair to ob-liv-ion a prey;

The morn-ing will o-pen with heal-ing and light, The glad Star of Beth-le-hem will brighten to-day. The glad Star of Beth le-hem will bri,hten to-day

* HAYDN'S CHANT.

ALLEGRO. LAGATO.

1 The Lord Je - ho - vah reigns, And roy - al state main-tains, His head with aw - ful glo - ries crowned; Ar - ray'd in robes of

2 Let floods and na - tions rage, And all their powers en-gage; Let swell - ing tides as - sault the sky: The ter - rors of thy

LEGATO.

light Girt with his sov - reign might, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round, And rays of ma - jes - ty a - round.

frown, Shall beat their mad-ness down; Thy throne for - ev - er stands on high, Thy throne for - ev - er stands on high.

* DEDICATION ANTHEM.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea-tures here be - low;

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him all creatures here be-low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,

Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow, Praise him, all creatures here be - low, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low.

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,

Praise him a bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host, Praise him a - bove,

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host,

Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host,

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - - - ther, Son, and Ho - - - - ly Ghost, Praise

Praise him a - bove, praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise

BOLD.

Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost. Praise Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Fa - ther, Son . . . . . and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost, Praise Fa - ther, Son, ... and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah; hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

What shall I ren-der un-to the Lord, For all his ben-e-fits toward me? I will take the cup, the cup of sal-va-tion,

f

What shall I ren-der un-to the Lord, For all his ben-e-fits toward me? I will take the cup, the cup of sal-va-tion,

What shall I ren-der un-to the Lord, For all his ben-e-fits to-ward me? I will take the cup, the cup of sal-va-tion,

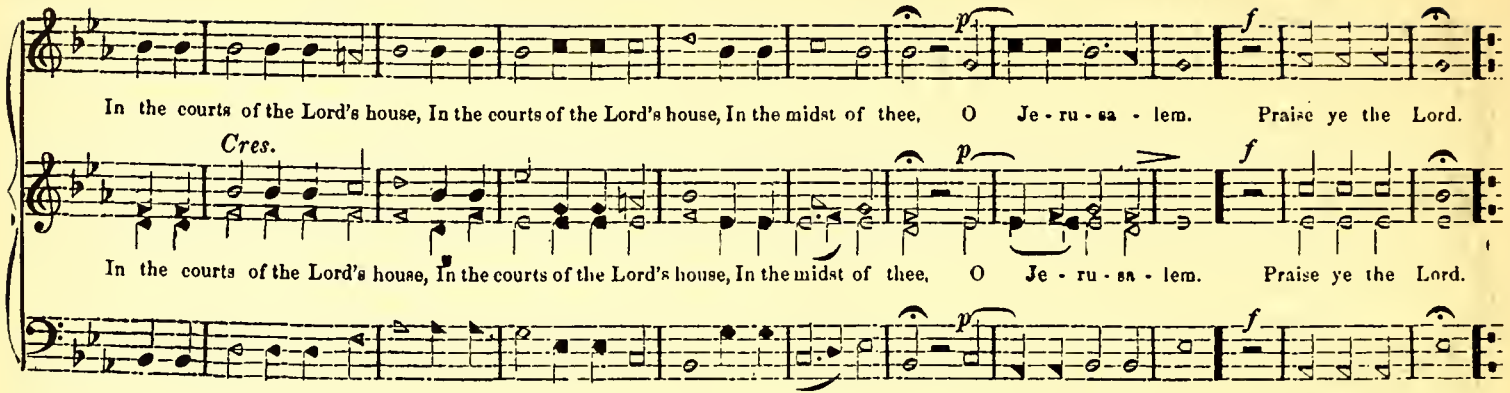
And call up-on the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows, will pay my vows unto the Lord, Now in the pres-ence of all his people,

For. *Dim.*

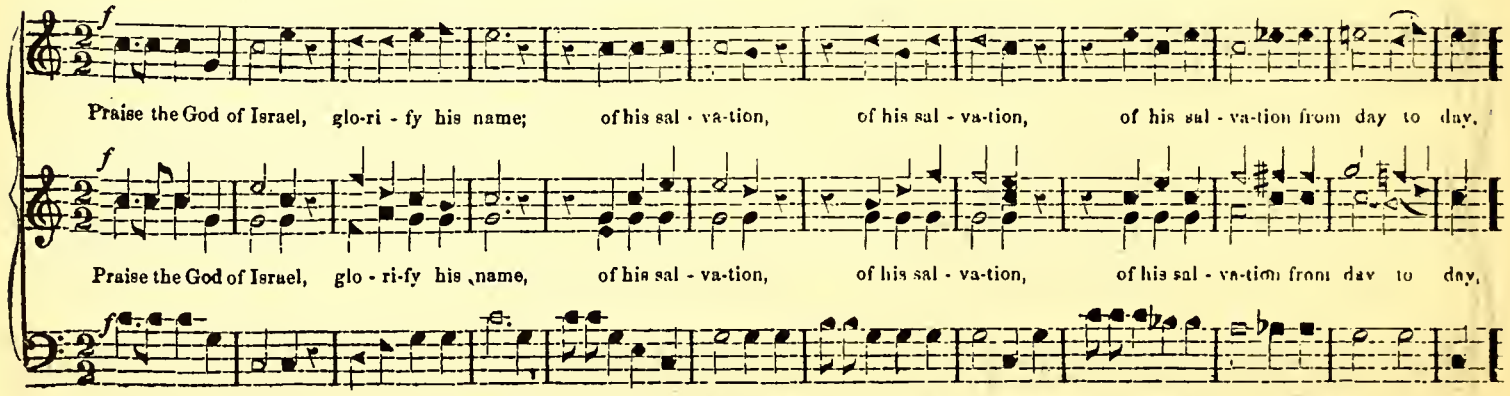
And call up-on the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows, will pay my vows unto the Lord, Now in the pres-ence of all his people,

And call up-on the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows, will pay my vows unto the Lord, Now in the pres-ence of all his people,

MOTTET: "What Shall I Render."—Continued.



CHORUS-ANTHEM: "Praise the God of Israel."



for he is mer-..... ci-ful and gra-.....cious, He hath redeemed Je - ru-sa-lem, mer-ci-ful and gra-cious, mer-ci-ful and gracious,

he is mer-ci - ful andgracious He hath re-
he is mer - ci-ful mer-ci-ful and gra-cious, He hath redeemed Je-ru-sa-lem, for he is mer-ci-ful and gracious, is mer-ci-ful and gra-cious.

He is mer-ci - ful, mer-ci-ful and gracious, He hath redeemed Je-ru-sa - lem, mer - ci-ful and gra-cious, mer-ci-ful and gracious,

He hath re-deem-ed Je - ru - - - - sa - lem, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, ev - er more, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name for - ev - er more.

He hath redeem-ed Je - ru-sa-lem- ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name, ev-er more, ex - alt his name, ex-alt his name for ev - er more.

He hath re-deem-ed Je - ru - - - sa - lem, ex - alt his name, ex - alt his name ev-er more, ex-alt his name, ex-alt his name for - ev - er more.

HEAVENLY VISION.

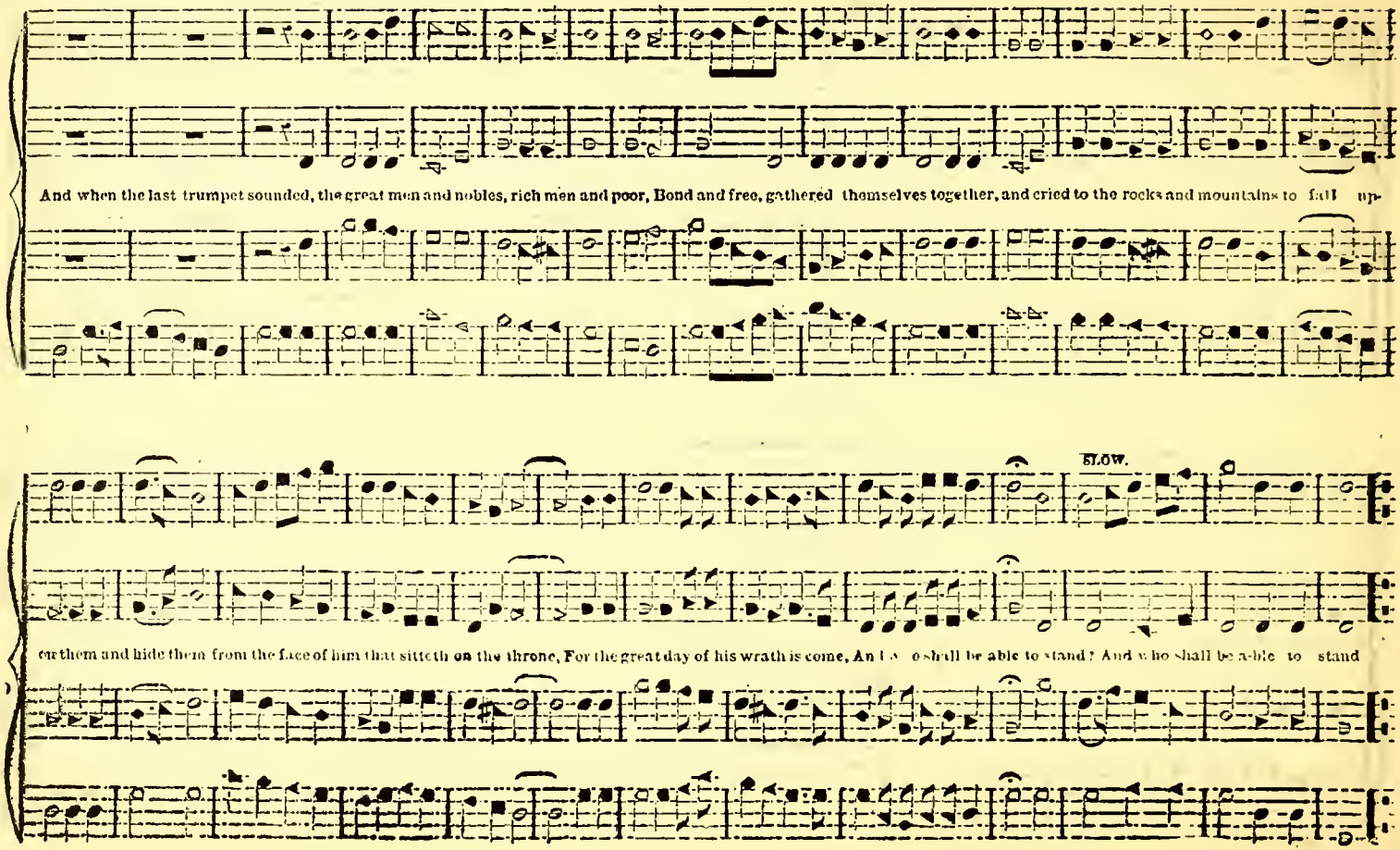
1 I beheld and lo! a great multitude which no man could number, Thousands of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand, Thousands of thousands and ten thousand times ten

SLOW.

thou-sand, Stood before the Lamb, And they had palms in their hands; And they rest not day nor night, Saying, ho - ly, ho - ly, ho-ly, Lord God Al - might - y Which

Was, and is, and is to come, Which was, and is and is to come. And I heard a might-y an - gel fly..... ing through the midst of heav'n

say-ing with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, woe..... be un - to the earth by rea-son of the trum-pet which is yet to sound,


And when the last trumpet sounded, the great men and nobles, rich men and poor, Bond and free, gathered themselves together, and cried to the rocks and mountains to fall up-
SLOW.
on them and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, For the great day of his wrath is come, And who shall be able to stand? And who shall be able to stand

CHRISTIAN HOPE. C. M

1 My soul would fain in - dulge a hope, to reach the heaven-ly shore, And when I drop this dy - ing flesh, That I shall sin no more;

2 I hope to hear and join the song, That saints and an-gels raise, And while e - ter - nal a - ges roll, To sing e - ter - nal praise;

3 But oh—this dread - ful heart of sin, It may de-ceive me still, And while I look for joys a - buve, May plunge me down to hell;

4 Come, then, O bless - ed Je - sus, come, To me thy Spir - it give; Shine thro' a dark, be - night-ed soul And bid a sin - ner live;

That I shall sin no more, That I shall sin no more; And when I drop this dy - ing flesh, That I shall sin no more,

To sing e - ter - nal praise, To sing e - ter - nal praise; And while E - ter - nal a - ges roll, To sing e - ter - nal praise.

May plunge me down to hell, May plunge me down to hell; And while I look for joys a - bove, May plunge me down to hell.

And bid a sin - ner live, And bid a sin - ner live; Shine thro' a dark be - night - ed soul, And bid a sin-ner live.

PISGAH. C. M.

1 When I can read my ti - tles clear To man-sions in the skies, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear And wipe my weeping eyes,

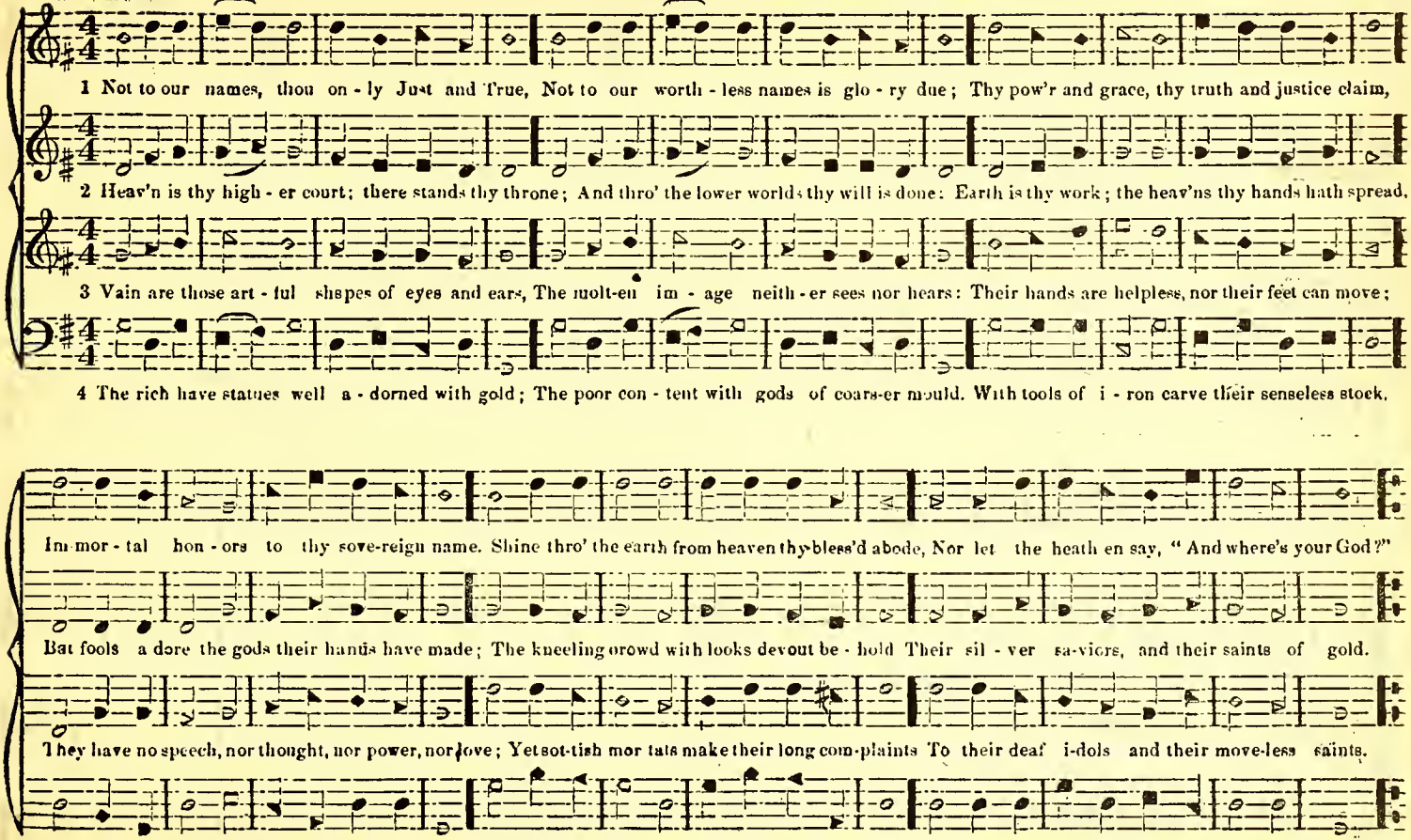
2 Should earth a-gainst my soul en - gage, And heli-ish darts be hurl'd, Then I can smile at Sa tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world;

3 Let cares like a wild del-uge come, And storms of sor-row fall, May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all,

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep-ing eyes, I'll bid fare-well to eve - ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes,

And face a frown-ing world, And face a frown - ing world, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

My God, my heav'n, my all, My God, my heav'n, my all, May I but safe-ly reach my home, My God, my heav'n, my all.


1 Not to our names, thou on - ly Just and True, Not to our worth - less names is glo - ry due; Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice claim,
2 Heav'n is thy high - er court; there stands thy throne; And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done: Earth is thy work; the heav'ns thy hands hath spread,
3 Vain are those art - ful shapes of eyes and ears, The molt-en im - age neith - er sees nor hears: Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move;
4 The rich have statues well a - dorned with gold; The poor con - tent with gods of coars-er mould. With tools of i - ron carve their senseless stock,
Im-mor - tal hon - ors to thy sove-reign name. Shine thro' the earth from heaven thy bless'd abode, Nor let the heath en say, "And where's your God?"
But fools a dore the gods their hands have made; The kneeling crowd with looks devout be - hold Their sil - ver sa-viors, and their saints of gold.
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love; Yet sot-tish mor tals make their long com-plaints To their deaf i-dols and their move-less saints.
Hew'd from a tree or bro-ken from a rock; Peo - ple and priests drive on the sol - emn trade, And trust the gods that saws and ham-mers made.

Metre 2.

RESIGNATION. C. M.

1 And let this fee-ble bod - y fail, And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale. And soar to worlds on high;
Shall join the dis-em - bod - ied saint, And find its long-sought rest,

2 In hope of that im-mor - tal crown, I now the cross sus - tain;
And glad - ly wan - der up and down; And smile at toil and pain;
I'll suf - fer on my three-score years, Till my de - liv'r-er come,

3 Oh! what hath Je-su - bought for me! Be - fore my ravish'd eyes,
Riv - ers of lite di-vine I see, And trees of Par - a - dise;
I see a world of spir - its bright, Who taste the pleasures there

(That on - ly bliss for which it pants,) In the Redeemer's breast.

And wipe a - way his ser-vant's tears, And take his ex - ile home.

They all are robed in spot less white, And conq'ring palms they bear.

Metre 2.

LINGHAM. C. M.

1 O for a thous-and tongues to sing, My great Redeemer's praise,

2 My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, Assist me to pro-claim,

3 Je - sus, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sor-rows cease,

4 He breaks the pow'r of can-cell'd sin, He sets the pris'ner free;

My great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of his grace.

As - sist me to pro-claim, To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The honors of, the honors of thy name, The honors of thy name, The hon - ors of thy name.

That bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace, 'Tis life and health and peace.

He sets the pris'ner free; His blood can make the foul - est clean—His blood avails, his blood avails for me, His blood avails for me, His blood a - vails for me.

Metre 2.

ZERAH. C. M

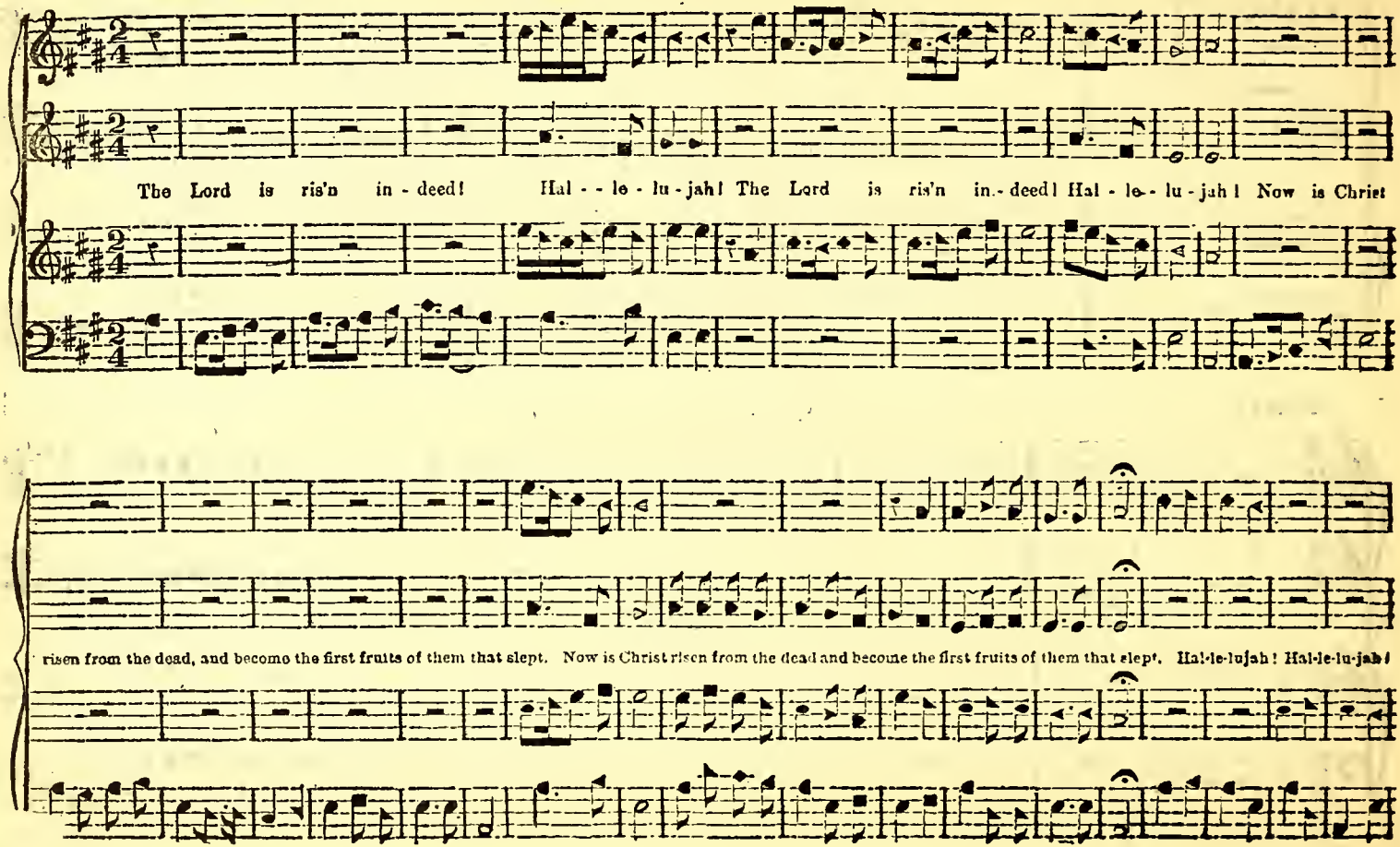
1 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n; Him shall the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n, Him all the tribes of earth obey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.

2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For evermore adored, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great and mighty Lord, The Wonderful, the Counsellor, The great, &c.

3 His pow'r increasing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know, Justice shall guard his throne above, And peace abound below, Justice shall guard, &c., And peace, &c.

4 To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n—The Wonderful, the Counsellor, Thy mighty Lord of heav'n, The Wonderful, the Counseller, The mighty Lord of heav'n

EASTER ANTHEM.



And did he rise? And did he rise?

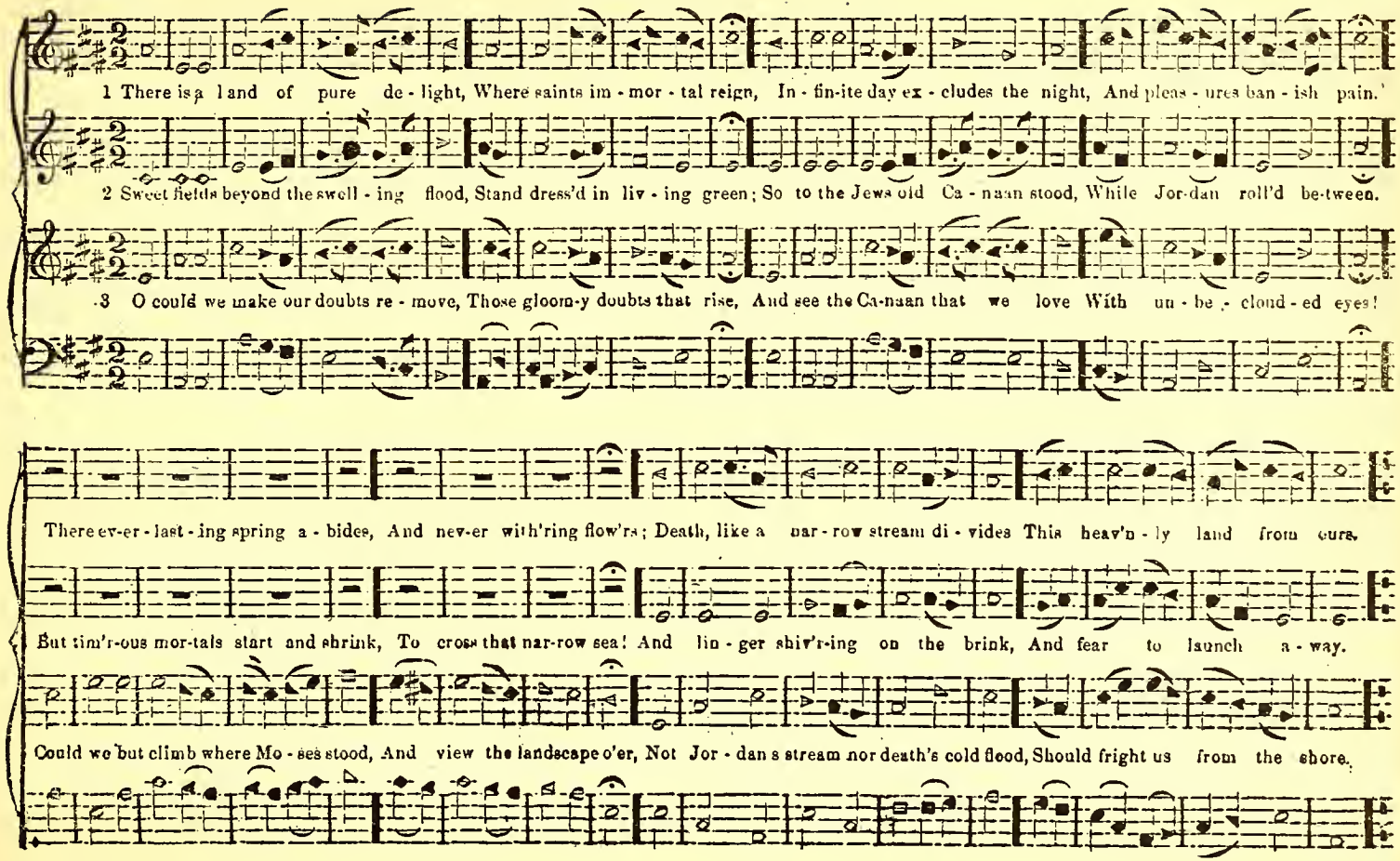
Hal - le - lu - jah And did he rise? And did he rise? Did he rise? Hear it ye nations, hear it, O ye dead! He

And did he rise?..... And did he rise?..... He rose, He rose,

rose, He rose; He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, He burst the bars of death, And triumph'd o'er the grave. Then, Then, Then, I rose, Then I rose,

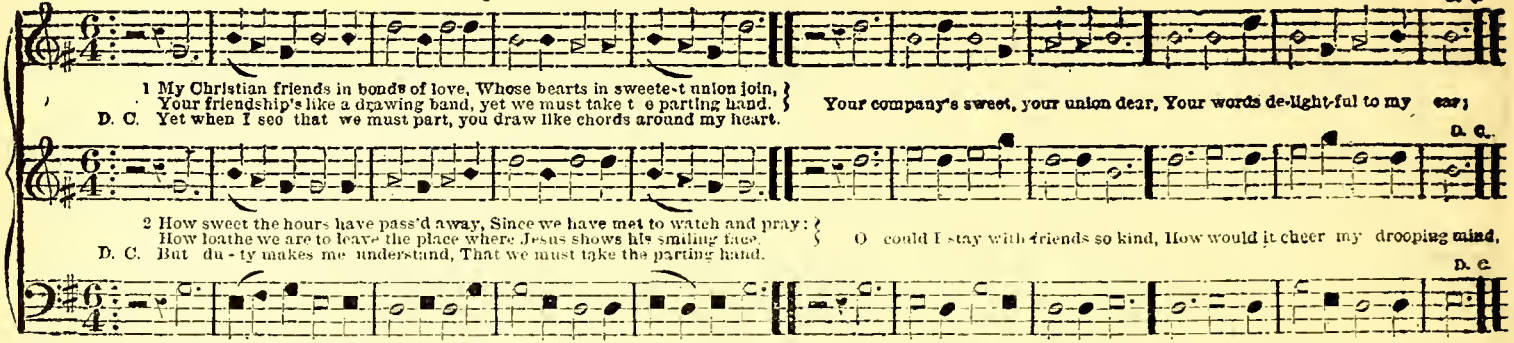
Then I rose, Then I rose; Then first hu-man-i-ty tri - umph-ant pass'd the crys-tal ports of light, And seized e-ter - nal youth. Man, all immortal,

hail! hail! heav-en all lav-ish of strange gifts to man, Thine all the glo-ry, Man's the boundless bliss, Thine all the glo - ry, Man's the boundless bliss.


1 There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign, In - fin-ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain.
2 Sweet fields beyond the swell - ing flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green; So to the Jews old Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan roll'd be-tween.
3 O could we make our doubts re - move, Those gloom-y doubts that rise, And see the Ca-naan that we love With un - be - cloud - ed eyes!
There ev-er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev-er with'ring flow'rs; Death, like a nar - row stream di - vides This heav'n - ly land from ours.
But tim'r-ous mor-tals start and shrink, To cross that nar-row sea! And lin - ger shiv'r-ing on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jor - dan s stream nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

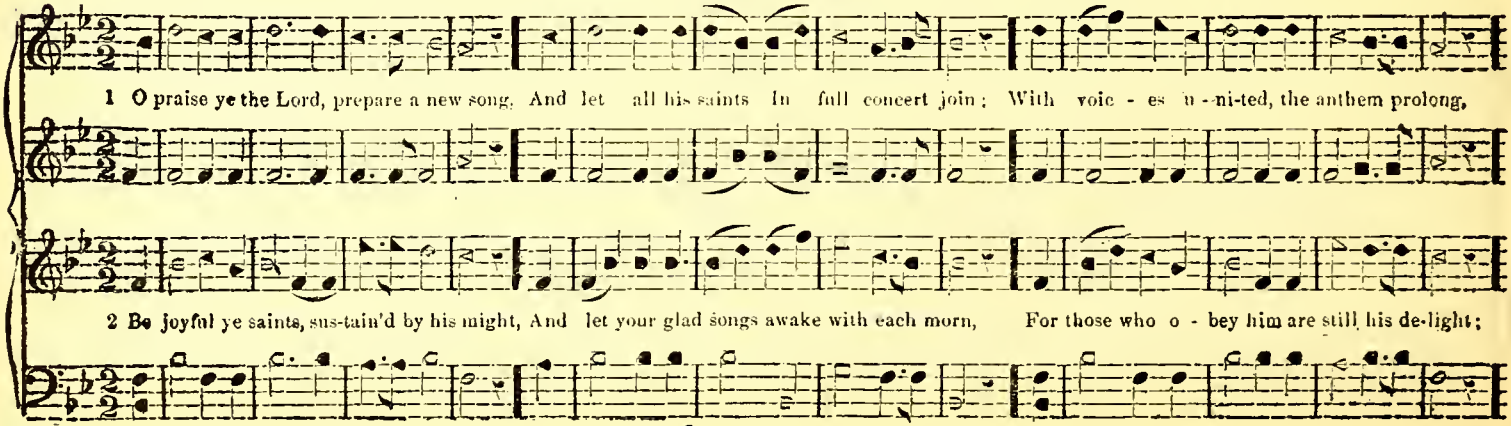
METRE 1

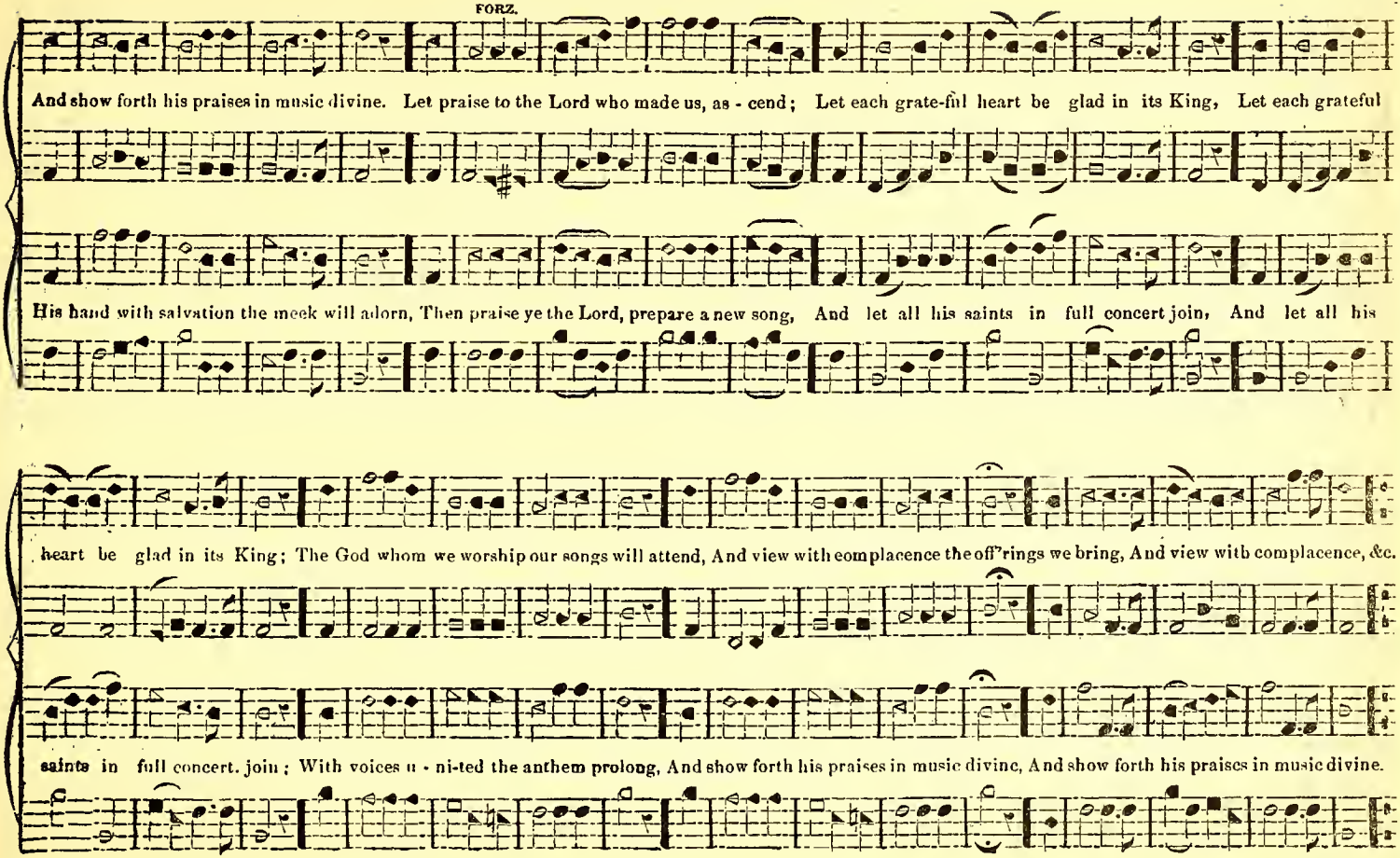
PARTING HAND. L M.



METRE 10.

WURTEMBURG. 10,10,11,11.




FORZ.
And show forth his praises in music divine. Let praise to the Lord who made us, as - cend; Let each grate-ful heart be glad in its King, Let each grateful
His hand with salvation the meek will adorn, Then praise ye the Lord, prepare a new song, And let all his saints in full concert join, And let all his
heart be glad in its King; The God whom we worship our songs will attend, And view with complacence the off'rings we bring, And view with complacence, &c.
saints in full concert. join; With voices u - ni-ted the anthem prolong, And show forth his praises in music divine, And show forth his praises in music divine.

SALVATION. C. M

1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts re-volve, Come with your guilt and fears oppress'd, And make this last resolve; "I'll go to Je-sus, though my sins Have like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll

2 "Prostrate I'll lie be-fore his throne, And there my guilt confess; I'll tell him I'm a wretch un-done With-out his sov'reign grace; I'll to the gracious King approach, Whose sceptre pardon gives, Perhaps he may com-

3 "Per-haps he will admit my plea, Perhaps will hear my pray'r; But if I per-ish I will pray, And per-ish on - ly there; "I can but per-ish if I go, I am re-solved to try; For if I stay a-

en - ter in What - ev - er may op - pose.

mand my touch, And then the suppliant lives.

way, I know I must for - ev - er die."

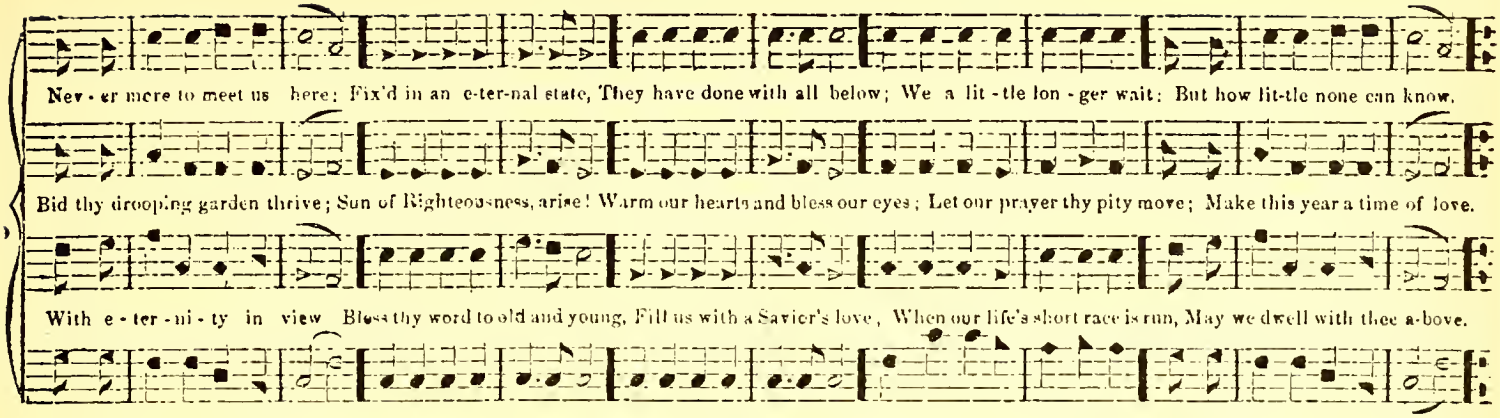
METRE 5.

BENEVENTO. 4 lines 7's.

1 While with ceaseless course the sun, Hasted thro' the for-mer year, Many souls their race have run,

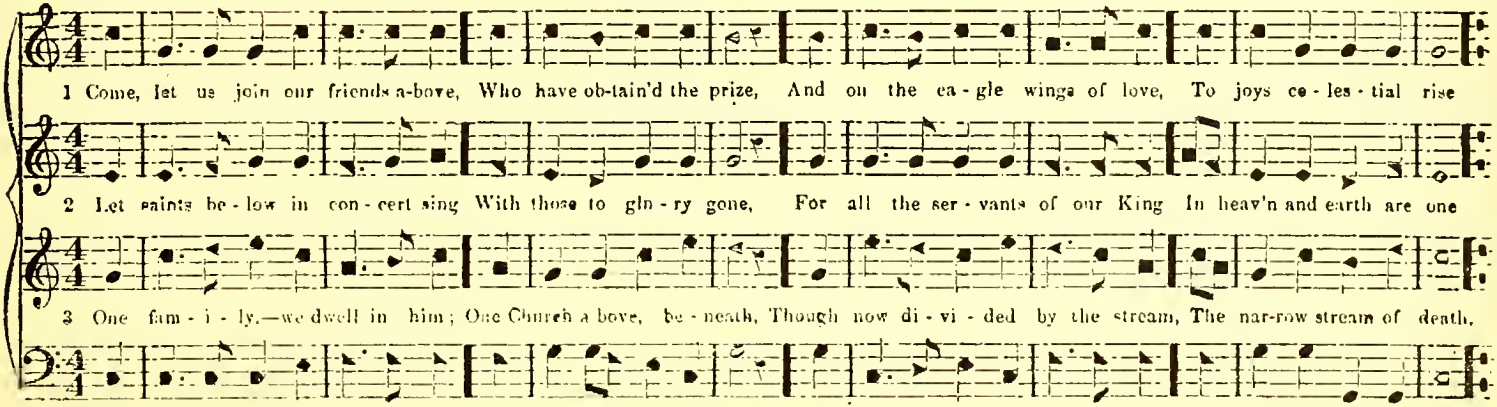
2 Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy blessing meet us here, Come, thy dy-ing work re - vive,

3 Thanks for mer-cies past re-ceive, Par-don of our sins re-new; Teach us henceforth how to live,



METRE 2

BROWN. C. M.



METRE 5.

THE THREE MOUNTAINS. 4 lines 7's

1 When on Si - nai's top I see, God de-scend in ma - jes - ty, To pro - claim his ho - ly law, All my spir - it sinks with awe.

2 When in ec - sta - cy sub - lime, Ta-bor's glo-rious steep I climb, At the too trans-port - ing light, Dark - ness rush - es o'er my sight.

3 When on Cal - va - ry I rest, God in flesh made man-i - fest, Shines in my Re - deem - er's face, Full of bean ty, truth, and grace.

4 Here I would for - ev - er stay, Weep and gaze my soul a - way; Thou art heav'n on earth to me, Love - ly, mourn - ful Cal - va - ry

METRE 4.

MOUNT VERNON. 8,7,8,7.

1 Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum-mer breeze, Pleas - ant as the air of eve-ning When it floats a-mong the trees.

2 Peace-ful be thy si - lent slum-ber, Peace-ful in the grave so low, Thou no more wilt join our num-ber, Thou no more our songs shalt know

3 Dear-est sis - ter, thou hast left us, Here thy loss we deep - ly feel, But 'tis God that hath be-reft us, He can all our sor-rows heal.

4 Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled; Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no farewell tear is shed.

1 That glo-rious day is draw-ing nigh, When Zi-on's light shall come;
She shall a-rise and shine on high, Bright as the morn-ing sun:
The north and south their sons re-sign, And earth's foundation bend;

2 The King who wears the splen-did crown, The a-zure's fla-ming bow;
The ho-ly cit-y shall bring down, To bless his church be-low;
When Zi-on's bleeding, conq'ring King Shall sin and death de-stroy,

Cloth'd as a bride, Je-ru-sa-lem All glo rious shall de-scend.

The morn-ing stars shall join to sing, And Zi-on's shout for joy.

METRE 2.

CALVARY. C. M.

1 My thoughts that oft-en mount the skies, Go search the world beneath,

2 The ty-rant, how he tri-umphs here, His tro-phies spread around!

3 These skulls, what ghastly fig-ures now! How loathe-some to the eye!

4 But where the souls, those deathless things That left that dy-ing clay!

CALVARY—Continued.

Where na-ture all in ru-in lies, Where na-ture all in ru - in lies, And owns..... And owns..... And owns..... her sov'reign, Death.

And heaps of dust and bones appear, And heaps of dust and bones appear, Thro' all..... Thro' all..... Thro' all..... the hol-low ground.

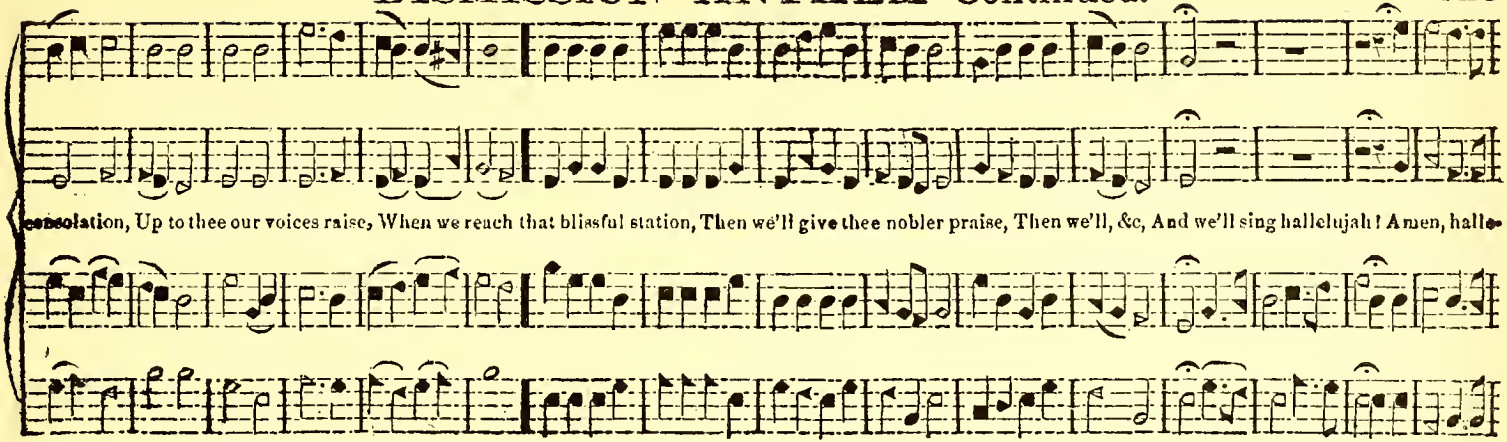
These are the heads we late-ly knew, These are the heads we lately knew, So beau-..... So beau-..... So beau-.....teous and so wise.

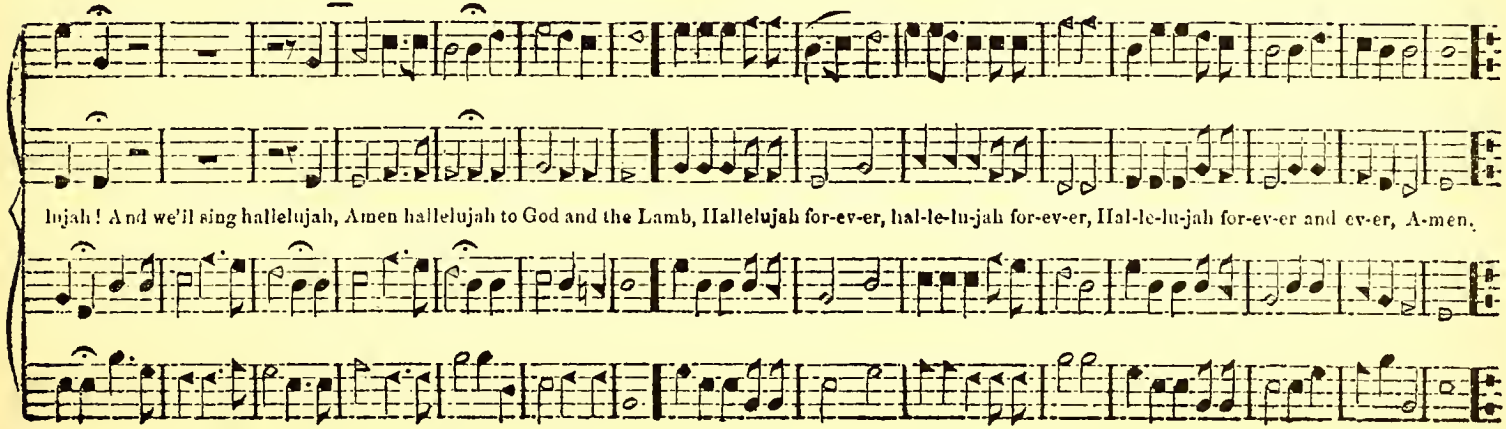
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings, And trace, And trace, And trace..... e - ter - ni - ty.

METRE VARIOUS.

DISMISSION ANTHEM.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Bid us all de-part in peace; Still on gos-pel man-na feed-ing, Pure se-raph-ic love in-crease; Fill our hearts with


consolation, Up to thee our voices raise, When we reach that blissful station, Then we'll give thee nobler praise, Then we'll, &c, And we'll sing hallelujah! Amen, halle-


lujah! And we'll sing hallelujah, Amen hallelujah to God and the Lamb, Hallelujah for-ev-er, hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er, Hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er and ev-er, A-men.

METRE 4.

FAREWELL. 8,7,8,7,8,7,8,7.

1 Farewell, mother! Je - sus calls me, Far a-way from home and thee;
Earthly love no more en thralls me, When the blood-y cross I see.
Fare-well mother! do not pain me By thine ag-o - ni - zing woe;

2 Farewell, father! oh how ten-der Are the chords that bind me here;
Je-sus aid me to sur - ren-der All I love with - out a tear;
No, my Savior!—wert thou tearless, Bending o'er the bu-ried dead?

3 Farewell, sis-ter! do not press me To thy young and throbbing heart;
Oh, no long-er now dis-tress me! Sis - ter, sis - ter, we must part;
Farewell pale and si - lent broth-er! How I grieve to pain thee so;

METRE 2.

THE DYING PENITENT. C. M.

Those fond arms cannot detain me, Dearest mother, I must go

At this hour so sad and cheerless, May not burning tears be shed

Father—Mother—Sister—Brother—Je-sus calls, O let me go

1 As on the cross the Savior hung, And wept, and bled, and died, He pour'd salvation on a

2 "Jesus, thou Son and heir of heav n, Thou spotless Lamb of God! I see thee bath'd in sweat and

3 A - mid the glories of that world, Dear Savior, think on me. And in the vict'ries of thy

wretch That languish'd at his side: His crimes with inward grief and shame, The penitent confess'd; Then turn'd his dying eyes to Christ, And thus his pray'r addess'd;

tears, And welt'ring in thy blood." Yet quickly from these scenes of woe, In triumph thou shalt rise, Burst thro the gloomy shades of death, And shine above the skies.

death Let me a shar - er be." His pray'r the dy-ing Je - sus heard, And instantly replies; "To-day thy part-ing soul shall be With me in Par-a-dise."

METRE 2.

DETROIT. C. M.

1 Do not I love thee, O my Lord? Be-hold my heart and see; And turn each curs - ed I - dol out, That dares to ri - val thee.

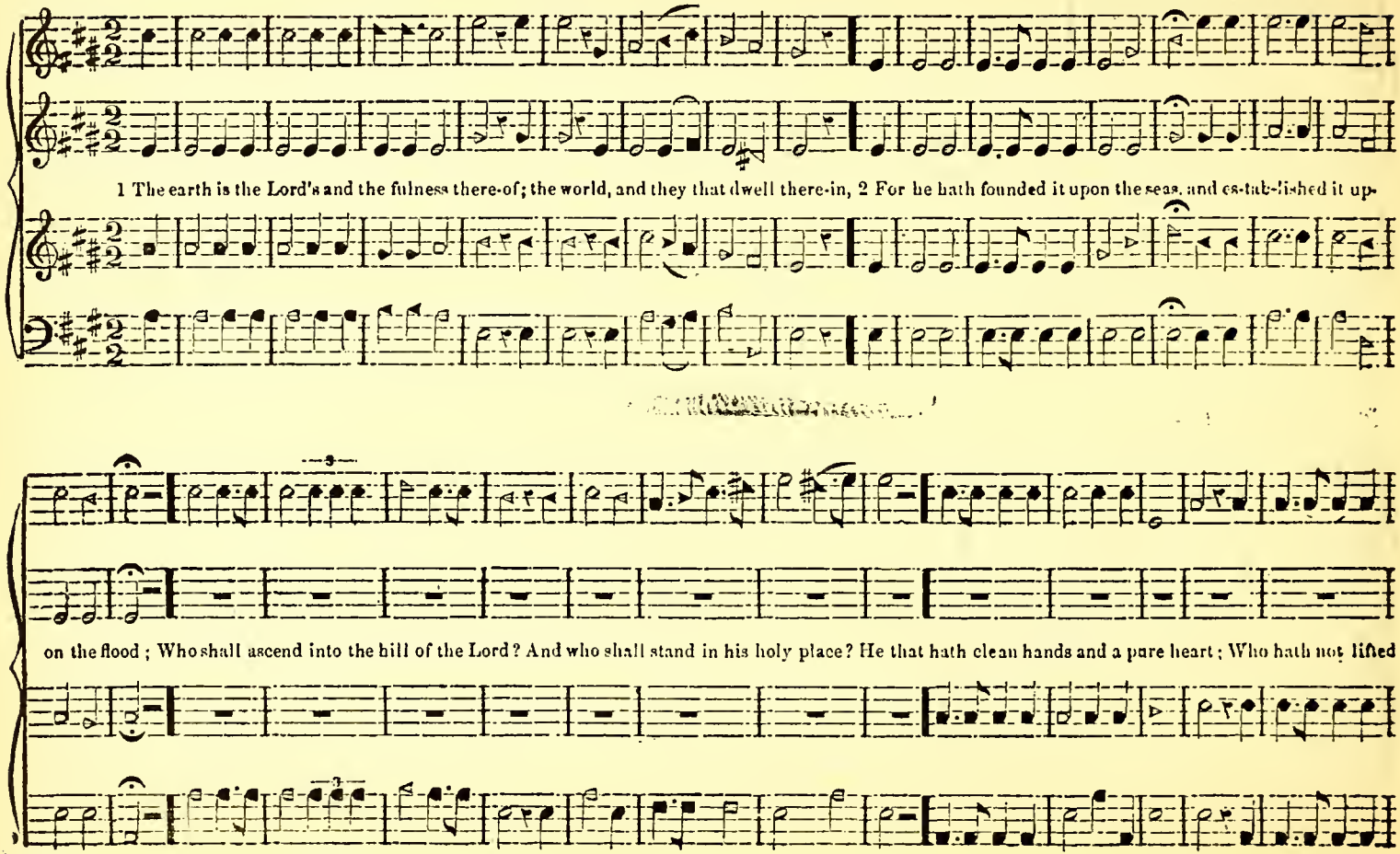
2 Do not I love thee from my soul? Then let me nothing love; Dead be my heart to eve - ry joy, When Je - sus can-not move.

3 Is not thy name me-lo - dious still, To mine at - ten - tive ear? Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound, My Sa - vior's voice to hear.

4 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock, I would dis-dain to feed? Hast thou a foe be - fore whose face I fear thy cause to plead?

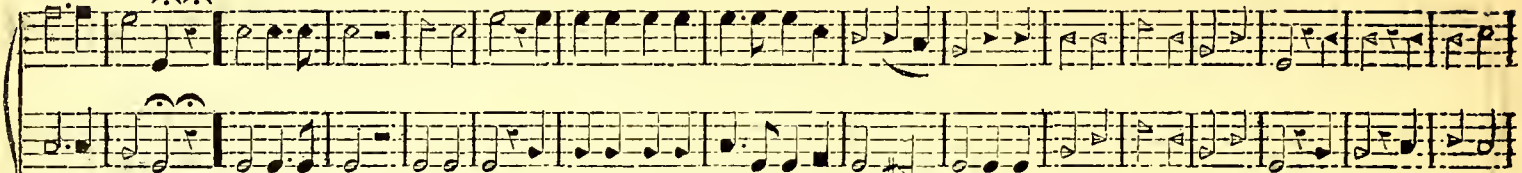
5 Thou know'st I love thee, dear-est Lord; But O! I long to soar, Far from the sphere of mor-tal joys, And learn to love thee more.

ANTHEM. The Earth is the Lord's. 24th Psalm.

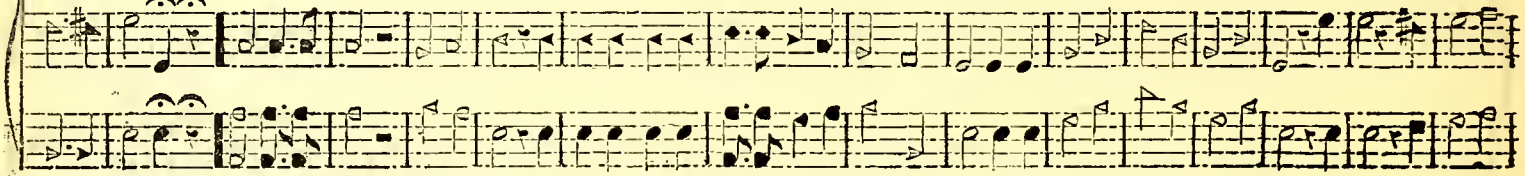


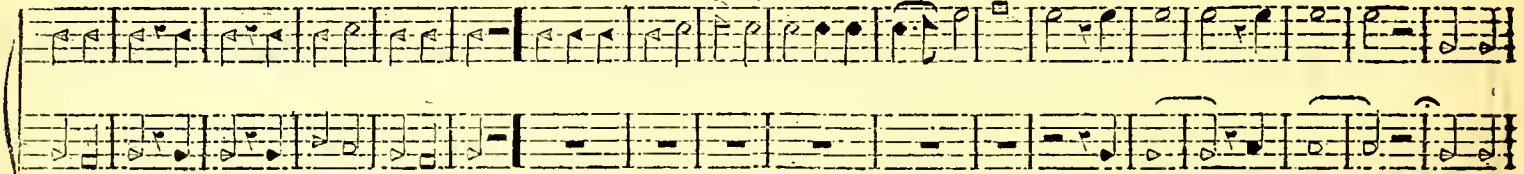
up his soul un - to van - i - ty, nor sworn de - ceit-ful-ly. 5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his sal-va-tion.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, And righteousness from the God of his salvation. 6 This is the generation of them that seek thy face, that seek thy face, O

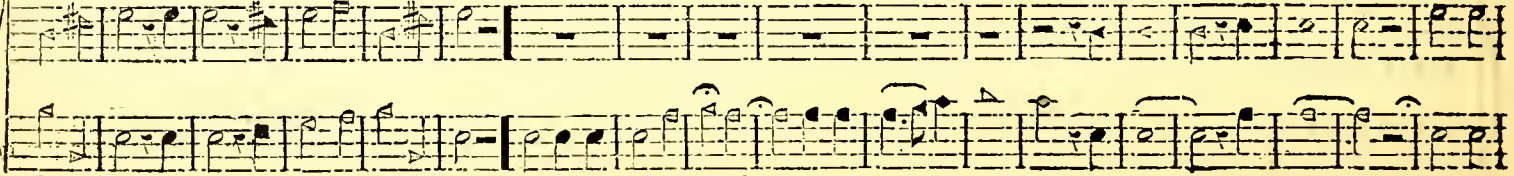


God of Ja-cob, 7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And be ye lift-ed up ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glory shall come in, The King of glo-ry



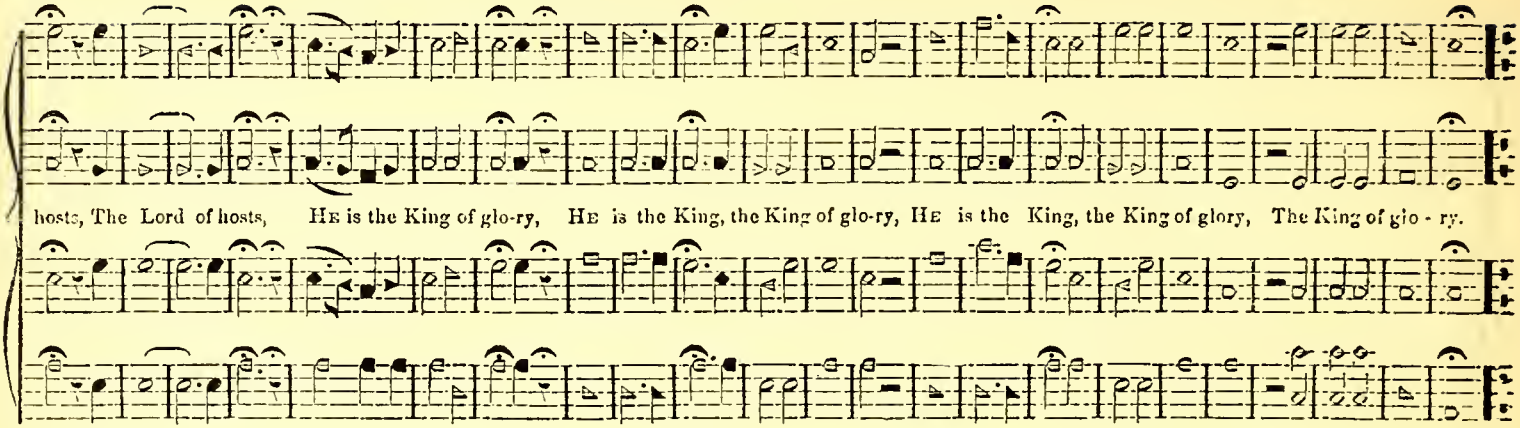


shall come in, The King of glo-ry shall come in. 8 Who is this King of glo-ry? who is this King of glo-ry? The LORD, The LORD, strong and



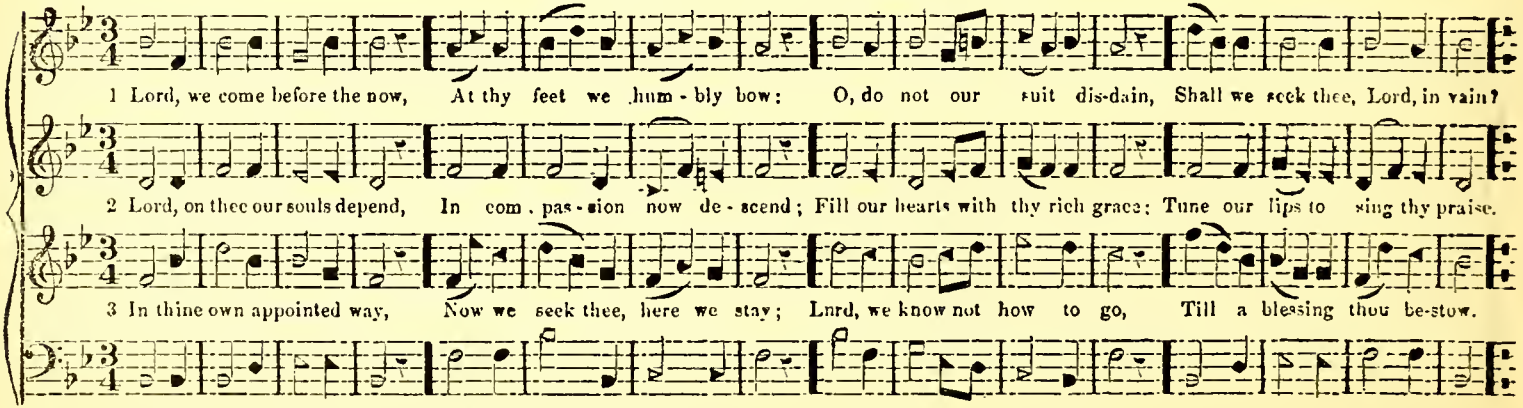
mighty The Lord, the Lord, mighty in bat-tle. 9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; E-ven lift them up, ye everlasting doors, And the King of

glo-ry shall come in, the King of glo-ry shall come in, The King of glory shall come in. Who is this King of glo-ry? Who is this King of glo-ry? The Lord of



Metre 5.

HORTON. 4 lines 7's.



1 When mar-shall'd on the night-ly plain, The glitt'r-ing host be-stud the sky,
One star a-lone of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.
Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks,

2 Once on the rag-ing seas I rode, The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The o-cean yawn'd and rude-ly blow'd The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark;
Deep hor-ror then my vi-tals froze.

3 It was my guide, my light, my all, It bade my dark fore-bo-dings cease;
And thro' the storm and dan-ger's thrall, It led me to the port of peace;
Now safe-ly moored, my per-ils o'er,

From eve-ry ho t, from eve-ry gem. But one a-lone the Sa-vior speaks, It is the Star of Beth-le-hem.

Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; When sud-den-ly a star a-rose— It was the Star of Beth-le-hem.

I'll sing first in night's di-a-dem, For-ev-er and for-ev-er more, The Star—the Star of Beth-le-hem.

THE FATHERLAND. 9,8,9,8,9,8,9,8.

1 There is a place where my hopes are staid; My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are e - ter-nal-ly fair:

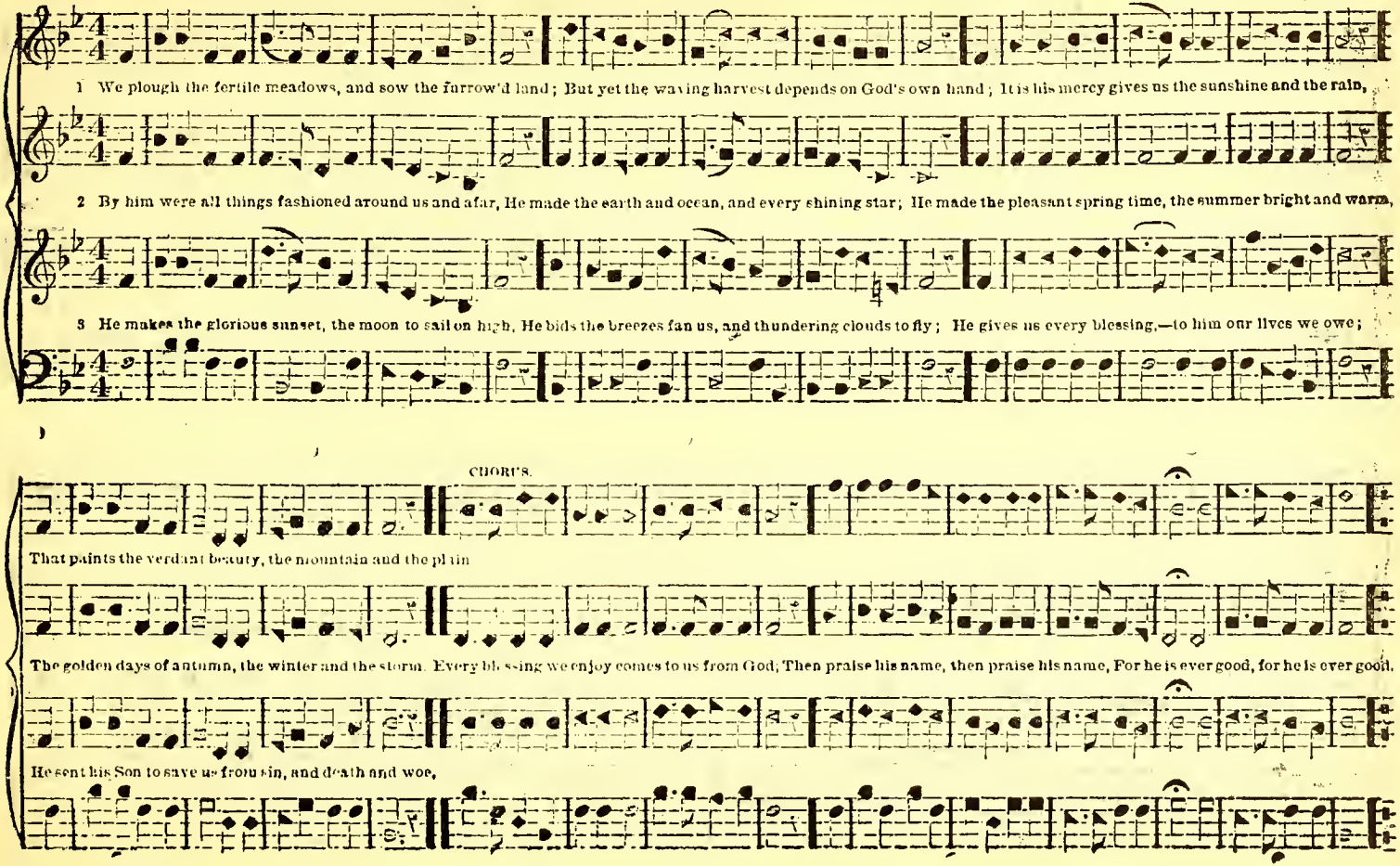
2 There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode; The joys of that place no tongue can tell, For there is a pal-ace of God:

3 There is a place where my friends are gone, Who worship'd and suffer'd with me; Exalted with Christ high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see:

4 There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its troubles are o'er; A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more;

That blissful place is my Fa-ther-land, By faith its de-lights I ex-plore; Come, fa-vor my flight, an-gelic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

That blissful place is my Fa-ther-land, By faith its delights I ex - plore; Come, fa-vor my flight, an - gel-ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.


1 We plough the fertile meadows, and sow the furrow'd land; But yet the waving harvest depends on God's own hand; It is his mercy gives us the sunshine and the rain,
2 By him were all things fashioned around us and afar, He made the earth and ocean, and every shining star; He made the pleasant spring time, the summer bright and warm,
3 He makes the glorious sunset, the moon to sail on high, He bids the breezes fan us, and thundering clouds to fly; He gives us every blessing,—to him our lives we owe;
CHORUS.
That paints the verdant beauty, the mountain and the plain
The golden days of autumn, the winter and the storm. Every blessing we enjoy comes to us from God; Then praise his name, then praise his name, For he is ever good, for he is ever good.
He sent his Son to save us from sin, and death and woe,

Andante

✻ O LOVE THE LORD.

Arranged from Geo. Perry.

O love the Lord, O love the Lord, for the Lord ..... O love the

O love the Lord, O love the Lord, for the Lord pre - serv - eth the faith-ful; O love the Lord, O love the

O Love the Lord O love the Lord, for the Lord pre - serv-eth the faith - ful: O love the

Lord, O love the Lord, for the Lord pre - serv - eth the faith-ful; Be strong, Be strong in the Lord, And

Lord, O love the Lord, for the Lord pre - serv-eth the faith-ful; Be Strong..... And

Lord, O love the Lord, Be strong, Be strong in the Lord, And

Lord, O love the Lord, for the Lord..... pre - serv - eth the faith - ful; Be strong, Be strong, Be strong in - the Lord, And

he shall es - tab - lish, es - tab-lish your heart, Be strong, Be strong in the Lord, And he shall es - tab - lish, es - tab-lish your

And he shall es -

he shall es - tab - lish, es - tab - lish your heart, shall es - tab - lish, And he shall es - tab - lish your heart, And

he shall es - tab - lish, es - tab - lish your heart, Be strong. Be strong in the Lord, And he shall es - tab-lish, es-

Cres. Dim.

heart, And he shall es - tab-lish your heart, All ye who put your trust in the Lord, All ye who put your trust in the Lord.

tab-lish your heart..... es - tab - lish your heart, All ye who put your trust in the Lord, All ye who put your trust in the Lord.

Cres. Dim.

he shall es-tab-lish, And he shall es - tab-lish your heart, All ye who put your trust in the Lord.....

tab-lish your heart..... es - tab - lish your heart, All ye who put your trust in the Lord.....

LAND OF PROMISE. C. M

1 On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie;

2 There gen-'rous fruits that nev-er fail, On trees im-mor-tal grow; There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales, With milk and hon-ey flow.

3 No chill-ing winds nor poisonous breath, Can reach that healthful shore; Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.

O the trans-port-ing rapt-'rous scene, That ri-ses to my sight; Sweet fields ar-ray'd in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

All o'er those wide, ex-tend-ed plains, Shines one e-ter-nal day; There God, the Son, for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.

When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest? When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in his bo-som rest.

1 Zion! awake, thy strength renew, Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th'admiring world behold The King's fair daughter clothed in gold, Church of our God, arise and shine

2 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view, All shall admire and love thee too; Shall come like clouds across the sky, Or doves that to their window fly. Zion awake, thy strength renew,

Bright with the beams of truth divine; Then shall thy radiance stream afar, Wide as the heathen nations are,

Wide as the hea.....then nations are,
The King's fair daugh.....ter clothed in gold.

Put on thy robes of beauteous hue; And let th'admiring world behold The King's fair daughter cloth'd in gold;

Wide as the hea - then nations are.
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

Wide as the hea.....then na - tions are.
The King's fair daugh.....ter cloth'd in gold.

MARY AT THE SAVIOR'S TOMB. 8 lines 7's.

1 Ma - ry to the Sa - vior's tomb Hast-ed at the ear - ly dawn, Spice she brought a rich per-fume, But the Lord she loved was gone;

2 Je - sus who is al-ways near, Though ton oft - en un - per-ceive I, Come her drooping heart to cheer, Kind-ly ask-ing, why she griev'd;

3 Grief and sigh-ing quick-ly fled, When she heard his wel-come voice, Just be - fore she thought him dead, Now he bids her heart re - joice;

4 He who came to com-fort her, When she thought her all was lost, Will for your re - lief ap-pear, Though you now are tem - pest - toss'd;

For a while she ling'r - ing stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise, Trem-bling while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep-ing eyes.

Though at first she knew him not, When he called her by her name, She her heav - y grief for - got, For she found him still the same.

What a change his word can make, Turn - ing darkness in - to day, You who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.

On his word your bur - den cast, On his love your thoughts em-ploy, Weep-ing for a night may last, But with morning comes the joy.

1 Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sa - vior shine! I'd soar and touch the

2 I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My ran-som from the dread-ful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine: I'd sing his glo - rious

3 I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And all the form of love he wears, ex - alt - ed on his throne; In loft-iest songs of

4 Well the de - light - ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face; Then, with my Sa - vior,

heav'n-ly strings, and vie with Ga - briel while he sings In notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most..... di - vine.

right-eous-ness, In which all per - fect heav'n-ly dress, My soul shall ev - er shine, my soul shall ev-.....er shine.

sweet-est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days, Make all his glo - ries known, Make all his glo-.....ries known.

Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri - umph - ant in his grace, Tri - umph-ant in..... his grace.

Metre 15.

BE JOYFUL IN GOD 11,8,11,8.

1 Be joyful in God all ye lands of the earth, Oh serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth, With love and devotion draw near;
Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone, Who reigns with his Son above all,

2 Oh, enter his gates with thanksgiving and song, Your vow in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accordance prolong, And bless his adorable name;
For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good, And we are the works of his hand.

Metre 37.

BABYLONIAN CAPTIVITY. 4 lines 10's.

1 A - long the banks where Babel's cur - rent flows.
And we are his people his sceptre we own, His sheep, and we follow his call.

2 The tune - less harp that once with joy we strung,
His mer-cy and truth from e-ter-ni-ty stood, And shall to e - ter - ni-ty stand.

3 The barb'-rous ty - rants to in - crease the woe,

Our cap-tive bands in deep despondence stray'd, While Zi - on's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose, Her friend, her children mingled with the dead.

Where praise employ-ed, and mirth inspired the lay, In mourn-ful si - lence on the wil-lows hung, And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

With taunt-ing smiles a song of Zi - on claim, Bid sa - cred praise in strains melodious flow While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

While Zion's fall in sad re-mem-brance rose.....
In mournful si - lence on the willows hung.....
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow.....

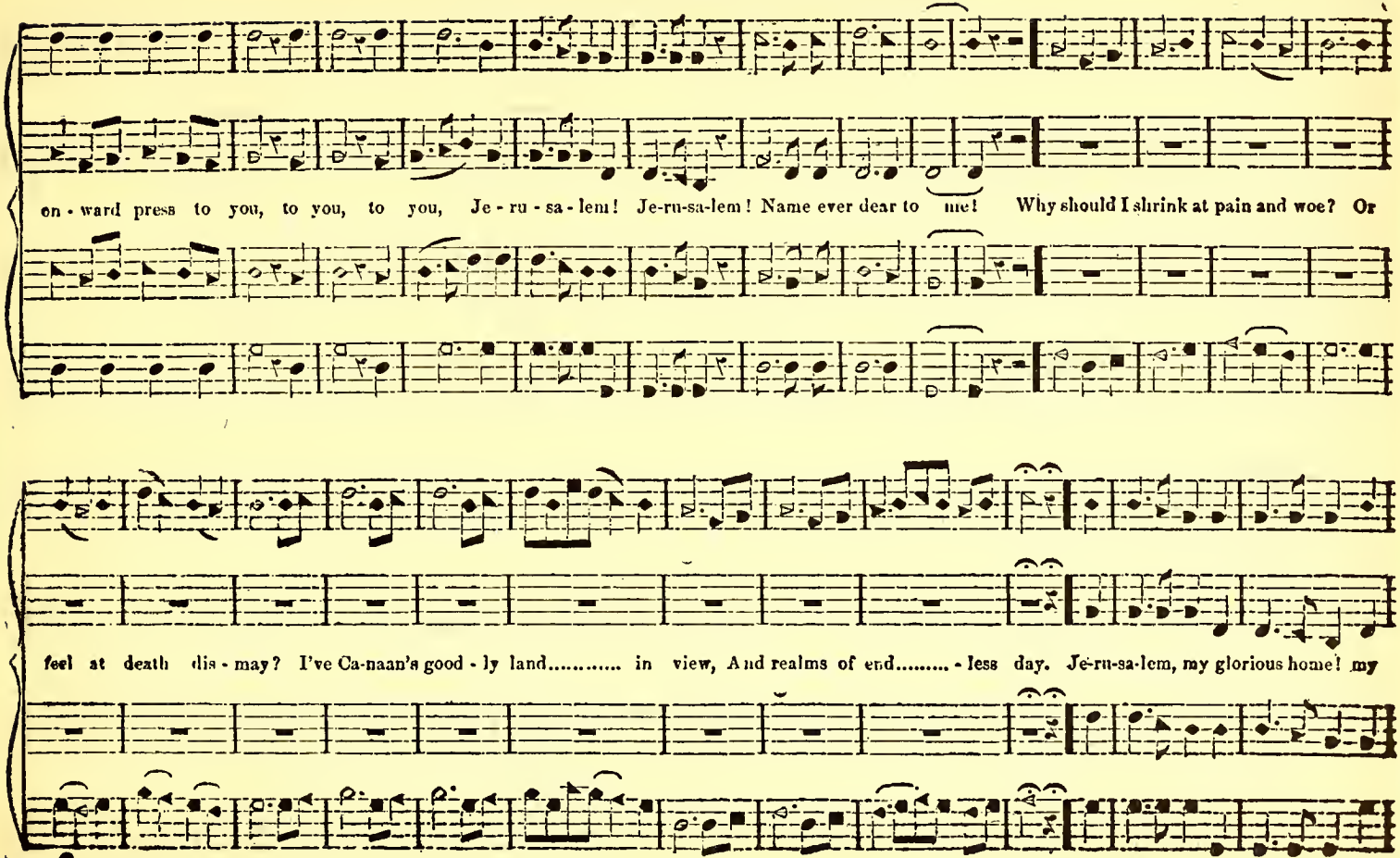
METRE 2.

JERUSALEM! My Glorious Home! C. M.

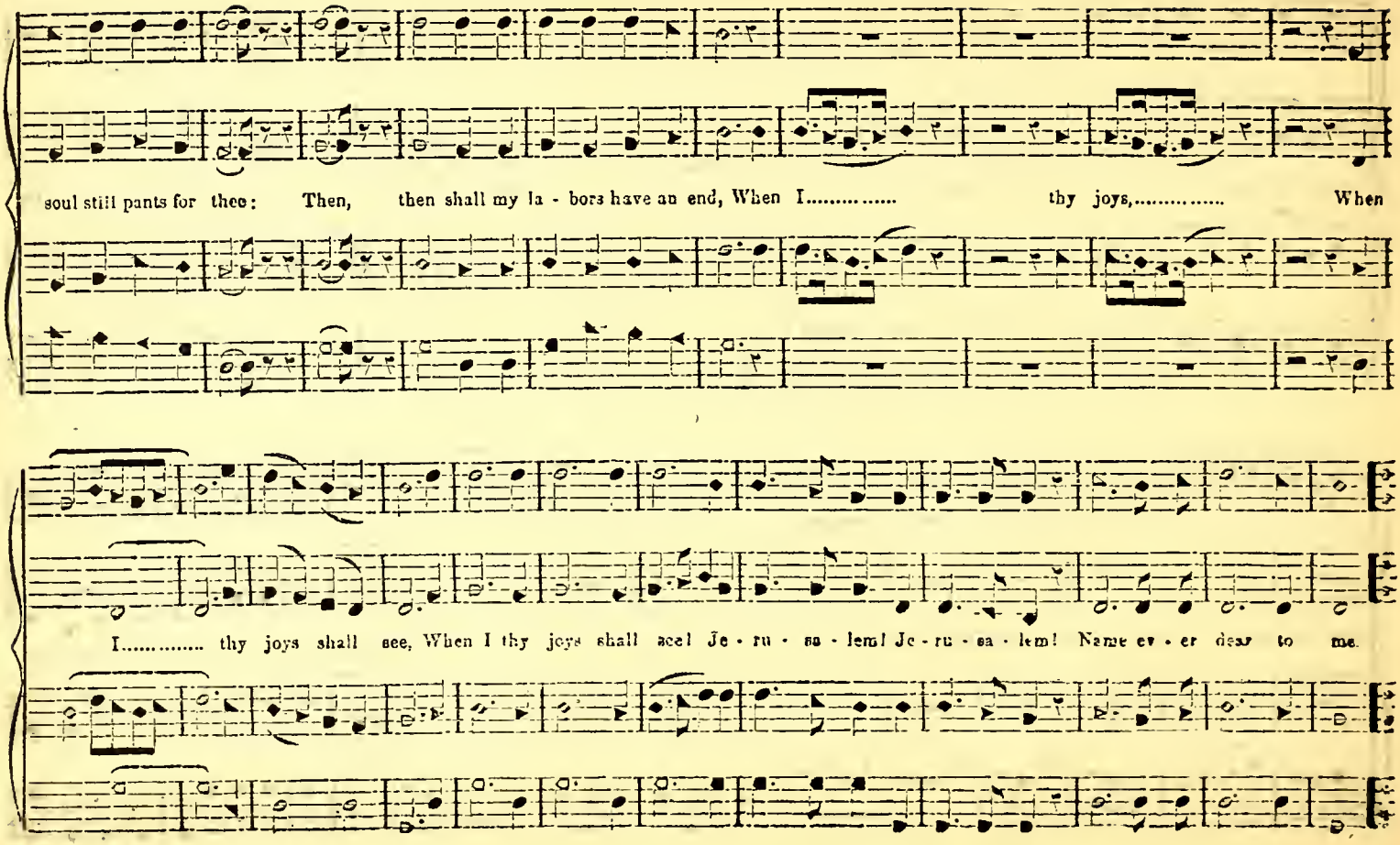
Je - ru-sa-lem, my glorious home! Name ever dear to me! When, When shall my labors have an end, In joy..... In joy.....

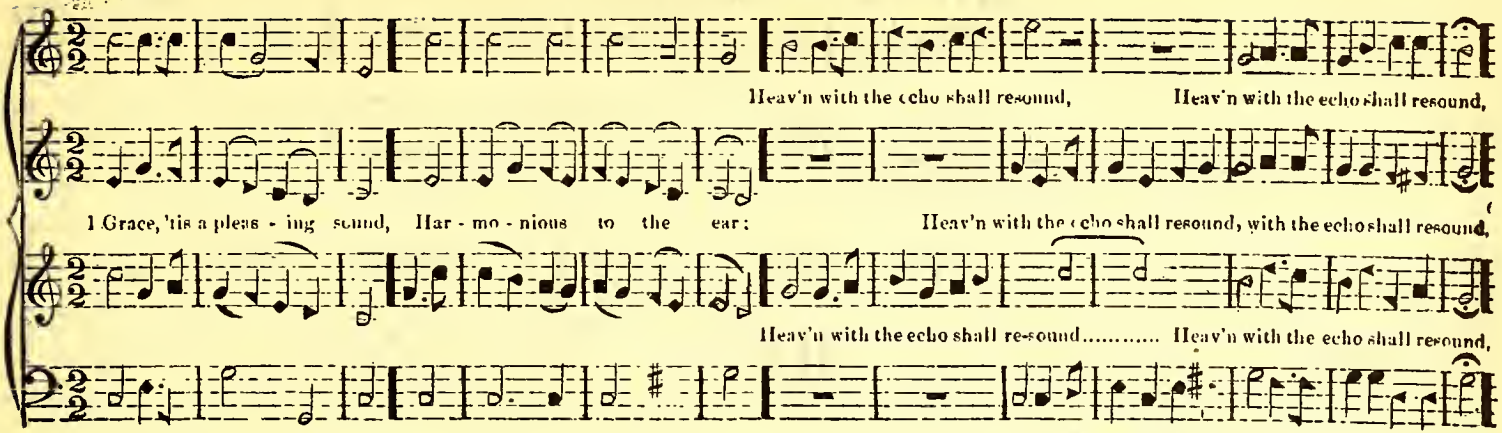
In joy,..... and peace and thee. Oh when, thou city of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where congregations ne'er break up, And Sabbaths have no

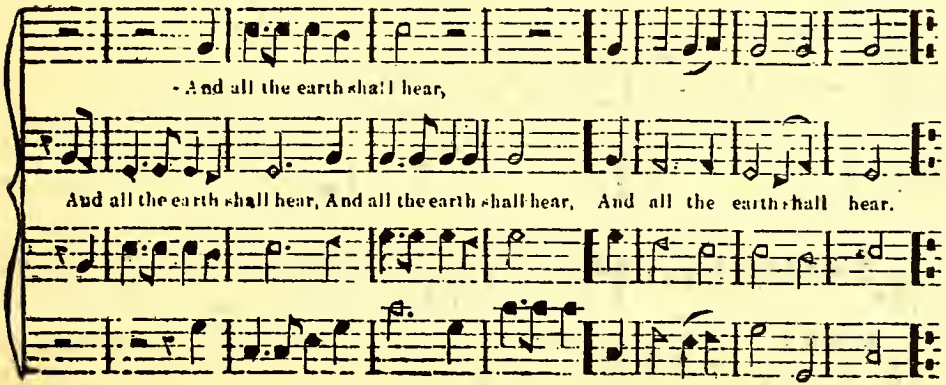
end? There hap-pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, No sin nor sor-row know: Blest seats! blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes, I onward press to you, I


on - ward press to you, to you, to you, Je - ru - sa - lem! Je-ru-sa-lem! Name ever dear to me! Why should I shrink at pain and woe? Or
feel at death dis - may? I've Ca-naan's good - ly land..... in view, And realms of end..... - less day. Je-ru-sa-lem, my glorious home! my

JERUSALEM—Continued.







2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace displays,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While passing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise

PARTING WORDS. 8,7.8,7,8,8.

1 Let me go the day is breaking: Dear companions, let me go!
'Ve have spent a night of waking, In the wilderness below: } Upward now I bend my way, Part we here at break of day, Part we here at break of day.

2 Let me go I must not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears:
Angels wait my soul to carry
Where my risen Lord appears.
Friends and kindreds weep not so—
If ye love me let me go.

3 We have traveled long together,
Hand in hand and heart in heart;
Both thro' fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard! 'tis hard to part.
While I sigh farewell to you,
Answer, one and all, adieu.

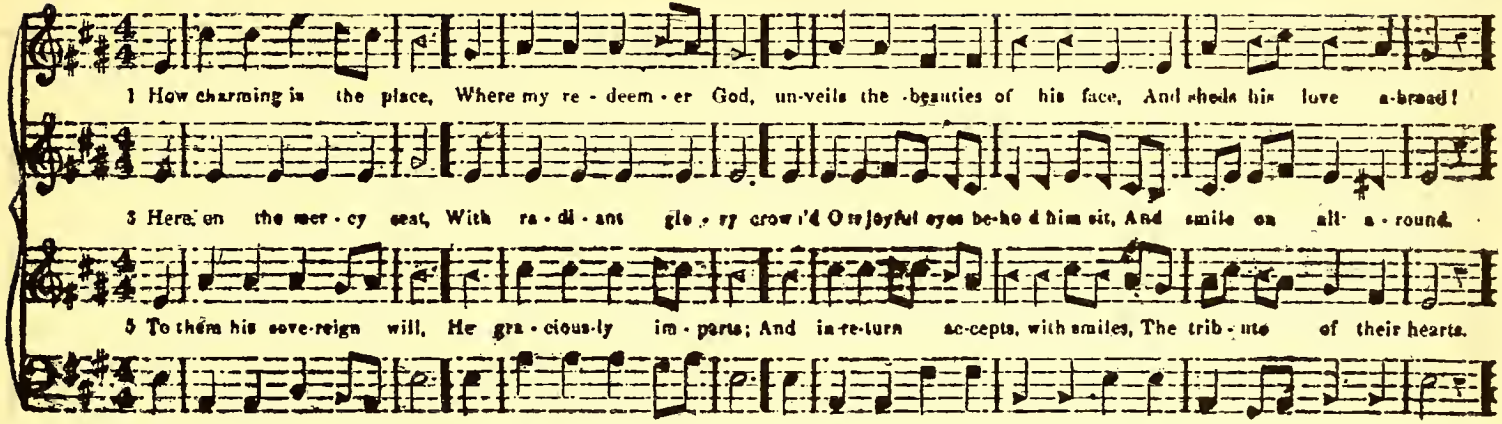
4 'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
That withdraws me from your sight,
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But translated into light.
Like the lark on mounting wing,
Though un-seen, ye hear me sing.

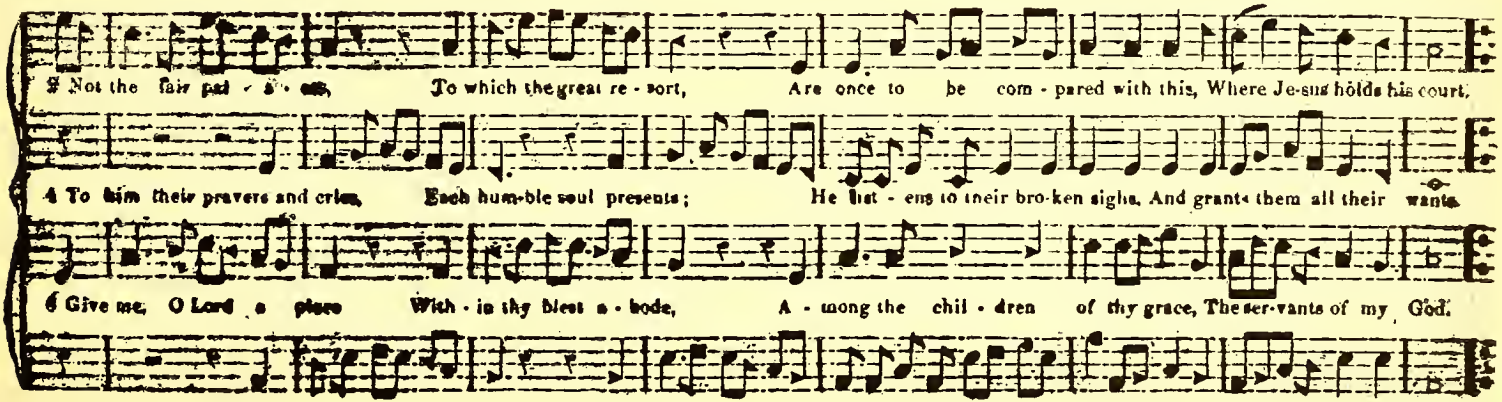
5 Heav'n's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead!—nay by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die.
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither,—Come and see.

METRE 9.

LISCHER. 6,6,6,6,7,7.

1 Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sacred rest!
I hail thy kind return; Lord make these moments blest; } From the low train of mortal joys, I soar to reach immortal joys, I soar to reach immortal joys.


1 How charming is the place, Where my re - deem - er God, un-veils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a-broad!
3 Here, on the mer - cy seat, With ra - di - ant glo - ry crow'd O ye joyful eyes be-hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.
5 To them his sove-reign will, He gra - cious-ly im - parts; And in re-turn ac-cepts, with smiles, The trib - ute of their hearts.


2 Not the fair pal - a - ces, To which the great re - sort, Are once to be com - pared with this, Where Je-sus holds his court.
4 To him their prayers and cries, Each hum-ble soul presents; He list - ens to their bro-ken sighs, And grants them all their wants.
6 Give me, O Lord a place With - in thy blest a - bode, A - mong the chil - dren of thy grace, The ser-vants of my God.

Metre 4.

HUMILITY. 8,7,8,7.

1 Let thy grace, Lord, make me lowly, Humble all my swell-ing pride;
Fall-en, guilt-y and un-ho-ly, Greatness from mine eyes I'll hide } I'll for-bid my vain as-pir-ing, Nor at earth-ly honors aim,

2 Wean'd from earth's delusive pleasures, In thy love I'll seek for mine;
Placed in heav'n my no-bler treasures, Earth I qui-et-ly re-sign. } Thus the transient world de-spis-ing, On the Lord my hopes re-ly;

No am-bi-tious height desiring Far a-bove my hum-ble claim.

Thus my joys from him arising Like himself shall nev-er die.

Metre 11.

CANA. 4 lines 11's.

1 "Do this" and re-mem-ber the blood that was shed,
Ere Cal-va-ry's Victim to slaugh-ter was led. }

2 Re-mem-ber that VIC-TOR o'er death and the grave;
He liv-eth for-ev-er His peo-ple to save. }

When sad and for - sa - ken, The gar - den a - lone Gave ear to his sor - row, and ech - oed his moan.

O, take with thanks - giv - ing this pledge of his love,— The fore - taste of rap - ture, e - ter - nal a - - bove.

Metre 3.

ST. PAUL'S. S. M.

1 Behold, what wondrous grace The Father hath be-stow'd, On sin - ners of a mor-tal race, To call them sons of God! To call them sons of God.

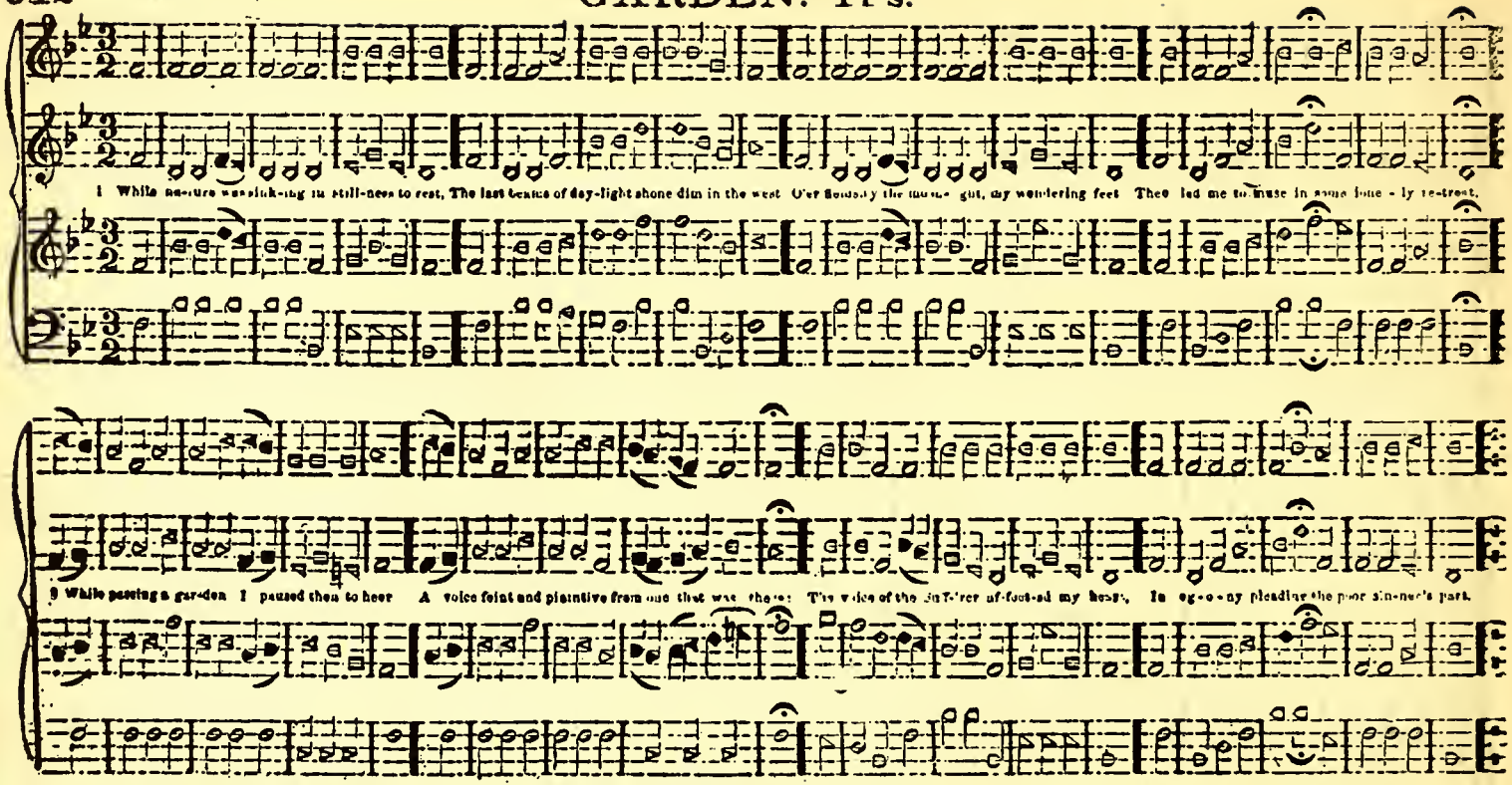
2 Nor doth it yet ap-pear How great we must be made; But when we see our Sa-vior here, We shall be like our Head, We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much di-vine May tri - als well en-dure; May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ the Lord is pure, As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love I share a filial part Send down thy spir-it like a dove, To rest up-on my heart, To rest up - on my heart.

5 We would no longer lie Like slaves beneath the throne, Our faith shall Ab ba, Fa-ther cry, And thou the kindred own, And thou the kindred own.

GARDEN. 11's.



1 I listened a moment, then turned me to see
What Man of Compassion this Stranger could be!
I saw Him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
Alone on a spot in the garden he found.

His mantle was wet by the dews of the night;
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes, bright as diamonds, to heaven were raised,
While angels in wonder stood round him amazed!

2 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom rolled sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold Him! I asked Him his name!
He answered: "'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came!

3 "I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, were laid upon Me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

7 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, "Live!
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive."

8 How sweet was the moment He bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering His voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted "Salvation" and "Glory to God!"

1 I love to stay where my moth-er sleeps, And gaze on each star as it twink-ling peeps, Thro' that bend-ing wil-low which lone - ly

2 I love to kneel on the green turf there, A - far from the scene of my dai - ly care, And breathe to my Sa-vior my eve - ning

3 I still re - mem - ber how oft she led, And knelt me by her as with God she plead, That I might be his when the clod was

4 I love to think how be-neath the ground, She slumbers in death as a cap - tive bound, She'll slum-ber no more when the trump shall

weeps, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave, Through that bend-ing will - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

pray'r, O'er my moth-er's grave,

spread, O'er my moth-er's grave, O'er my moth-er's grave, Through that bend-ing wil - low, O'er my moth - er's grave.

sound.

METRE 73.

THE HAPPY LAND. 6.4.6.4.6.7.6.4.

1 There is a hap-py land, Far, far a-way: { Oh how they sweetly sing. Loud let his praises ring
Where saints in glory stand, Bright, bright as day: { "Worthy is our Savior King," For ev-er

2 Come to the happy land, Come, come away! { O, we shall hap-py be, Lord, we shall live with thee,
Why will ye doubting stand, Why yet delay? { When from sin and sorrow free! For-ev-er THERE.

3 Bright in that hap-py land Beams every eye. { Then shall his kingdom come, And bright above the sun.
Kept by a Father's hand, Love can-not die: { Saints shall share a glorious home! Reign EV-ER-MORE.

METRE 3.

NEANDER. S. M.

1 The Savior's glorious name Forever shall endure, Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure; Long as the sun, his matchless fame Shall ever stand secure.

2 Wonders of grace and pow'r To thee alone belong; Thy church those wonders shall adore, In everlasting song; Thy church those wonders shall adore In everlasting song.

3 O Israel, bless him still, His name to honor raise; Let all the earth his glory fill, 'Midst songs of grateful praise; Let all the earth his glory fill, Midst songs of grateful praise.

4 Jehovah, God most high! We spread thy praise abroad, Thro' all the world thy fame shall fly, O God, thine Israel's God; Thro' all the world thy fame shall fly, O God, &c.

1 Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spir - its a - bove;
An - gel - ic chor - is - ters sing as I come, "Joy - ful - ly, Joy - ful - ly haste to thy home;
Soon with my pil-grim-age end - ed be - low;

2 Friends fond-ly cherish'd have pass'd on before, Wait-ing they watch me approach-ing the shore;
Sing-ing to cheer me thro' death's chilling gloom, "Joy-ful-ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home:"
Sounds of sweet mel-o-dy fall on mine ear;

3 Death with thy weapons of war, lay me low; Strike, king of ter - rors, I fear not the blow;
Je - sus hath bro-ken the bars of the tomb, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly will I go home.
Bright will the morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn;

Home to the land of bright spir - its I go, Pil-grim and stran-ger no more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest - ing at home.

Harps of the blessed, your voic - es I hear! Rings with the har-mo - ny heaven's high dome, Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home.

Death shall be banish'd, his scep - tre be gone; Joy - ful - ly then shall I wit - nes his doom; Joy-ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, safe - ly at home.

METRE 76.

ROCKVALE. 7,5,7,5,7,5,7,5.

1 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight! Angel, onward speed; Cast a-broad thy radiant light, Bid the shades recede; Tread the i-dols in the dust, Heathen fane destroy;

2 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; Angel, onward haste; Quickly on each mountain's height, Be thy standard placed: Let the blissful tidings float Far o'er vale and hill,

3 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; Angel, onward fly: Long has been the reign of night; Bring the morning nigh; 'Tis to thee the heathen lift, Their im-ploring wall:

4 Onward speed thy conq'ring flight; An-gel onward speed; Morning bursts upon the sight; 'Tis the time decreed: Je-sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall.

METRE 75.

LANGDON. 8,7,8,7,6,6,6,6.

1 Watchmen! on-ward to your sta-tions, Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the Gos-pel to the na-tions, Speak to ev-e-ry gath-'ring crowd;

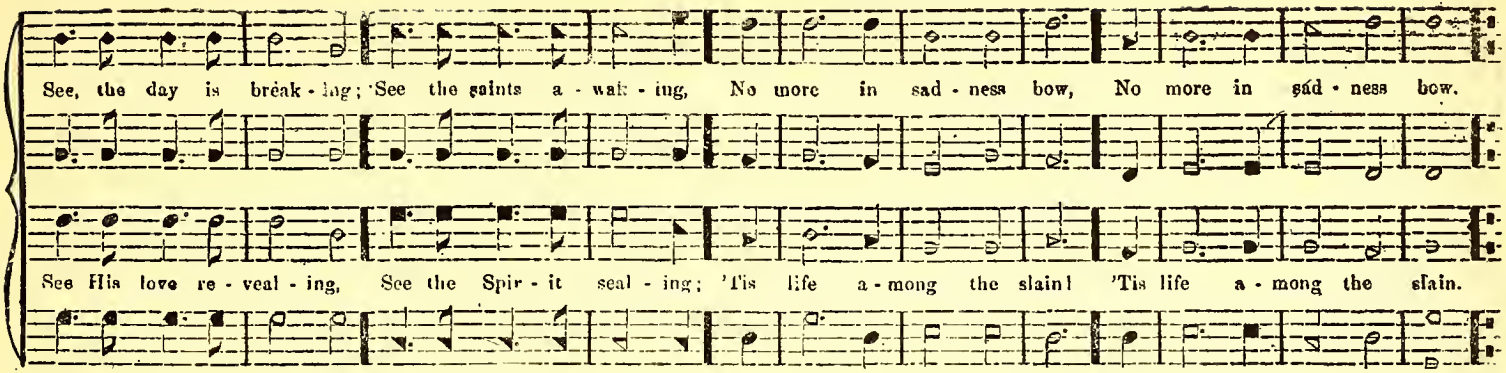
2 Watchmen! hail the ri-sing glo-ry Of the great Mes-si-ah's reign;
Tell the Sa-vior's bleed-ing sto-ry, Tell it to the list'-ning train:

Spread the gospel's holy trust, Spread the Gospel's joy.

Till the sweetly echoing note, Every bo-som thrill.

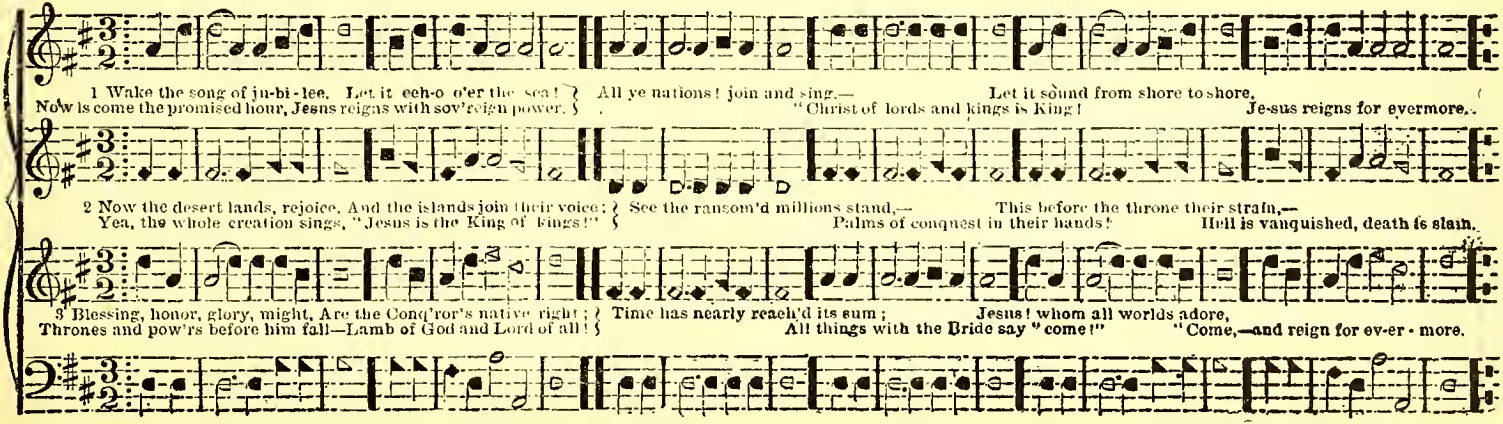
Bear them heaven's holy gift, Ere their courage fail.

And the joyous song a-wakes, "God is all in all."



METRE 5.

AMBOY. 8 lines 7's.



BEALOTH. S. M.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode, The church our bless'd Re-deem - er saved With his own pre-cious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God; Her walls be - fore thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And gra-ven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as-cend; To her my toils and cares be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Be - yond my high - est joy, I prize her heav'n-ly ways, Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Je - sus, thou Friend divine, Our Sa - vior and our King, Thy hand from ev'-ry snare and foe Shall great de - liv-rance bring.

6 Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n.

1 Out on an o - cean all bound-less we ride, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound:
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, rest-less tide, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound;
Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we've rode,

2 Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound:
Look! yon - der lie the bright heav - en - ly shores, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound;
Stead-y, O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel.

3 We'll tell the world as we jour - ney a - long, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound:
Try to per-suade them to en - ter our throng, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound;
Come, trembling sin-ner, for - lorn and op-press'd,

4 In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last, Home at last:
Soft - ly we drift on its bright, sil - ver tide, We're home at last, Home at last;
Glo - ry to God! all our dan - gers are o'er;

Seek ing our Fa-ther's ce - les - tial a - bode; Prom-ise of which on us each he be-stows; We're homeward bound, Homeward bound.

Stead-y, we soon shall out-weath-er the gale! Oh how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound Homeward bound.

Join in our number, O come and be blest; Jour - ney with us to the man-sions of rest, We're homeward bound, Homeward bound.

We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore, Glo-ry to God! we will shout ev - er more, We're home at last, home at last.

THE ROCK. 11,12,12,11.

1 In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelm-ed in sorrow and care: From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry—

2 When Sa-tan, my foe, comes in like a flood To di-vert my poor soul from the foun-tain of good, I will pray to my Savior who kind-ly did die—

3 And when I have end-ed my pil-grim-age here, In my Savior's pure righteousness let me appear:— From the swellings of Jordan to thee will I cry,

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, With the millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,

"Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I! High - er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!"

"Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I! High - er than I! High-er than I! Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I!"

To praise the great Rock that is high - er than I! High - er than I! High - er than I! To praise the great Rock that is high - er than I!

1 He's gone, the spotless soul is gone, Triumphant to his place a-bove;
The prison walls are broken down, The angels speed his swift remove;
And shouting on their wings he flies, And gains his rest in Par - a - dise.

2 Saved by the mer-its of his Lord, Glo-ry and praise to Christ he gives;
Yet still his mer-ci-ful re-ward Ac-cord-ing to his works re-ceives,
And with the bliss he sow'd below, His bliss e - ter - nal - ly shall grow.

3 Fa-ther, to us vouchsafe the grace Which brought our friend victorious thro';
Let us his shining footsteps trace; Let us his stead-fast faith pur-sue;
Fol-low this fol-lower of the Lamb, And conquer all thro' Je-sus' name.

CHORUS.

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glory, glory, let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna to the Lamb of God!

Ho-san-na! ho-san-na! ho-san-na to the Lamb of God! Glory, glory, let us sing! Grateful honors to our King! Hosanna! hosanna! hosanna to the Lamb of God!

METRE 14.

REMEMBER CALVARY. 7's & 6's.

1 Lamb of God, whose bleeding love We now recall to mind; } Think on us who think on thee, O, re-mem-ber Cal-va'ry,
Send the an-swer from a-bove. And let us mer-cy find; } Eve-ry bur-den'd soul re-lease, And bid us go in peace.

2 Through thy blood by faith applied, Let us thy pardon feel; } By thy passion on the tree, O, re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry,
Speak us free-ly jus - ti - fied, And all our sickness heal: } Let our griefs and troubles cease; And bid us go in peace.

METRE 4.

SABBATH-SCHOOL HYMN. 8's & 7's.

1 Fa - ther! now the day is pass-ing, Fades the glow-ing light a-way: Eve-ning gray o'er earth is fall-ing, Fit - ting hour for me to pray.

2 God! I thank thee for the morning! How its freshness fill'd my frame; Na-ture all hath felt the blessing. All with me doth praise thy name.

3 Swift - ly sped a - way the morn-ing, Melt-ing in - to yel-low noon; Hours of thought and earnest purpose, Yet for ac - tion fled too soon.

4 Now a - round his wea-ry chil-dren, Night's dark cur-tain God enfolds; He who marks the falling sparrow, Eve - ry sleep ing frame upholds.
5 So doth flit life's sun-ny morn-ing, So doth fade life's glowing noon; Life and la-bor must give o - ver To the shad-ows of the tomb.

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, prepare ye the way of the

I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace, day nor night. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, prepare ye the way of the

people, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway cast up the highway and gather out the stones. Lift up a stand-ard, Lift up a stand-ard, a-

people, Cast up the highway, cast up the highway, cast up the highway, and gather out the stones. Lift up a standard, lift up a standard, Lift up a stand-ard a

mong the people. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, A-men, A-men, A-men, A - men!

mong the people. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, A - men!

A-men, A-men, A-men!

EVENING HYMN. (CHANT.)

1 Abide with me, fast falls the e - ven tide; The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a-bide; When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O, a - bide with me.
2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day: Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass away; Change and decay in all a- round I see: O thou who changest not, a- bide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour: What but thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like thyself my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a- bide with me.
4 I fear no foe with thee at hand to bless: Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting, where vic-to-ry? I tri-umph still, if thou a- bide with me.
5 Hold thou thy cross before my close-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee? In life, in death, O Lord, a- bide with me. A-MEN.

OUR OWN DEAR HOME.

1 Home, dear home, we nev-er can for-get; Friends, dear friends, we oft-en there have met; Pres-s'd by care, or pierced by grief, Home has afforded us a sweet relief.

2 Lured by gain we seek a foreign shore, Worn and weary heap the go'den ore; Still our yearning hearts demand Rest in the homestead in our native land.

Chorus

Ten-der mem-o-ries round thee twine, Like the i - vy green round the pine; O-ver land and sea we may roam, Still will we cher-ish thee, our own dear home.

Ten-der mem-o-ries round thee twine, Like the ivy green round thee pine; Over land and sea we may roam, Still will we cherish thee our own dear home.

LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. McNaughton.

1 There is beau - ty all a-round, When there's love at homo; There is joy in eve - ry sound, When there's love at home.

2 In the cot - tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en - vy ne'er an - noy, When there's love at home.

Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smi - ling sweet on eve - ry side, Time doth soft - ly sweet - ly glide, When there's love at home.

Ro - ses' blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar - den sweet, Mak - ing life a bliss com - plete, When there's love at home.

THE ROSE OF SHARON.

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the val-ley;

I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the val-ley,

As the li - ly a-mong the thorns, so is my

So is my Be-lov-ed a-mong the sons,

Love a-mong the daughters. As the apple tree, the apple tree a - mong the trees of the wood, So is my Be-lov-ed a-mong the sons. So is my Be lov-ed a -

I sat down

mong the sons. I sat down, under his shadow, With great delight, And his fruit..... was sweet to my taste And his fruit was sweet to my taste.

I sat down

Stay me with flagons,

He brought me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was love.

He brought me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was Love, He brought me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was Love. Comfort me with

For I am sick, By the roes and by the hinds of the field,

For I am sick, of love I charge you O ye daughters of Jerusalem,

apples, For I am sick; For I am sick, of love. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, By the roes & by the hinds of the field, That ye stir not

The voice of my Beloved,

That ye stir not up nor a - - - wake, a - wake, a-wake, a - wake, my love till he please.

up, That ye stir not up, That ye stir not up nor a - - wake, a - wake, a-wake, a-wake my love till he please. Be - hold he

And said un-to me

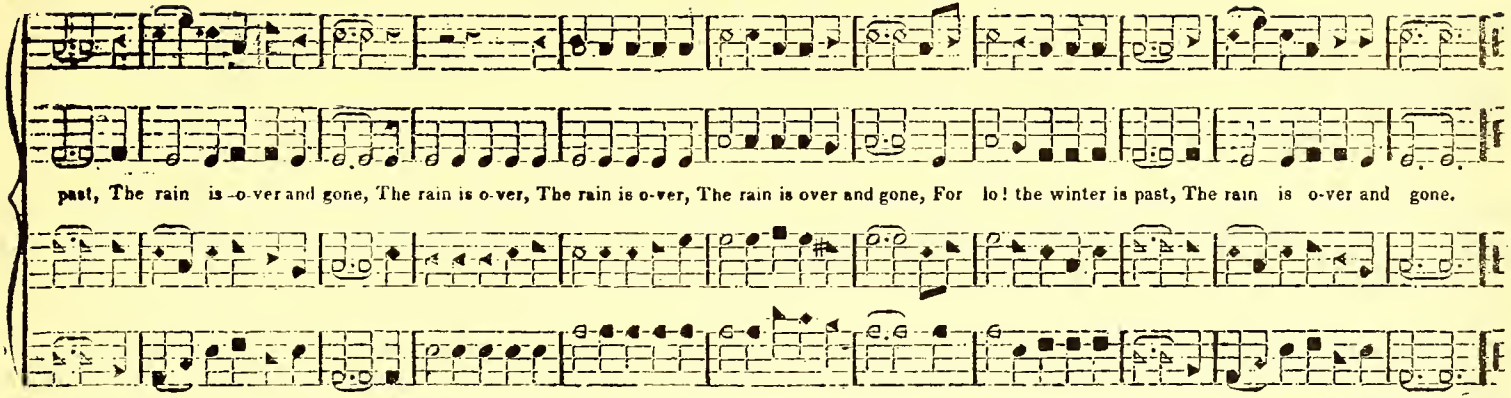
Leap-ing up-on the mountains, Skipping upon the hills.

cometh, Leaping upon the mountains, Skipping upon the hills, Leaping upon the mountains, Skipping up-on the hills. My Be-lov-ed spake, Rise

For lo! the winter is past, The rain is o-ver and gone, For lo! the winter is

Rise up, my love, my fair One, For lo! the winter is

up, Rise up, Rise up my love, my fair One and come a - way, For lo! the winter is past, The rain is o-ver and gone, For lo! the winter is.



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